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IN MEMORY OF BESSIE HINCKS
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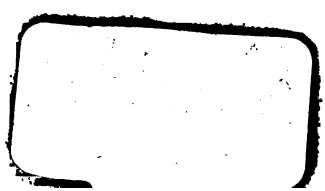

Worthington sc.

THE BLACK DWARF.

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

London [illegible]

WAVERLEY ANECDOTES.

Illustrating some of the

POPULAR CHARACTERS, SCENES & INCIDENTS,

IN THE

SCOTTISH NOVELS.

VOL. II.

THE OLD BRIDGE OF LUMPHRIES.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES CUTHBANE AND
JOHN MC CRONE.
1833.

KH

THE

WAVERLEY ANECDOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

INCIDENTS, CHARACTERS, AND SCENERY,

DESCRIBED IN THE

NOVELS AND ROMANCES,

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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11, WATERLOO PLACE.
1833.

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THE

WAVERLEY ANECDOTES, &c.

§

ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

THE four volumes of this series, *(the first)* contains two tales, one of which occupies the first, and the other the remaining three. The first tale is the Black Dwarf,* which scarcely maintains its place among the luminaries by which it is surrounded. The dwarf, indeed, does not form any ornament to his own tale: he is a deformity in himself, and a deformity in the book. He is neither comic nor tragic; too serious for the one, too grotesque for the other, an uncouth mixture of both. Neither, as usual, is there much interest in the lady and gentleman who form the regular hero and heroine. But there is a personage, Hobbie Elliot, a young farmer, whose character and proceedings are represented with uncommon truth of nature and force of humour. Unless in respect of his youth, he is nearly the counterpart of Dandie Din-

* See page 14.

mont, an odd mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, of good nature and roughness, of a peaceable disposition, with a propensity to break out into lawless turbulence. By selecting the most picturesque features in this character, and bringing them out into a dialogue which is exquisitely natural, the author has afforded his readers a great share of amusement. We select at random the following piece of dialogue. The young heir of Earnscliff, after being educated at Edinburgh, having come to visit his country seat, meets with Hobbie, who thus addresses him:

"I reckon you are lonesome now in the auld tower, and a' your folk at that weary Edinburgh. I wonder what they can find to do amang a wheen ranks o' stane-houses, wi' slate on the tap o' them, that might live on their ain bonny green hills."

"My education and my sister's, have kept my mother much in Edinburgh for several years," said Earncliff, "but I promise you I propose to make up for lost time."

"And ye'll rig out the auld tower a bit," said Hobbie, "and live hearty and neighbour-like wi' the auld family friends, as the Laird o' Earnscliff should? I can tell ye, my mother—my grandmother, I mean—but, since we lost our ain mother, we ca' her sometimes the tane, and sometimes the tother—but, ony gate, she thinks hersel no that distant connected wi you."

"Very true, Hobbie, and I will come to the Heughfoot to dinner to-morrow with all my heart."

"Weel, that's kindly said! We are auld neighbours, an' we were na kin—and my gude dame's fain

to see you—she clavers about your father that was killed lang syne."

"Hush, hush, Hobbie—not a word about that—it's a story better forgotten."

"I dinna ken—if it had chanced amang our folk, we wad hae keepit it in mind mony a day till we got some mends for it—but ye ken your ain ways best, you lairds—I have heard say that Ellieslaw's friend stickit your sire after the laird himself had mastered his sword."

"Fie, fie, Hobbie; it was a foolish brawl, occasioned by wine and politics—many swords were drawn—it is impossible to say who struck the blow."

"At ony rate, auld Ellieslaw was aiding and abetting, and I am sure if ye were sae disposed as to take amends on him, naebody could say it was wrang, for your father's blood is beneath his nails—and besides, there's naebody else left that was concerned to take amends upon, and he's a prelatist and a jacobite into the bargain—I can tell ye the country folk looks for something atween ye."

"O for shame, Hobbie! you that profess religion, to stir your friend up to break the law, and take vengeance at his own hand, and in such a bogilly bit too, where we know not what beings may be listening to us!"

"Hush, hush!" said Hobbie, drawing nearer to his companion, "I was nae thinking o' the like o' them—But I can guess a wee bit what keeps your hand up, Mr. Patrick; we a' ken it's no lack o' courage, but the twa grey een of a bonnie lass, Miss Isbel Vere, that keeps you sae sober."

"I assure you, Hobbie," said his companion, rather angrily, "I assure you you are mistaken; and it is extremely wrong in you, either to think of, or to utter, such an idea; I have no idea of permitting freedoms to be carried so far as to connect my name with that of any young lady."

"Why, there now—there now!" retorted Elliot; "did not I say it was nae want o' spunk that made ye sae mim?—Weel, weel, I meant nae offence—but there's just ae thing ye may notice frae a friend. The auld Laird of Ellieslaw has the auld riding blood far better at his heart than ye hae—troth, he kens naething about thae new-fangled notions o' peace and quietness—he's a' for the auld-warld doings of lifting and lawing on, and he has a wheen stout lads at his back too, and keeps them weel up in heart, and as fu' o' mischief as young colts. Where he gets the gear to do't nane can say—he lives high, and far abune his rents here—however, he pays his way. Sae, if there's ony outbreak in the country, he's likely to break out wi' the first—and weel does he mind the auld quarrels between ye. I'm surmizing he'll be for a touch at the auld tower at Earnscliff."

"Well, Hobbie, if he should be so ill advised, I shall try to make the old tower good against him, as it has been made good by my betters against his betters many a day ago."

"Very right—very right—that's speaking like a man now—and, if sae should be that this be sae, if ye'll just gar your servant jow out the great bell in the tower, there's me and my twa brothers, and little Davy of the Stenhouse, will be wi' you, wi' a' the power we can make, in the snapping of a flint."

"Many thanks, Hobbie; but I hope we shall have no war of so unnatural and unchristian a kind in our time,"

"Hout, sir, hout; it wad be but a wee bit neighbour war, and Heaven and earth would make allowance for it in this uncultivated place—it's just the nature o' the folk and the land—we canna live quiet like London folk,—we hae na sae muckle to do."

Afterwards, his dog having accidentally worried a favourite she-goat of the dwarf, whom he considered almost as a supernatural being, the following discussion ensues:

"Wretch," said the hermit, "your cruelty has destroyed one of the only creatures in existence that would look on me with kindness."

"Dear, Elshie, I'm wae you suld hae cause to say sae; I'm sure it was na wi' my will.—And yet, it's true, I should hae minded your goats, and coupled up the dogs. I'm sure I would rather they had worried the primest wether in my faulds. Come, man, forget and forgi'e. I'm e'en as vexed as you can be.—But I am a bridegroom, ye see, and that puts a' things out o' my head, I think. There's the marriage dinner, or gude part o't, that my twa brithers are bringing on a sled round by the Riders' Slack, three goodly bucks as ever ran on Dallom-lea, as the sang says; they couldna come the straight road for the saft ground. I wad send ye a bit venison, but ye wadna take it weel maybe, for Killbuck catched it."

During this long speech, in which the good-natured borderer endeavoured to propitiate the offended dwarf by every argument he could think of, he heard him with his eyes bent on the ground, as if in the

deepest meditation, and at length broke forth—"Nature!—yes! it is indeed in the usual beaten path of nature. The strong gripe and throttle the weak; the rich depress and despoil the needy; the happy (those who are idiots enough to think themselves happy) insult the misery and diminish the consolation of the wretched—Go hence, thou hast contrived to give an additional pang to the most miserable of human beings—thou who hast deprived me of what I half considered as a source of comfort. Go hence, and enjoy the happiness prepared for thee at home!"

"Never stir," said Hobbie, "if I wadna take you wi' me, man, if ye wad but say it wad divert ye to be at the bridal on Monday. There will be a hundred strapping Elliots to ride the brouze—the like's no been seen sin the days of auld Martin of the Preakintower—I wad send the sled for ye wi' a canny powny."

"Is it to me you propose once more to mix in the society of the common herd?"

"Commons!" retorted Hobbie, "nae siccan commons neither; the Elliots hae been lang kenn'd a gentle race."

"Hence! begone!" reiterated the dwarf; "may the same evil luck attend thee that thou hast left behind with me! If I go not with you myself, see if you can escape what my attendants, wrath and misery, have brought to thy threshold before thee."

"I wish ye wadna speak that gate," said Hobbie. "Ye ken yoursel, Elshie, naebody judges you to be ower canny: now I'll tell you just ae word for a'—ye hae spoken as muckle as wussing ill to me and mine—now, if ony mischance happen to grace, which God forbid, or to mysel, or to the poor dumb tyke;

or if I be scaithed and injured in body, gudes, or gear, I'll no forget wha it is that it's owing to."

"Out, hind!" exclaimed the dwarf; "home! home to your dwelling, and think on me when you find what has befallen there."

"Aweel, aweel," said Hobbie, mounting his horse, "it serves naething to strive wi' cripples, they are aye cankered, but I'll just tell ye ae thing, neighbour, that, if things be otherwise than weel wi Grace Armstrong, I'se gi'e you a scouther if there be a tar-barrel in the five parishes."

The next tale is of a different and superior description. Its whimsical title of Old Mortality* is merely derived from the nickname of the personage out of whose mouth the narrative is feigned to proceed. The tale itself gives a living picture of Scotland during the darkest period of her story—the age of conventicles, the conflict of wild fanaticism with unjust persecution; when religion was stript of its peaceful character—war of its honour—the human heart of all its natural feelings. It is impossible to conceive a ground less favourable in which to plant the flowers of imagination. It reflects, therefore, peculiar credit on the author's talents, that he should, from such materials, have produced a work so interesting; which, in fact, is scarcely inferior to the best of those which, if our supposition be correct, have already issued from his pen.—There is, indeed, in the situations and characters of Waverley and Guy Mannering, something bold and original, which we scarcely find here; but there is an uncommon variety of charac-

* See page 27.

ters, all well supported—Balfour of Burley,* the sturdy covenanter, in whom religious zeal is blended with all the furies of ambition and revenge, tempered with a large mixture of craft and worldly wisdom: Claverhouse, a true historical picture, uniting the fierceness and desperation of the soldier with the dignity of the officer, the ease and grace of the courtier; shedding torrents of blood without passion, almost without motive, but always with the same cold relentless inhumanity. As we descend lower, the features are found equally marked and striking: in Bothwell, the dissolute unlicensed dragoon, rioting on the spoils of a country given up to military violence; mixed with some interesting touches of the high rank which he has fallen from, but still recollects: the wild and raving fanaticism of Mause; the hearty, homely common sense of her son Cuddie; and the pert, officious activity of Jenny Dennison, are complete copies of nature. We are only sorry to except the fair heroine, Miss Edith Bellenden, whose words did not appear to us very well chosen; nor were we much more edified with the deportment of the hero, Mr. Henry Morton. However, so many characters, well and lively represented, and introduced in scenes horrible indeed, but striking and critical, causes the volume to contain a very great store of entertainment. It will also have the effect of introducing many readers to a better acquaintance with an interesting period of Scottish history. We shall limit ourselves here to one or two very short preliminary extracts.

* See page 29.

THE COMBAT.

The whole description of the battle of Loudon-hill is excellent; but we shall particularly select the single combat between Balfour and Bothwell:

" ' You are the murdering villain, Burley,' said Bothwell, griping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—' you escaped me once, but,'—(he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down) ' thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.'

" ' Yes,' replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, ' I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou should'st never lift it again; and God do so to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word.'

" ' Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!' said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

" ' The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

" ' There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great conseqence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the

ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

"Several horses passed over them in the mêlée without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left gripped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no further defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed—"Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!"

"'Die, wretch!—die!' said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—'Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing."

"'And *fearing* nothing!" said Bothwell, collecting

the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken."

CHARACTER OF CLAVERHOUSE.

The following exhibits an interesting view of the character of Claverhouse:

"Claverhouse seemed to take pleasure in riding beside Morton, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of his general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with Balfour of Burley; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"'You are right,' said Claverhouse, with a smile; 'you are very right—we are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour and that of dark and sullen superstition.'

"'Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse,' said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

"'Surely,' said Claverhouse, with the same composure, 'but of what kind? There is a difference,

I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen boors; some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine and dashing down a can full of base muddy ale.'

"'Did you ever read Froissart?'

"'No,' was Morton's answer.

"'I have half a mind,' said Claverhouse, 'to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love!—Ah benedicite! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churles, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse."

MAUSE AND CUDDIE.

The following dialogue between Mause and Cuddie, when the latter, after being dragged into the rebellion, was about to be submitted to the examination

on which his life was to depend, will give a good specimen of both:

"'I must apprise you,' said the latter, (Claverhouse) as he led the way down stairs, 'that you will get off cheap, and so will your servant, providing he can keep his tongue quiet.'

Cuddie caught these last words to his exceeding joy.

"'De'il a fear o' me,' said he, 'an my mother doesna pit her finger in the pye."

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

"'O, hinny, hinny!' said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, 'glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in ane and the same instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field.'

"'Whisht, whisht, mother,' cried Cuddie impatiently. 'Odd, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things?—I tell ye I'll testify naething either ae gate or another. I hae spoken to Mr. Poundtext, and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off, if we do that—he's gotten life for himsel and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller; I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket.'

"'O, Cuddie, man, laith wad I be they suld hurt ye,' said old Mause, divided grievously between the safety of her son's soul and that of his body; 'but mind, my bonny bairn, ye hae battled for the faith,

and dinna let the dread o' losing creature comforts withdraw ye frae the gude fight.'

"'Hout, tout, mother,' replied Cuddie, 'I hae fought e'en ower muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' trade. I hae swaggered wi' a' thae arms, and musquets, and pistols, buff coats, and bandaliers, lang eneugh, and I like the pleugh-paidle a hantle better, I ken naething suld gar a man fight, (that's to say, when he's no angry,) by and outtaken the dread o' being hanged, or killed if he turns back.'

"'But, my dear Cuddie,' continued the persevering Mause, 'your bridal garment—Oh, hinny, dinna sully the marriage garment!'

"'Awa', awa,' mother,' replied Cuddie; 'dinna ye see the folks waiting for me?—Never fear me—I ken how to turn this far better than ye do.'"

§

PROTOTYPE OF THE BLACK DWARF.*

(See Plate.)

The singular person of whose real history and condition the following few particulars are detailed, has already excited the curiosity and contributed to the entertainment of the public in no ordinary degree, under the fictitious character of the black dwarf. Of Ritchie's being the real prototype of that marvellous misanthrope, we do not profess to entertain even the

* Elshender, the Recluse. "*Tales of my Landlord,*" *first series.*

shadow of a doubt. Under that view he has been already described, evidently from high authority, in the Quarterly Review; and also in one of the numbers of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.

David Ritchie, commonly called bowed Davie, was born at Easter Happrew, in the Parish of Stobo, Peebleshire, about the year 1740. His father, William Ritchie, a labouring man, was employed for many years in the State quarries in that place, as was also one of his sons, who was older than David. The name of our hero's mother was Niven. David used to say, that his deformity was owing to ill-guiding in his childhood; but this was not credited, and he is understood to have been ill-shapen from his birth. Whether his peculiar temper arose entirely from this cause, or from original disposition, it appears at least to have displayed itself at a very early age; and his father used to observe, that, "he was born either to slay or be slain." He was never more than a few months at school, but he had learned to read English very well. He was sent to Edinburgh when young, to learn the trade of a brush-maker; but his extraordinary figure attracted so much notice, that he soon left this city in disgust, and retired to his native hills.

How Davie subsisted on his return to the country we have not heard, but some time afterwards, probably in the death of his father, he attracted the notice of Sir James Nasmyth; and being now settled in the parish of Manor, he formed the plan of erecting a cottage for himself on the grounds of that gentleman, whose permission he seems to have readily ob-

tained. He fixed upon a spot of ground at the bottom of a steep bank on the farm of Woodhouse. The benevolent proprietor directed his servants to lend him what assistance he might require, and gave him possession of the ground rent free. The dwarf required but little assistance. With incredible labour and perseverance, he first cleared the space to be occupied by his hut and a small garden; scooping out for that purpose a large recess in the side of the hill, which, rising abruptly, formed on the one side a natural wall to the garden. The rest of it was inclosed partly by a wall of considerable height, and partly by the cottage, which occupied another of the sides. The walls both of the garden and the hut, were chiefly built by Davie himself, of such materials as the spot afforded. Though without mortar they were very solid, and were formed of alternate layers of large stones and turf. Having covered the cottage with a neat thatch-roof, and constructed a small door, and a few rude pieces of household furniture, he proceeded to the cultivation of his garden, in which he displayed very considerable taste as well as industry. In a short time he contrived to stock it with a few fruit trees, and with all sorts of flowers, herbs, and culinary vegetables, which could be procured in the neighbourhood. His manner of working is described by persons who used to visit him as exceedingly laborious. Being unable to make use of his feet in digging, he had a spade so contrived that he could force it down with his breast; the rest of the labour was performed entirely by means of his arms and hands, in which he possessed great strength. He also procured some

bee-hives, and planted a bower of willows and rowan tree; and by degrees his little hermitage exhibited a very striking contrast to the slovenly *kail-yards* of the neighbouring peasants, and looked more like a fairy bower than a wizard's den. It soon came to be resorted to by visitors, being accounted by its inhabitants, one of the most interesting curiosities of the country.

The late venerable Professor Ferguson used sometimes to visit Davie, and also it is said, some other individual of high literary celebrity. The cultivating, ornamenting, and shaving off this little spot, formed his chief occupation and greatest pleasure. He reared a great profusion of flowers for his more elegant visitors, and camomile, rhubarb, and other medicinal herbs, for his homely neighbours. He also supplied the tables of some gentlemen in the neighbourhood with honey. His bees along with a dog and a cat, of all which he was very fond, formed the whole of his live stock.

The original cottage falling into disrepair, Sir James Nasmyth ordered a new one, consisting of two separate dwellings under one roof, to be erected for him and his sister, in 1802, at a short distance from the former. This was constructed by masons under Davie's directions; but he built the new garden wall almost entirely with his own hands. His sister wished to have one outer door common to both apartments; but he insisted on having two separate ones, as they appear at present. The house was accordingly divided by a complete partition. Davie's door is about three feet and a half high, and he could stand upright

below the lintel. It has a small chink for a window, with wooden shutters. He would not admit of glass in it. Mr. Ballantyne, of Woodhouse, enlarged the garden at the same time, which addition it took Davie a whole year to put in order to his liking. He turned up the soil two feet and a half deep, clearing it of large stones, &c. His sister and he having frequently quarrelled, a sort of estrangement took place between these two lonely beings. The sister, though no way deformed in her person, was never capable of regular employment, from a degree of mental aberration. They were long the only persons in the parish who received support from the poor's funds. The dwarf, however, derived the chief part of his subsistence from the gratuitous contributions of the neighbouring farmers and gentry, most of whom he occasionally visited. Davie's *meal-poke* also hung occasionally in the mill, and every person who had a *melder* ground allotted a small portion of it for his use. These resources, together with occasional presents from strangers, who visited his dwelling, and the vegetables he produced by his horticulture, sufficed for all his little wants. The pecuniary donations he received were chiefly expended on snuff, which was almost his only luxury, and one in which he indulged to excess. He kept a whiskey bottle, too, and occasionally sold a little for some years, but was never known to be too free in the use of it himself. He died in September, 1811, after an illness of three days. According to his own account, he was about 71 years of age at the time of his death; but it is believed he was several years older. He had become very penurious in the

latter part of his life. Although subsisting entirely upon charity, about £20 was found in his chest at his death, the half of which was restored to the parish.

Davie's garden still retains marks of its original neatness, but is now totally unpruned. His sister, after his death, became more deranged in her mind. She never passed the night in the cottage, though she resided there during the day, but slept at the farmer's, Mr. Ballantyne, of Woodhouse. A great many strangers were in the habit of calling afterwards at the cottage, from whom she received many charitable donations. She could never understand the great curiosity concerning her brother's history. She observed once to a person who visited the place—"What gars folk speer sae mony questions about us? Our parents were mean, but there was nae ill anent them."

The sketch of Davie's singular physiognomy, which fronts the title of this volume from an original drawing taken some time before his death by a very accomplished person who lived many years in habits of frequent and familiar intercourse with him, is, it is said, a striking likeness. It will be found to differ in some slight particulars from the description of the novelist, who, of course, was under no obligation to adhere rigidly or uniformly to his original materials in the delineation of either mental or physical qualities; yet the force and felicity with which he has in general transferred to his glowing canvass, not only the more striking characteristics, but often the minutest details, is altogether wonderful. So far as regards personal beauty, however,

poor Davie has no great cause to complain of the appearance he exhibits, when arrayed in the Wizard Mantle of the Black Dwarf.

The couplet in which Pope describes Sir Richard Blackmore, seems no longer hyperbolical when applied to Bowed Davie.

> "He was so ugly and so grim,
> His shadow durst not follow him."

His eyes, however, which were black, are said to have been fine. Of the rest of his person no accurate sketch, we believe, has ever been taken; it was still more remarkable than his visage, and after many minute enquiries, we have no hesitation in adopting, almost without variation, the words of his fictitious historian, who, in the following description, is allowed to have given a pretty exact and unexaggerated portrait. "His body thick and square, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seems to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by his dress which he wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and, when uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shagged with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the strength of his frame, correspond with the shortness of his stature."

Davie's height was about three feet and a half. His skull which was of an oblong and rather unusual shape, was of such strength that he could strike it with ease through the pannel of a door or the end of a tar barrel. His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; and his screech owl voice, shrill, uncouth and dissonant, corresponded well with his other peculiarities. There was nothing very uncommon about his dress. He usually wore an old slouched hat when he went abroad; and when at home a sort of cowl or night-cap, such as he is here represented with. He never wore shoes, being unable to adapt them to his mishapen fin-like feet, but always had both feet and legs quite concealed, and wrapt up with pieces of cloth. He always walked with a sort of pole or pikestaff considerably taller than himself.

His habits were in many respects singular, and indicated a mind sufficiently congenial to its uncouth tabernacle. A jealous, misanthropical and irritable temper, was his most prominent characteristic. The sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom, and the insults and scorn to which this exposed him, had poisoned his heart with fierce and bitter feelings, which from other traits in his character, do not appear to have been more largely infused into his original temperament than that of his fellow men. He detested children, on account of their propensity to insult and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed and surly; and though he by no means refused assistance or charity, he, on many occasions, neither expressed nor exhibited

much gratitude; even towards persons who had been his greatest benefactors, and who possessed the greatest share of his good will, he frequently displayed much caprice and jealousy. A lady, who knew him from her infancy, and who has furnished some particulars respecting him, says, that although Davie shewed as much respect and attachment to her father's family as it was in his nature to shew to any, yet they were always obliged to be very cautious in their deportment towards him. One day having gone to visit him with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was shewing them with much pride and good humour, all his rich and tastefully assorted borders, when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages which had been somewhat injured by the caterpillars. Davie observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his *kent*, exclaiming "I hate the worms for they mock me."

Another lady, likewise a friend and old acquaintance of his, very unintentionally gave him mortal offence on a similar occasion. Throwing back his jealous glance, he fancied he saw her spit at him. "Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me—that ye spit at me!" he exclaimed with fury, and without listening to any answer, he drove her out of the garden with imprecations and insult. When irritated by persons for whom he entertained little respect, his misanthropy displayed itself in words and sometimes actions of still greater rudeness. He would

then utter the most shocking imprecations, swear he would "cleave them to the harn-pans, if he had but his cran fingers upon them."

A farmer in the neighbourhood went one night, out of a frolic, to frighten Davie, but paid pretty dearly for his joke. He had assumed the character of a robber, and pretended to be breaking into his hut. The dwarf, after reconnoitring him from a small unglazed window, which he had near his chimney, wrenched a large stone out of the wall, dashed it down upon the assailant, and knocked him to the ground, where he lay for a while senseless, and very severely hurt.

The lady to whose information we have just referred, mentions another anecdote which came within her own knowledge, and which may serve to illustrate the resolute and dogged perseverance of the dwarf. He had applied to Mr. Laidlaw of Hallyards for a branch of a tree which grew in the neighbourhood, to serve some purpose of his own. Mr. Laidlaw was always very ready to oblige Davie—but told him that on the present occasion, he could not grant his request, as it would injure the tree. Davie made no reply, but went away grumbling to himself. Next morning some of Mr. Laidlaw's servants happened to be going from home so early as two o'clock, when, to their surprise and terror, they perceived through the twilight a strange figure struggling and dancing in the air below the said tree. Upon going up to the place they found it was Davie, who had contrived by some means to fasten a rope to the branch he wanted, and was swinging with all his weight upon it to break it down.

They left him, and before he was again disturbed, he succeded in bringing it to the ground, and carried it home with him.

He had a sort of strange pleasure in wandering out in the dark, and is said to have sometimes spent whole nights among the ruins of old buildings, and other places where spectres were believed to haunt; and he used to vaunt much of his courage and intrepidity in these adventures. With all his bravery he is known to have been extremely superstitious; and to protect himself from witchcraft, he had planted a great deal of the rowan-tree, or mountain ash around his dwelling. Upwards of forty of these trees were cut down in his garden after his death. It does not appear that he made any pretensions to warlockry, or that there was any strong suspicion of that nature respecting him among his neighbours, although a knowledge of his revengeful disposition impressed both young and old with a certain degree of fearful respect and awe of him. Davie spent much of his time in solitude, and when his garden did not require his care, he would lie whole summer days by the side of a well, poring into the water. He also read a good deal when he could get books, and what is remarkable, was very fond of some parts of Shenstone's Pastoral Ballads, which he could repeat by heart. The sort of reading, however, in which he took greatest delight, was the adventures of Wallace and Bruce, and other popular traits about Scottish heroes, the Highland clans, &c. He possessed a copy of Milton's Paradise Lost, some parts of which he read with much interest. He had

also got hold of "Tooke's Pantheon," and had his head confusedly stored with the stories of the heathen Mythology. His information, such as it was, appeared to great advantage when he mingled with the peasantry at the mill or smithy. He was very satirical in his conversation; and his harsh creaking voice was there frequently heard much higher than the sound of the clapper or the fore hammer. He visited Peebles, the country town, but very seldom went to church. He was supposed to entertain some very peculiar notions on religious subjects, but those who were intimate with him say that he would now and then speak concerning a future state, with great earnestness and good sense; and on such occasions, when his feelings were excited, would sometimes burst into tears.

Davie would rather appear to have had some ambition of posthumous honours. Perhaps Tooke's Pantheon might have inspired him with a thirst of immortality, or perchance he had some presentiment of his approaching apotheosis, under the plastic hands of a mighty magician,—a still more extraordinary and mysterious personage than himself—one who has not only raised up the spirits of the departed, but, by dissolving them of the more vulgar and prosaic *rags* of their mortal state, and investing them with imposing and poetical qualities, has restored them to the world in a guise a thousand times more pleasing and picturesque, and scarcely less true to nature, than the reality itself. But whether poor Davie possessed the second sight or not, it is certain that he long expressed a desire to be buried on a particular spot which he

pointed out, and not in the church-yard among the "*common brush*," as he expressed it. One of the motives assigned by him for this singular wish, was his aversion to have the clods clapped down upon him, "by such a fellow as Jock Somerville, the *Bellman*." This person he always detested, and would scarcely stay in his company, probably from a secret feeling of disgust, or disagreeable reminiscence, suggested by a certain resemblance which the gravedigger bore to himself in personal deformity.

Davie appears to have displayed no small portion of taste in the selection of his burial ground. It is described in a little tract as "a beautiful mount called the Woodhill, which rises from a plain nearly in the centre of the parish of Manor, skirted with a number of venerable old trees, and encircled by an amphitheatre of steep and lofty mountains, covered to the tops with heath, and hewing their sides broken and diversified by deep ravines, and rocky precipices. This picturesque little hill, rising abruptly in the middle of a delightful plain, with its deep green ferny summit, crowned with a druidical circle, and its declivities white with sheep; the silvery links of Manor water winding at its base, through fertile haughs and fields of grain; the aged trees scattered here and there along the bottom of the precipitous hills, the wild abodes of the goat, the raven, the fox, and the falcon; and the dark summit of the farther mountains towering over all,—present a burst of upland scenery not unworthy of arresting the notice of the traveller, even although it had never possessed the additional attraction of having been the residence

of the illustrious Ferguson, as well as that of the eccentric dwarf of Manor water.* The eccentric dwarf, as the same writer states, also requested that a clump of rowan-tree might be planted above his grave, on the Woodhill. A promise to this effect was given him. But he changed his mind on his death-bed, and was "gathered to his fathers," like a decent Christian, in the church-yard of Manor.

§

OLD MORTALITY.

This "innocent and interesting enthusiast," as he has been called by the author,† is said to have been a real person, named Robert Paterson, who for many years during the latter half of the last century, traversed the districts of the southern parts of Scotland, which had been the scenes of "the persecution," in the very strange and romantic employment, described in the introduction to the tale. Every peculiarity of his figure, of his character, and of his occupation, is so accurately delineated in that work, that there is scarcely any thing left for us to add. Even the manner of his death is perfectly exact—he was found stretched upon the road near Lockerby, in Dumfries-

* "A short account of David Ritchie, with an elegy on his death: printed for the author, July, 1816."—This is curious as having been in print some short time before the Tales of my Landlord appeared. But it was never published, and the author does not imagine that any of the few copies which he privately distributed, could possible have found their way to the hands of either Mr. Peter Pattieson, or his learned and worthy patron, the schoolmaster of Glandercleugh.

† Note to Swift's Memoirs of Captain Crichton.

shire, almost dead, and just expiring. This event happened in the year 1789, as we are informed by an Ayrshire gentleman, who remembers his father having frequently given quarters to "*Auld Mortality.*" This intelligence may be interesting; as the Author of Waverley does not seem to have been aware of the date of his decease. The grave-stones which it had been his pride to preserve, are now fast running to decay; for his enthusiasm, however beautiful and meritorious in its character, has found no successor in the land.

COVENANTERS' CHURCHYARD.*

There exists in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, a scene nearly resembling that which is described in the beautiful preliminary to Old Mortality, as the deserted burying-ground of the Covenanters. It is commonly entitled St. Catherine's Kirk-yard; though there does not now remain the least trace of a place of worship within its precincts. It lies about a mile from Glencross Bridge, among the solitudes of the Pentlands; and coincides remarkably well with the descriptions of the fiction, by having been the grave of a few of the presbyterian insurgents, who were killed near the spot, in retreating from the battle of Rullion Green. It seems to have been long disused as a place of interment; and so complete is its desolation, that a slight mark of an inclosure and a few overgrown grave-stones, themselves almost in the grave, are all that now point out the spot.

The situation is particularly pastoral, beautiful, and

* See page 62, vol. I.

interesting. It is placed where the narrow ravine, down which Glencross burn descends, opens into a fine expanse of country; and in general it agrees well, as to circumstances of scenery, with the author's "vale of Glandercleugh," though, we are happy to inform the reader, the horrific *dry-stane-dike*, projected by "his honour the Laird of Guse-dub," does not appear ever to have "substituted its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary." The ground is not otherwise destitute of the qualification of *classic*; for at no great distance stands Logan house, the supposed mansion of Sir William Worthy, of the Gentle Shepherd, and at the head of the glen lies what has generally been considered the "Habbie's How," of that drama, though others incline to suppose it situated near Newhall, on the South-Esk.

§

BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

The name of this remarkable person, who bore so conspicuous a part in the unhappy scenes of bigotry and tyranny which Scotland displayed towards the close of the reign of Charles II, must be familiar to every class of readers, since the appearance of the "Tales of my Landlord." By the author of that work, and the discussions to which it has given rise, Burley has been drawn from the comparative obscurity in which he had hitherto remained, known only to the divine and the historian, and held up to the world as a person eminently entitled to respect or

reprobation, according to the opposite views which are still taken of the cause in which he was engaged. At present it is not our intention to enter into this discussion; but, anxious to gratify the curiosity of our readers, if we should fail in higher objects, we are happy to be able to lay before them some account of this extraordinary character, drawn up from original manuscripts in his own hand-writing, and from accredited works already before the public, to which we shall refer.

John Balfour, of Kinloch,* was the son of John Balfour, portioner of Kinloch, by his wife, Grigger Hay, daughter of Hay, of Paris, of Perthshire. He was probably born about the year 1640;† and we find him served heir to his grandfather, Robert Balfour, on the 26th of February, 1663.‡ His grandfather appears to have had a daughter Helen, married about the year 1621, to John Williamson, son of John Wil-

* The appellation of Burley was used in consequence of his close connexion with the Balfours of Burley. About 1560, Sir Michael Balfour, of Burley, (more properly Burleigh) a gentleman of an ancient and highly respectable family, made a grant of the lands of Kinloch to his "near kinsman," the grandfather of Burley.—*Edin. Mag. & Lit. Miscell.* 1817.

† According to the Scot's Worthies, he was born about the year 1640, in which work his life is recorded. He joined early with the party which showed resistance to Episcopacy; and was ranked among their leaders or principal men, long before the assassination in which he took so deep a share. It is impossible, however, that he could have fought in the cause of the covenant before the restoration, (as he is always represented to have done in the tale we illustrate) for he had only come to the years of maturity, about the time when Episcopacy was established in Scotland (1662) *after* that event.

‡ Retours of Fife.

liamson, portioner of Kinloch; she died before her husband (whose death took place in 1644) leaving four daughters, of whom Christian, the eldest, disposed of her heritage to John Balfour, her uncle.

This John, the father of Burley, seems to have died before the year 1655, as his son was then boarded with John Hay, who grants a receipt to Robert and Alexander Tamson, for four-score pounds Scots, as payment of the said board, dated at Auchtermuchtie. Hay was Burley's uncle; and it is certain that he afterwards resided with another of his uncles, as the following discharge proves:—

"I, Francis Hay, of Strowie, grant me to be compleitlie payed and satisfied by John Balfour, portioner of Kinloch, my nevoy, of the sume of four hundreth merks, for the boarding and entertaining of the said John in meat and clothes, horse and man, for the yeires of god 16 threescoir six, and 16 threescoir seven, and of all years preceiding the day and date hereof; as also of the soume of thrie hundereth eighteen punds Scots layed out, payed, and advanced by me at the earnest desire of the said John his friend, for his necessair and lawful affaires, and other public binders. As also of all compts, reckonings, charges, claims, as were named as not named, ever since my intromission with the goods and geir of Umq[l]. Grizzel Hay, my sister, and mother, to the said John, for whatsumever cause or causes knowen, dispens and with the generalite hereof, as if everie particular were herein exprest, &c. In witness whereof, ther presents, written by John Moncrief, of Tippermalock, are subscribed with my hand, at Auchtermuchtie, this twenty-third day of Januar, 6 threescoir aught years, befor thir witnesses, George Moncrief, of Reddie, George Duncan, portioner of Auchtertermuchtie, and the said John Moncrief, younger.

Balfour seems to have joined pretty early with the party which shewed resistance in episcopacy; for he

is asserted in the appendix to the life of Archbishop Sharp, to have deserted the church, and followed after field conventicles long previous to the Bishop's murder; "glorying" according to the writer, "to be one of the most furious zealots, and stoutest champions of the fanatic party in Fife; for which he was denounced and intercommuned." In the year 1677, he was attacked by a party sent out to apprehend him, in his own house; the details of which affray are thus given by the Rev. Mr. James Kirton, in his history of the church of Scotland.* "Another accident at this time, helped to inflame the displeasure of our governors, and that was this: Captain Carstaires was at that very time busie in the east end of Fife; the Lady Colvill he chased out of her own house, and by constraining her to lie upon the mountains, broke the poor ladies health; William Sherthumb he laid in prison, but the doors were open, and he set free. But the people of that country who were conventiclers, knew not what to doe; so some dozen of them met at Kinloch, the house of John Balfour, a bold man, who was himself present, and with him Alexander Hamilton, of Kincaill, a most irreconcilable enemy to the Bishops, also Robert Hamilton, youngest son to Sir Robert Hamilton, of Preston, a man who had very lately changed his character, and of a loose youth became a high-strained zealot; but a man he was who made a great deal more noise than ever he did business, and some countrymen more. Of these, Carstaires gets intelligence, and so comes upon them very boldly with his party of eight or nine horses

* See page 66, vol. I.

among whom Philip Garrret, a desperate English tinker, was chief. Garret alights, and perceiving a man standing in the door of the house, fires upon him, but misses him; upon which one out of the chamber, fires upon Garret, being at that time in the court of the house; the shot pierced Garret's shoulder, and made him fall. Carstaires fired in at another door, and pierced the leg of the man of the house; and upon this all within horsed, and chased Carstaires and his party, though no more blood was shed, only Kincaill's horse was shot, and Garrett received some more blows with a sword, but his life was spared. This action upon Carstaires' information, was reckoned resistance and rebellion. All present, because they appeared not when called, were denounced rebels, and some who were not present, were denounced with the rest, as it was very frequently done; but this was charged upon the whole party.*

It may be remarked, that Kirton mistakes one

* It may perhaps be suspected, from the following account, that Burley's prowess had been tried in scenes of strife some years before his more public appearances.

Accompt of John Balfour, portioner of Kinloch, January 9, 1674.

It. ane Cordial julep wth. . . .	£03	10	00
It. To yourself ane glister . . .	01	10	00
It. To yourself the lyke glister . . .	01	10	00
It. The Cordial Julep as before . . .	03	10	00
It. ane water for your eye . . .	00	06	00
It. For *plasters and oyels to your head* .	03	06	00
It. For mine oune paines going out, severall times; and my servants' attendance .	20	00	00
Suma is	£33	02	00

Garret, for the infamous English tinker Scarlet, who, after riding as one of Mr. John Welch's body-guard, was suspected to have been concerned in the barbarous murder of two soldiers, at Newmills,* and that the tory account of this fracas states Balfour to have removed his wife and children out of the house, expecting the attack, for which he was well prepared, both with fire-arms and men.

The next traces we find of him are in desperate consultations with his accomplices respecting the castigation of one Baillie Carmichael, who was brought over by Sharp, from Edinburgh, and made Sheriff-depute of Fyffe, under Rhodes, for the purpose of enforcing the grievous penalties enacted against the presbyterians. The barbarous murder of the Archbishop which occurred soon afterwards, has been so fully and frequently described and expatiated upon, that it is unnecessary to rehearse again the particulars of that transaction. Burley is well known to have been one of the chief agents in the assassination.

After the murder, Burley and his friends rambled about for a few days, avoiding observation, and then joined the insurgents at Drumclog.† There he behaved with great bravery, and is made the hero of a ballad descriptive of that skirmish, to be found in the border Minstrelsy. On disarming one of the Duke of Hamilton's servants, who had been in the action, he desired the man, as it is said, to tell his master that he would retain, till meeting, the pistols which he had

* See Russel's account of Sharp's murder, p. 454.

† Russel.

taken from him. Afterwards when the duke asked his man what he was like, he told him he was a little man, squint eyed, and of a very fierce aspect; the duke said he knew who it was, and withal prayed that he might never see his face, for if he should, he was sure he would not live long*. At the affair of Bothwell Bridge, Burley displayed his wonted courage; and received a wound, which occasioned him to exclaim, "The devil cut off his hands that gave it†." His conduct prior and subsequent to that fatal conflict, is partly narrated in a letter subjoined, addressed to James of Shirgartoun, whose sufferings in the cause of presbytery are recorded by Wodrow ‡. Burley's letter, now first published from the origninal MS., bears no direction, but a passage respecting the affairs of "humiliation," so much debated by the insurgents, compared with Russel ||, ascertains to whom it was written. The reader will find in Russel many circumstances respecting Burley's motions after the rout at Bothwell Bridge, which concluded in a flight to Holland, where he was not very cordially treated by his fellow refugees, being debarred from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He appears to have resided chiefly with his uncle, John Hay, who became an eminent bookseller in Holland. When the Prince of Orange undertook his descent, Burleigh received a commission as a cavalry officer, but died on the passage. His property had been confiscated, and given to Lord Lindores. After the revolution, the act of attainder was reversed. David Balfour, the

* Scots Worthies.
† Wodrow.
‡ Vol. 2, p. 200.
|| Page 461.

son, was then served heir to his father, and commenced a prosecution against Lord Lindores for his intromissions with the estate *.

In 1694, David married the daughter of ——— Russel, Esq. of Kettle, by which marriage he obtained the estates of Bankton and Kettle. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who died without issue about 1736, and left the estates to his brother Henry. Barbara Balfour, the daughter of Henry, was married to the father of the present Col. J. Balfour Wemyss†, of Wemyss Hall, in the county of Fife‡.

* Notwithstanding the appellation of *portioner*, the estate of this distinguished person appears to have corresponded with the rank and antiquity of his family. From an original tack between Lord Lindore and Patrick and Alexander Thompsons, dated 19th October, 1685, it appears that the rent of four eighteen parts of Kinloch was four chalders and thirteen bolls of beans and oats, four dozen of hens, and 100*l.* Scots in money. What proportion this bore to the whole estate, we have not the means of ascertaining, but lands possessed by other tenants are mentioned in the same lease. The cess paid for the whole of John Balfour's part of Kinloch, from May 1656 to May 1657, according to receipts signed by the collector, David Walker, amounted to 56*l.* 1*s* 4*d* Scot.

† To this highly respectable gentleman, now the lineal descendant of Balfour of Burley, we are happy to own ourselves indebted for the papers here laid before the public, as well as for the principal facts above stated, which he has communicated with a liberality that demands our warmest acknowledgments. Colonel Wemyss, in his communication to us, says with a genuine Scottish spirit, "I am too proud of my great progenitor to refuse my name to his life, or my hand to his defence.—*Edin. Lit. Misc.*

‡ This lady was alive and in perfect health in 1817. Colonel Wemyss's father succeeded, in right of his wife, to the estates of Kinloch, Bankton, and King's Kettle. The former he sold to the family of the present possessor, Andrew Thompson, Esq.

His character, as given by his biographer in the Scots Worthies, is, " that although he was by some reckoned none of the most religious, yet he was always zealous and honest-hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any *escaping that came into his hands.*"

The following description of his person is given in the trial of Hackstoun, of Rathellet, whose sister, Barbara, he had married, and who commanded the party which assassinated the archbishop, but retired to a little distance, and declined to take any share in it. " John Balfour, of Kinloch, who is a laigh broad man, round ruddie faced, dark brown hair, and hade ane brown stoned horse, armed with hulster, pistolls, and a shabble*."

LETTER FROM BALFOUR, OF BURLEY, TO JAMES URE, OF SHIRGARTOUN.

" *March* 30, 168—

" Sir,—Ther cam to my hands a short (and, as its termed) a trew relation of y^t^. sad and deplorabel business y^t^. fell out the other year; which relation, I

* " The sufferings of the family of James Ure, of Shargartoun, were likewise very considerable during this period. His house was frequently pillaged by parties of soldiers. When he was forfeited after Bothwell, where he behaved with courage, his rent and moveables were all seized, and many times parties were in search of him, but he happily escaped. His mother, a gentlewoman, about seventy years of age, was put in prison at Glasgow, where she died, notwithstanding all the interest that was made for her. Meanwhile, a hundred pound Scots was offered to any who should apprehend Shar-

judg, on good ground, to be yours, though y^{t}. in wisdom, ye conceled your name; and I most say, (pardon me in this, sir,) y^{t}. if ye had forboren soom expressions of your own actings, which canot but mak you knowen to all that were in y^{t}. armay, ye had don mor wisely than by screwing them up to such as ye have done, which renders them suspicious of falshood to al who reid your information. But pardon me, sir, to leav this, and come a litel to the other particulars. Ye tel us y^{t} ye cam on the sabbath, with some well armed men; it is treuth they were so; and if y^{t} they had not been so fre in shoting their wolays nedlessly, I think y^{t}. they had considerabel provisions of puder also. Yet if I be not deceaved, I gav them several piks at Glasko, or at least they got of those piks y^{t}. I took at Glasko. As to what passed that night betwixt Mr. Hamilton and you, I know nothing of it. As to what Mr. Duglas had in his sermon, I cannot tel what it was; but I judge y^{t}. it has been soum reflexions on that dreadful supreemasie, which I take to be his dutay, all fa^{t}.ful ministers duty, to preach against, yea, though it

gartoun, dead or alive; but he escaped to Ireland, where he continued half a year. Then he ventured home, but was obliged to conceal himself in the fields; so that during the winter of 1684 he lay in the wood of Balquhan for several weeks. His lady was apprehended for conversing with her own husband, and carried a prisoner to Sterling, with a sucking child at her breast, and from thence to Edinburgh; and put into the Canongate jail. At last the managers thought fit to release her. Shargartoun survived his troubles, and lived to the unnatural rebellion, 1717, when he saw vengeance overtake some of his persecutors." — CROOKSHANK'S *History of the Church of Scotland.*

should offend such loial persons as you. As to y^t. council of war on the moore, y^t. did condemn the man, and to his sentenc, and the ground thereof, I remember y^t. it was proven that he was seen strike at that man wth. a fork, so that he was condemned by a very considerable number of officers, whereof ye was on y^t. voted him giltay, tho y^t. its lik, after that ye saw soume ministers wer for sending him to the civil magistrat, that he might be punished as a *——, ye was in their judgment; so y^t. to me it semeth both ye and they wer out of ther deuty, ye in retracting, and they in desairing us to oun those usurpers, for usurpers they are, be what they will, y^t. carays, I should have said pretens to bear ruel in Scotland this day. Yea ther is non of them, from the greatest to the meanest, that hath anie right to ruel, for all are perjured and mensworn bloody wretchis; so it is to me weray strange y^t. anie sober cristian should own such as judges, y^t. both the law of God, and laws of the nation, are guyltay of death themselves. But fearing to griv your low spirit, I pas y^t. and come to what is nixt, which was soom debeats anent a declaration, and its form. I remember that it was desaired that y^t. y^t. God making draught y^t. was produced should be altered in three or four things, first, y^t. the third article of the covenant (y^t. was insert in it to the full, tho both against the law and reason, we being no more bond to him y^t. hath by act of parliament rechinded the everay ground whereon he received the crown) should be taken away altogether

* Vide Russel's Narrative of Archbishop Sharp's Murder.

out of it, or at least y^t. the forth might be insert to balance it, which was against reason denied, so that if the third had been taken away, and the forth insert it had been more beseeming to such a pertay.

The second was, ther might be a posatif claus insert in it, declairing against the indulgence, which was also refused, becaus y^t. ther was a general included in it against supremacy, which was a mer desain to blind the people and a moking of God. The third was, y^t. the causes of wrath, acknowledgement of sin.

The third was y^t. the causes of wreath, acknowledgement of sin, and engadgement to duties might be insert also, which, with difficultay was obtained to be insert also in the clos of it. What was furder done in it I know not, but I was informed y^t. those y^t. wer for it did desair y^t. it might be read only, and after reading, it should be mended to satisfaction or it were printed; on which terms it seemeth y^t. it was condeschended on to be read, on condition y^t. Mr. King, and Mr. Duglas, should red it, which was granted though basely broken, as was the former, and it was red and commented on by Mr. Hum, to the desatisfaction of many; and after, contrair to engadgement (as ye hav said) printed without our knowledge. But I shall not stay on all breaches y^t. fel out, but.... to y^t. councel of war that was at the shaw-hand moore, on the Wednesday—I must not forget by the by, y^t. on the sabboth, of our ministers was ——ed pleac when going to preach, by Mr. Hum, that day had no —— from the armay to preach himself, though he intended himself, but now—— the councel, it war

ther voted by all, sav yourself and Mr. Carmichael, (I mean James*) that there should be a day of humiliation condeschended, and —— there were four ministers and four elders chosen out to draw up the cases of the fact; and I am sur that this was done without a contradicting wot, sav two only. Learman desaird that it might be delayd... Mr. Welsh cam, who indeed cam and broke al wery shortly; so that we pearted from the councel, som of us with tears in our eis; and I wish y^{t}. we had parted from you that day, it had been better for us this day than it is, and more for the glory of God I am sur. But I heast to the other councel of war y^{t}. was on Saturday, wher the Galuway gentlemen wer; I remember that it was liken a babel than a serious councel, for all the gentlemen whether officirs or not, behoved to be ther, and wot forsuth, and the first thing was done was that the Galloway men desaired a preses to be chosen; to which it was answered, that Mr. Hamilton had always preceded, with ful consent of the officirs of the armay, then it was demanded who were officirs? to which it was ansered, y^{t}. we that wer with them wer, and y^{t}. we wer chosen *pro-tempore*, and had officiat till now, but were willing to give pleac to any y^{t}. deserved it better, so that they wobld steat the Lord's quarral aright; and I remember that I said (the Lord knows that I spoke the treuth) y^{t}. I was satisfied to have served as a laquay man under any y^{t}. they should

* Son to the Earl of Wigton's chamberlain. Proclamation against rebels, June 26, 1679.

apoint over me, so that he or they would steat the Lords quarrel aright; but al the answer we got to y^t. was a few brawling words, and some of self commendation from som men that might have held their peace.

The next thing was the Galloway gentlemen desaired that their ministers might be brought in, to which we answered, that ours wer not al ther at y^t. teim, y^t. they might be cald with theirs, and y^t. it was not expedient y^t. ministers sat in a councel of war, but when necessarily called thereto, neither had they been with us formerlay, but when cald; but though y^t. it was also said by us, y^t. if ministers were cald, y^t. was fit that elders was cald also, yet Mr. Hume, and others with him, rushed in uncald, and asked wher wer ther elders, they knew few or non; though y^t. it was ansered y^t. ther wer manay godly elders both of officirs and souldiers in the armay, yeat they wer not permitted to be called, least, I think they should have nursed their desing of overpowering us by wots, if they had been cald. The first thing treated on after the ministers cam in, was a petitioning the duke, and a debeasing for ye old business. When y^t. we saw that ther was nothing like to be settled on y^t. was becoming such an armay, we rose and went out, to the number eghtein or ninetein officirs; tho ye be pleased to term y^t. number weray few, yet ther wer mor y^t. went out than I have said; and my brother told that he durst not wenter his blod in batel with such as thos were y^t. stayd behind, seeing that they did steat the quarrel as y^t. the Lord

was robed by the steating of it. What ye did after we went out I know not, but we wer cald in again, and being com back, we told that we wer in that same judgement we wer in when we went away. Then your new preses, for it semeth he had chosen on, prest a petitioning of the Duke, and we having refused and desaired (soom at least desaired) to know to what purpose, for it was not in his power to grant us anie thing, (as hath appeared treuth since) yeat Mr. Hum said y^{t}. he knew that he had pour to do, and that he waited for our petition; and treuely I doubt not that Mr. Hum's information was good as to the last, for he, no question, tampered with his bretheren, who tampered with the Duck, the indulged bretheren I men. In end (for I heast) it was agraed on, y^{t}. y^{t}. the petition should be read, which was such an on as might have scared any cristian from offering to present it, for it was stuffed with malignant loielty; and we having refused it altogether, at lenth there was a motion mead of sending an information of our grevances; for drawing of which ther was four gentlemen, two on each side, and four ministers chosen for drawing up of it, which after y^{t}. they hod agreed on a draught, it was ordered to be drawen up (how honestly it was done I know not, but y^{t}. seemeth, y^{t}. it was done so with as other things wer don formerlay) so we pearted and was sent to Dunserf with my troup to guard that pass, wher I stayd al night, til I was called for the nixt morning and sent to the foord y^{t}. is on the east side of Hamilton, with Bankhead, who told me that Mr. Hume was gone to the

Duke, which indeed wexed me much, so y^t. sir, I cannot give anie account of your behaviour at the bridge that morning.

I have seen under your own hand, which semeth indeed to be favourable enough to you, and as unfavourabel to others, as I hear by soom y^t. was ther; but I pas it and come again to my own peart, (which truely, sir, I had forborn to speak, if ye had not necesitat me to do so) for I was cald to the moor, and when I cam I had orders to pleac my troup four pear of buts, behind the second bragad on the left hand wher they stayd; and I cam down twis threis to the boday, but found few of officirs espescally of thos of Galoway, with ther troops; but as on of them told since, they were busied about the sending a second petition, so y^t. they had not leisure to be with ther troup. So, sir, I find you in a mistake, when ye say y^t. that I was on the front with my troup; I was indeed indeed thus down before the enime, wiewing them, and ready to exchange a pistol with anie of them, if they had anie com out to me; and I spake with Greenrig, who told me that he was to while with his troup, and tho I did what was in me to disuade him, yeat while he did with that forward gentleman ye spok of, Mr. Carmichel, who at that time was mor fortherward to flei, than stout to fight, so that those two wer they y^t. brok the foot y^t. were behind them, and consequently the whole armay.

For my peart, sir, I shall not say any thing as to my cearíag, but this I am sure of, that I stayd in the fild till ye and a thousand mor wer making mor

us of your spurs than your swords; and in token of it sir, I brought the marks of my staying, with which you were not at leisur at y^t^. teim to wait on, unles that ye had accedentalay met with the first canon bal, which I am glead ye prevented by your teimorus retreat. As for that forward gentelman, I am sur if the canon had either hit him or his comerad Captain Weir, it behoved to have overtaken them, for they wer both fled or the canon shot; but the other cap^t^. that ye say was with you in the morning, was not wise as ye, for he either had not a horse, or forgot to take him, which she did weray timously. Thus, sir, I hav shown you a few treuths, and I shall clos with that same ye clos with, to wit, I shall frelay giv you lev to cal me a lier if ther be ought in this account but treuth; and I am hopeful y^t^. tho soom may tak the freedom to do it behind my back, yeat they wil not neither say it to my fac, nor give it under unless they run the risk of being proven a lier, which, sir, wil easelay be done, but I pas it, and leavs manay thousands of friends, and soom enemis, to bear witnes of the treuth of my cairag that day, and of your servant whom you know.———

Among the Burley papers there is an account given in about this time, by a merchant at Pearth, which is curious, as exhibiting the price of various articles. Among other things we find a muff mentioned, a piece of male dress, which, however, common at that time, is not now consonant with our ideas of the character, so ably delineated in the "Tales of my Landlord." This delicate article of

attire, however, may possibly have been the property of his wife.

Accompt John Balfour, portioner of Kinlough.

1668,	To John Glas, merᵗ. in Perth.			
7 Dec.	Impr. a French hat delyvred to John Gillies, ...	£05	00	00
22 Dec.	It. 2 pund 2 vnce of sugare at 13s. 4d. pund, ...	01	08	00
	It. Half pund pepper and a box carvie	01	03	04
1699,	It. 2 ells and ½ of great loopen for			
5 May.	his muff, ...	01	04	00
	It. 4 doz. moy hair maud buttons,	01	00	00
	It. 5 drop silk 7s. 6d. and 1½ ell looper 4s.	00	11	06
21 May.	It. 2 pund 4 vnce and ½ of sugare.	01	01	00
	It. 4 pund currans 8s. and a pund currans 9s.	00	17	00
	It. 3 ells incarnit rubans 12s. and 2 vnce genger 16d. . . .	00	13	04
	It. 1 vnce cloves 12s. and 2 drop of meas 2s.	00	14	00
	It. 1 vnce cannal 12s. and a chopene wenegare 4s.	00	16	00
	Suma	£14	17	06

The following bill is from the same quarter, and is as interesting as the former in displaying the price of various articles at the period to which it refers.

	Lib.	*s.*	*d.*
Compt. John Balfour, poʳ. of Kinloch, to John Glas mercᵗ. in Perth.			
Impr. rests be him conforme to the particular account delyvred to him 21 May, 1669, . . .	14	17	06

		Lib.	*s.*	*d.*
1669,	It. A pair of bairnes shoes to him at	00	06	0
17 Septr.	It. Delyvred conforme to his 1re 2 ells and ane half of fine black scarge, at 3 lib. ell is . .	00	07	10
1670,	It. Delyvred to James Ffarmer, con-			
3 Jany.	forme to his 1re, a qr'ter and ane half of fine Lond. cloath at 10 lb. ell is	03	15	0
	It. 3 qr'ters of searge . . .	01	07	0
	It. 1 doz. of small buttnes . .	00	03	0
	It. Six qr'ters of loopen . .	00	04	6
	It. A pund of anet seid . .	00	10	0
	It. A qr'ter of paper . . .	00	06	0
	It. A pund and ½ of small raw to- bacco	00	18	0
	It. A black long-tailed buttone .	00	08	0
	It. 2 drap of black silk . .	00	03	0
	It. 1 pund 12 vnce of sugare at 13s. 4d. per pound is . .	01	03	4
	It. 4 ells of gray wallens, 12s. and 2 drop gray silk, is . . .	00	15	0
1670,	It. One vnce and ½ of red walx .	00	09	0
17 Nov.	It. Delyd. to Andrew M'Gull, con- forme to his 1re, 6 doz. of silk mandle buttonas, at 4s. per doz. is	01	04	0
	It. 4 dozen of breests . . .	00	12	0
	It 19 drap of silk . . .	01	08	6
	It. 3½ ells of silk wallens . .	00	10	6
	It. 1 ell of Loupen . . .	00	02	0
	It. 18 ell of clou-coloured ribbanes	03	12	0
	It. A qr'ter of paper 6s. and for red walx 4s. Inde. . . .	00	10	0
	It. Half ane pund pepper . . .	00	09	0
	Suma	£41	3	4

It may be observed, that in the year 1677 Balfour

was put to the horn by this John Glass, for non-payment of the sum of £47 3s. 4d. specified in a bond granted by him to Glass in the year 1672.

The principal feature in the history of Balfour of Burley, had its origin as follows:—In the year 1677, some poor people in Fife, who had been driven from their dwellings, by a party of the king's troops, in the exigency of their despair met at Balfour's house, where Alexander and Robert Hamilton, two leading men among the non-conformists, were also present. Hither, however, they were pursued by their enemies, who had got intelligence of their concealment and the house was beset. Balfour seems to have resolved upon resistance, in the case of an attack; for his wife and children had been removed, and his friends were armed. The party of the persecutors, headed by one Captain Carstairs and an infamous tinker, named Scarlet, attacked the house and fired upon those within; but were shortly repulsed and pursued by those they had come to apprehend.

In consequence of this action all present were denounced as rebels, and Burley was obliged to leave his house, in order to avoid the penalties at that period inflicted on such offenders.

His proscription appears to have made him still more desperate in his practices and opinions. He was engaged more deeply than ever in the resistances and conspiracies of his sect; and about two years afterwards, having joined several of his friends who were in the same unfortunate condition with himself, assisted in perpetrating the deed which gave

rise to the rebellion of 1679. The barbarous murder of Archbishop Sharpe, has been so fully described and expatiated upon in other common and accessible publications, that it is quite unnecessary to rehearse the particulars of the transaction. Balfour is said to have taken an active share in the assassination, being among the most reckless and unmerciful of all the soldiers of the covenant.—*See Scots Worthies.*

After the deed, Burley and his friends rambled about for a few days, avoiding observation, and then joined the insurgents at Drumclog. In the battle which ensued, he behaved with great bravery. There is some foundation in historical truth for the death of Cornet Grahame, as detailed so finely in the author of Waverley's account of the skirmish; but he stood in no relation of kindred to his commander. The body of this unfortunate young officer, was afterwards mistaken for that of Claverhouse, and treated accordingly by the rebels, on account of the initials marked upon the neck of his shirt.

At Bothwell bridge, Burley displayed his usual courage; and received a wound which occasioned the exclamation recorded in "Old Mortality,"—"The devil cut off his hands that shot the shot!"

After the affair he escaped to Holland, where he was not very cordially treated by his fellow refugees, being debarred from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The cause of this coldness probably originated in the idea which was generally entertained respecting him among the more bigotted of his sect, "that, though zealous in the cause, he never entered so deeply into their enthusiastic views of religion as be-

came one who presumed to take an active share in their enterprises." They respected his courage and wordly wisdom; but accounted him terribly deficient in more precious qualifications and gifts of the "spirit," which virtues, as those who have read Old Mortality will remember, proved so energetic and so magnanimous at the flight of Bothwell.

When the Prince of Orange undertook his descent, Burley like many others who had taken refuge in Holland from the tyranny of the Stuarts, received a commission as a cavalry officer in the forces which were destined to dethrone that family for ever. But he did not live to see the desire of his heart accomplished, having died on the passage to England. His property had been confiscated and given to Lord Lindores. After the revolution the act of attainder was reversed, and his son David inherited the estate. It partly continues in the family till the present day, Colonel J. Balfour Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall, in Fife, being his lineal representative. The late lamented author of "Self Controul," and other deservedly admired works, was also a descendant of Balfour of Burley.

SERGEANT BOTHWELL.

Francis Stuart, the grandson and representative of the last Earl of Bothwell, who was himself a grandson to James V of Scotland, was so much reduced in circumstances, as to ride a private in the Life Guards, which were commanded by General Grahame, of Claverhouse, during the period of the persecution. We learn this from Swift's Memoirs of Chrichton, who

was his comrade. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to this part of the work, shows some respectable reasons for supposing him to have been the great-grandson of the Earl of Bothwell; but we are rather inclined to side with the other authority, as it is corroborated by the testimony of a curious old book, entitled, "Scott of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen," in which Bothwell is mentioned as the *grandson* of that unfortunate and imprudent nobleman. It seems strange that Sergeant Bothwell should have been so extremely reduced, considering that his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Seaton, whose family, before their attainder in 1715, was one of the most powerful and opulent in Scotland.

The character attributed to Bothwell, in the tale, is purely imaginary.

LADY MARGARET BELLENDEN.

It is not impossible, though we cannot vouch for it further than as a superstition, that Lady Margaret Bellenden, was the old Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, who lived till the year 1716, in the castle of Avondale, which is situated in a wild part of Lanarkshire, within a few miles of Loudon Hill, and at the entrance of the muirs which the troops of Claverhouse are described to have passed in their progress to the Battle of Drumclog. Avondale Castle, which was perhaps *Tillietudlem*, has, since the decease of that lady, been uninhabited, and is now in ruins.

KETTLEDRUMMLE.

Kettledrummle will be remembered as the Presby-

terian minister, who was carried, along with Morton and other prisoners, to Loudon Hill. It is a certain fact, that the troops of the king did carry with them to the battle, a minister, whom they had taken that morning in a conventicle. His name was Mr. John King; under which title he is to be found among the Scots Worthies. During the battle, he was detained at the top of the hill, in the rear of the fight; and when Claverhouse found it necessary to retreat, he stood up, hailed that arch-enemy of the covenant in words which, in Old Mortality, are put into the mouth of Mause. He called to him, with a taunting request to "stay the afternoon's sermon." On the discomfiture of those who had detained him prisoner, he joined the insurgents; and was afterwards present at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, in consequence of which act of rebellion he was executed. He is said to have been a religious and good man.

§

ANCIENT SCOTS HIGHLANDERS.

In the "Tales of my Landlord," the author has given a fine representation of the Highland clans of the sixteenth century, and particularly in the Legend of Montrose. The following characteristic traits of the ancient Scots Highlanders' discipline, of their fierce and hardy habits, their dress, arms, mode of warfare, and manner of living, their devotion to their chiefs, &c., will convey some previous rational idea of the manners and customs of these sons of the "mountain and glen," from which a comparative estimate, in

some measure, under due allowances, may be made with their successors of the present day.

CLANS.

The Highlanders were composed of a number of tribes, called clans, each of which bore a different name, and lived upon the lands of a different chieftain. The members of every tribe were united to each other, not only by the feudal, but by the patriarchal bond; for while the individuals which composed it were vassals or tenants of their own hereditary chieftain, they were also descended from his family, and could count exactly the degree of their descent. The right of primogeniture, moreover, together with the weakness of the laws to reach inaccessible countries, and more inaccessible men, had, in the revolution of centuries, converted these natural principles of connexion between the chieftain and his people, into the most sacred tie of human life. The castle of the chieftain was a kind of palace to which every man of his tribe was made welcome, and where he was entertained according to his station in time of peace, and to which all flocked at the sound of war. Then the meanest of the clan, knowing himself to be as well-born as the head of it, revered in the chieftain his own blood; complained not of the difference of station into which fortune had thrown him, and respected himself. The chieftain in return bestowed a protection, founded equally on gratitude and a consciousness of his own interest. Hence, the Highlanders, with more savage nations, called savage, carried in the outward ex-

pression of their manners the politeness of courts without their vices; and, in their bosoms, the high point of honour, without its follies.

DRESS.

The dress of the Highlander, which was the last remains of the Roman habit in Europe, was well suited to the nature of their country, and still better to the necessities of war, consisted of a roll of light woollen, called a plaid, six yards in length, and two in breadth, wrapped loosely round the body, the upper lappet of which rested on the left shoulder, leaving the right arm at full liberty; a jacket of thick cloth fitted tightly to the body, and a loose short garment of light woollen, which went round the waist, and covered the thigh. In rain they formed the plaid into folds, and laying it on the shoulders, were covered as with a roof. When they were obliged to be abroad on the hills in their hunting parties, or tending their cattle, or in war, the plaid served them both for bed and covering; for, when three men slept together, they could spread three folds of cloth below, and six above them. The garters of their stockings were tied under the knee, with a view to give more freedom to the limb; and they wore no breeches, that they might climb the mountains with greater ease. The lightness or looseness of their dress, the habit they had of going always on foot, never on horseback, their love of long journies, and above all, that patience of hunger and every kind of hardship, which carried their bodies forward even after their spirits were ex-

hausted, made them exceed all other European nations in speed and perseverance of march. They marched sometimes sixty miles a-day, without food or halting, over mountains, among rocks, through morasses. In encampments they were expert in forming beds in a moment, by tying together bundles of heath, and fixing them upright in the ground; an art which, as the beds were both soft and dry, preserved their health in the field, when other soldiers lost theirs.

ARMS.—MODE OF WARFARE.

Their arms were a broad-sword, a dagger, called the dirk, a target, a musket and two pistols, so that they carried the long sword of the Celts, the *pugio* of the Romans, the shield of the ancients, and both kinds of modern fire-arms altogether. In battle they threw away the plaid and garment, and fought in their jackets; making thus their movements quicker, and their strokes more forcible. Their advance to battle was rapid, like the charge of dragoons; when near the enemy they stopped a little, to draw breath and discharge their muskets, which they then dropped on the ground; advancing they fired their pistols, which they threw almost at the same instant at the heads of their opponents. They then rushed into their ranks with the broad-sword as they ran on, so as to conquer the enemy's eye, while his body was yet unhurt. They fought not in long and regular lines, but in separate bands, like wedges condensed and firm; the army being ranged according to the clans that composed it, and each clan according to its families; so

that there arose a competition in valour, clan with clan, of family with family, of brother with brother. To make an opening in regular troops, and to conquer, they reckoned the same thing, because in close engagements, and in broken ranks, no regular troops could withstand them. They received the bayonet in the target, which they carried on the left arm; then, turning it aside, or twisting it in the target, they attacked with the broad-sword the enemy encumbered and defenceless; and where they could not weild the broad-sword they attacked with the dirk. The only foes they dreaded were cavalry, to which many causes contributed:—the novelty of the enemy; their want of the bayonet to receive the shock of the horse; the attack made upon them with their own weapon, the broad-sword; the size of dragoon horses appearing longer to them, from a comparison with those of their own country; but above all, a belief entertained universally among the lower class of Highlanders, that a war-horse is taught to fight with his feet and teeth.

Notwithstanding all these advantages, the victories of the Highlanders have always been more honourable for themselves than of consequence to others. A river stopped them, because they were unaccustomed to swim; a fort had the same effect, because they knew not the science of attack: they wanted cannon, carriages, and magazines, from their poverty and ignorance of the arts; they spoke an unknown language, and therefore could derive their resources only from themselves. Although their respect for their chieftains gave them, as long as they continued in the field, that exact habit of obedience, which the excessive rigour

of discipline only can secure over other troops, yet, as soon as the victory was gained, they accounted their duty, which was to conquer, fulfilled, and many of them ran home to recount their feats, and store up their plunder. In spring and harvest many were obliged to retire, or leave their women and children to die of famine; their chieftains too were apt to separate from the army upon quarrels and points of honour amongst themselves and with others.

INTEGRITY.

The following anecdote illustrates a remarkable instance, a strength of mind in an untutored Highlander. Instead of yielding to the temptation presented to him by men in superior station, who wished to avail themselves of his perverted energies, his vigorous and lucid understanding was startled at the enormity of the crime he had been supposed capable of committing; he saw his own character in a more distant light, burst the fetters of evil habit, and found the cure of the vices in the very snare intended to involve him beyond the power of extricating himself. Such an anecdote of a Grecian or a Roman would long since have been panegyrized with all the pathos of eloquence, but to the writer it seems a more interesting lineament of our common nature, as Frazer could speak no language but his native Gaelic, had never learnt to read, and could not be indebted to books for the sentiments that do so much honour to his head and heart. His father had been obliged to fly from his own clan, on account of some disrespect

he had shewn to his chief's eldest son, when intoxicated, and his refusal to submit to the unrepealable doom of atoning for his offence by presenting the young honourable gentleman with a stick to impress upon his person a memorandum of the feudal deference he ought to maintain in his thoughts and actions. He settled near the residence of the most powerful vassal of a chief possessing a very extensive and well-populated landed estate, and who was indeed the father of his clan—an amiable trait which has to this day distinguished his posterity.

This excellent man was rendered unhappy by the imbecility and vices of his eldest son. The second Brigadier General, A. G. needs no amplified encomiums, when we have said he was the intimate friend and favourite of John the Great, Duke of Argyle. All the clan devoutly wished the heir apparent in his ancestral mausoleum; but none dared to breathe the articulated wish until the five sons of the powerful vassal, near whom Frazer's father found protection, began to whisper among themselves, that it was unmanly to offer impotent prayers, like old women, when a stout heart, a nervous arm, and some inches of a trusty blade, would accomplish the desire: but to embrue their hands in the blood of their trusty chief, would be the blackest perfidy and regicide.

Frazer had been in a manner trained by the elder brother, and had shared the sports of the younger. His facetious humour had often, below the salt, enlivened their midnight orgies, and his courage helped to render their turbulence more formidable. They fixed upon him as the instrument of the assassination

they meditated, and cautiously imparted their design. Frazer listened in profound silence; and after an interval of several minutes, replied to their reiterated importunity; "I thank you, gentlemen. You have often made me envied by my equals, on account of the honour and kindness with which you was pleased to introduce me to strangers; but you have this night made me acquainted with one I did not before know; you have made me known to myself,—I was not aware that I deserved to be considered in the point of view you have ascribed to me. It is time for me to alter my course of life. Laird H. is not my chief, but he is a man; and a man so weak and spiritless, that I could defend myself against him with one hand, and twenty inches of birch, though he was armed with a sword and target."—Frazer left the country immediately, and did not return till the last of the brothers were no more. That last on his death-bed, related the above as the cause of Frazer's departure.

§

LEGEND OF MONTROSE.*

A representation of the manners of the Highland clans in the 16th century, appears to admirable advantage in "THE TALES OF MY LANDLORD,"—namely,

* Scott, of Scotstarvet (See p. 51.) staggering state of Scot's Statemen," is a curious memoir, written a short time after the restoration, though not printed till early in the last century, after the death of the persons whose characters and actions are mentioned with so little respect in the course of its sati-

the legend of Montrose; and certainly, so far as it goes, it is not in this respect one jot short of Waverly or Rob Roy. The fidelity of the description is equal to the vigour with which it is executed. It will be hard we have no doubt, to persuade our readers on this side the Tweed, that the Novelist has not given too fierce and bloody a character to the Celts, in that age of turmoil and convulsion. Were we called upon to move this persuasion, we would quote neither history nor tradition; we would give them ocular proof; we would point to the old Highland Castles, many of which are entire and uninhabited, and which afford in their structure within and without the clearest evidence of the barbarian periods in which they were built.* Every castle has its dungeon, or gibbet, or its

rical details. It is adverted to, as in a condition of MS. at the 25th page of the second volume of the 'Bride of Lammermoor;" and the author appears to have made some use of the information it contains, in the construction of the "Legend of Montrose." The Earl of Monteith, who takes a conspicuous part in the enterprises of Montrose, there is little doubt, is the same person mentioned in the following extract from the "staggering state (page 158) of Scots' statement. In allusion to William, Earl of Monteith, who was Chief Justice of Scotland, in the reign of Charles I, and who was disgraced and imprisoned by that Sovereign, for presuming to serve himself heir to the eldest son of Robert II, pretending in consequence, the nearest right to the crown, —the following passage occurs:—"His eldest son and apparent heir, the Lord Kelpunt, being with James Graham, in the time of the late troubles, was stabbed with a dirk by one Alexander Stewart; and his lady, daughter of the Earl of Marshall, was distracted in her wits four years after."

* For instance. Castle Menzies and Megernie Castle, in Perthshire. In both these places are seen the damp, dreary dungeon, with its massy gate of iron, and the large hook of

block—its trap stair, and his subterraneous passage. When massacres and midnight murders were designed, and often directed by the chiefs in person (many of whom were men of knowledge and learning) no wonder that revenge and fury towards a foe should characterise a clansman, whose law was his chieftain's mandate, and who had no idea of proper conduct, but what upheld the power and dignity of his tribe.

But returning to the work above quoted, if the hero of a fictitious narrative be the most prominent and active personage in it, it cannot be said that Montrose is the hero of his own legend. A certain redoubted Major Dalgetty, who had fought under the most distinguished commanders on the continent, particularly "the immortal Gustavus, the lion of the north," appears the most conspicuous of all the bustling *personæ* of the novel. He is brave and faithful, but is too opinionative not to be ridiculous, and has too much of the hireling of his nature to procure much heart-felt respect either from his employers or from the reader. Having seen much hard service abroad as a trooper, his horse and fellow labourer, *Gustavus the four footed*, has a full share of his affections; and, *like some cavaliers of modern times*, his bravery does not dissuade him by any means from keeping a laudable look out after his own interest. With a head full of exploits by flood and field, his ideas and conversation, no mat-

the same metal, firmly fixed in the roof, from which many a carcase swung. But times are altered; and the proprietor of the latter place has changed into an excellent wine vault, the Golgother of his ancestors.

ter what company or condition he is placed in, continually turn upon tactics, doorps, leaguers, onslaughts and Gustavus; and whenever his language happens to straggle into argument, he seldom fails to enforce it by scraps of half remembered Latin, which he learned in the (now immortalized) Marischal College, Aberdeen. This pomp and pedantry sometimes remind us of Bradwardine. This odd jumble of military experience, fidelity, determined courage, and Aberdeen latinity, is travelling southwards for employ in either of the armies that will pay him best. He meets Lord Monteith, one of the loyalists, who introduces him at the castle of Darliewaroch, the seat of the chief of the clan M'Auley, where a meeting of the Highland chieftains was speedily to take place, to devise measures for commencing operations on the King's side, and for curbing the Duke of Argyle, whose power began to be regarded with a jealous eye in the north.

While these gentlemen are sitting in council, the arrival is announced of Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvoir, with proposals of an armistice from his Grace. Without any purely pacific purpose, but merely to gain time, the chieftains (*claim* Sir Duncan of course) resolved on sending an envoy to Argyle, to adjust the terms of the Highland armistice; and Dalgetty was pitched upon as a proper person to repair to that bourne which he little knew had proved the long home of some envoys who had preceded him.

At the hour appointed the cavalier mounts Gustavus, and in company with the black browed knight,

sets out on his mission. The travellers arrive at Ardenvoir, which, together with Dalgetty's conduct there, is described with exquisite skill and humour. On the morrow he set out for the residence of the duke, unaccompanied by Sir D., who staid at home to solemnize in prayer and fasting the anniversary of a bloody incursion made in his absence, fifteen years before, by the Clan M'Ceagh, the children of the mist, where all his family became victims to their fury. Inverara with its old castle and environs, are beautifully seen in the description. Its woods, rocks and ruins appear before the reader's eye with all the reality of being. Argyle, instead of listening to the terms, orders the indignant and struggling Dalgetty to be incarcerated. In his subterraneous dwelling he finds another fellow sufferer, who turns out to be Ronald M'Ceagh, the chief of the children of the mist, who declares himself to Dalgetty, both the deadly enemy of the M'Auleys, and the leader of the band who had committed the massacre at Ardenvoir.

In narrating the incidents that led to that bloody event, he mentions that one had been saved of the four children who had fallen into their hands:—that his own three sons had been executed for the crime, and he himself put into his present confinement; and that with a view to an opportunity of training up his grandson, Kenneth, to revenge, he had lately come to the resolution of disclosing to Sir Duncan the history and dwelling of the child whom he had long given up for lost, on condition of regaining his liberty.

After he had finished his narrative, a person with a dark lantern, in the dress of an under-warden, who overheard the conversation, enters the dungeon by a secret passage. He promises the favour of Mac Cullamore to Ronald, provided he would reveal the history of the long-lost daughter of Ardenvoir; and he learns that she is then in the castle of the M'Auleys, and that she had been taken from the children of the mist, many years before, by Allen the Seer, and a party of horsemen, headed by Lord Monteith. This girl, under the name of Annot Lyle, excites the interest of the reader at an early stage of the novel. The warden next sounds Dalgetty as to the condition and number of Montrose's forces; but the cavalier not only baffles all his inquiries, but has sagacity enough to recognise in the disguised warden the Duke of Argyle. Instantly he overturns his grace, who, in terror of his life, is compelled to disclose the secret passage. Here Dalgetty resigns his post at the duke's throat, to the powerful clutch of his fellow prisoner, finds his way through the passage into a well-furnished apartment, and returns with pen, ink, and paper. After obliging the prostrate peer to sign a passport for himself and Ronald, this couple of heroes find their way to the mountains. In a short time the means by which they effect their escape are discovered, and a pursuit commenced, which at first was announced to the fugitives by the distant tolling of a bell, and not long after by the fearful baying of a blood-hound. After hair-breadth escapes, they got refuge among the "Children of the Mist," just when the pursuers had well nigh over-

taken them. The scene that ensued is powerfully described in the following language:

"The morn gleamed on the broken pathway, and on the projecting cliffs of rock round which it winded its light, interrupted here and there by the branches of bushes and dwarf trees, which, finding nourishment in the crevices of the rock, in some places overshaded the brow and ledges of the precipice. Below a thick copse wood lay a deep and dark shadow, somewhat resembling the billows of a half-seen ocean. From the bosom of this darkness, and close to the bottom of the precipice, the hound was heard baying fearfully; sounds which were redoubled by the echoes of the woods and rocks around. At intervals these sunk into deep silence, interrupted only by the plashing noise of a small runnel of water, which partly fell from the rock, and partly found a more silent passage to the bottom along its projecting surface. Voices of men were also heard in stifled converse below; it seemed as if the pursuers had not discovered the narrow path which led to the top of the rock; or, that having discovered it, the peril of the ascent, joined to the imperfect light, and the uncertainty whether it might not be defended, made them hesitate to attempt it.

"At length a shadowy figure was seen, which raised itself up from the abyss of darkness below, and emerging into the pale moonlight, began cautiously and slowly to ascend the rocky path. The outline was so distinctly marked, that Captain Dalgetty could discover not only the person of the Highlander, but the long gun which he carried in his hand, and

the plume of feathers which decorated his bonnet. "Tousend teifflen! that I should say, and so like to be near my end,' ejaculated the captain, but under his breath, 'what will become of us now, they have brought musquetry to encounter our archery.'

"But just as the pursuer had gained a projecting piece of the rock about half way up the ascent, and pausing, made a signal for those who were at the bottom to follow him, an arrow whistled from the bow of one of the children of the mist, and transfixed him with so fatal a wound, that without a single effort to save himself, he lost his balance, and fell headlong, from the cliff on which he stood, into the darkness below. The crash of the bows which received him, and the heavy sound of his fall from thence to the ground, was followed by a cry of horror and surprise which burst from his followers. The children of the mist, encouraged in proportion to the alarm, which this first success caused among their pursuers, echoed back the clamours with a loud and shrill yell of exultation."

Here we lose sight of Dalgetty, who received a severe wound from the pursuers, and of Ronald, till a considerable time after, when they were introduced at the camp of Montrose, who had already gained several important advantages over the army of Argyle. Soon after this, the conquerer marches to the lands of that nobleman, where he spread ruin and desolation; and Dalgetty, who had been dispatched with a posse to Inverary, almost succeeded in taking the duke by surprise. His grace saved himself by flight, and escaped to Edinburgh, where he had influence to

raise a considerable army. After various marches and manœuvres, a bloody battle, in the description of which we have a brilliant display of poetical fancy, was fought in Lochaber, and all the insurgent army were either killed or taken prisoners. Among the latter was Sir Duncan Campbell. The fate of the day was scarcely decided, when Ronald and Allan M'Auley, two deadly foes, recognise each other. The former is mortally wounded, but is defended from further violence by Dalgetty; and more blood would have been spilled, had it not been for the interference of Montrose. Allan is sent to join a detachment at some distance. Ronald, on the verge of the grave, discloses to the amazed Ardervoir the secret of Annot's history and parentage; Lord Monteith, who had long felt an attachment to her, now declares his passion, and a match is proposed. Ronald, intent on revenge and blood, even on his death-bed, and knowing that the impetuous Allan was also an admirer of the interesting lady, calls him to his grandson Kenneth, and in a dying address, which describes with much force the untameable ferocity of the mountaineer, enjoins the young savage to take no rest until he found out the seer*, and informed him of the ap-

* In this tale the revengeful blood-thirsty M'Creagh is conceived with accuracy, and described with striking power; yet though he possesses the darker traits of human nature, he does not resemble any one of the repulsive personages of the former novels from the same hand. Allan M'Auley, on whom a considerable part of the interest of the legend is made to turn, is well supported throughout; but the character had never an original in the Highlands of Scotland. A seer was always an object of superstitious respect, never of

proaching nuptials. Full of jealousy and wrath, as might be expected, and forgetful of past friendship, Allan, (who had all along foreseen the sudden death of Monteith, but could not, in spite of all his divination, find out the assassin,) makes his appearance in the camp. With the deadliest purpose, he aims a blow with his dagger at the heart of Monteith; outruns all pursuit, hies to Argyle with the bloody weapon, and is heard of no more. The daughter of Ardenvoir weds Monteith; and thus with a few hurried strides the Legend of Montrose concludes.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

The contrast of the state of knowledge in the Highlands some fifty years back, compared with the present improved condition of these parts, is universally acknowledged. The author of the Gaelic Dictionary published, in 1778, in his preface to that work, even at that period, exclaims, with enthusiastic fervour, in the following words:—"The improvements which have taken place in the Highlands within the last half century, as well as in the minds of the inhabitants, have been strangely neglected in an age when every other country emerges from obscurity and ignorance till some changes were forced upon them by a late

terror. The knowledge of future events, which he deemed himself gifted with; his perpetual prying into the womb of time, gave him a pensiveness of demeanour and habits of retirement that kept him aloof from the scenes of violence and blood that passed around him. Allan forsees and fulfils. At one time he is a peaceful reflecting sage, at another a savage and a plunderer.

law*, I shall not say how politic. To see a people naturally capable of every improvement, though once misled by ignorance, stripped of their ancient habits and customs, and deprived of the Scriptures in their own tongue, the right of Christians, never denied to the most savage Indians, is at once a complication of inhumanity and imprudence. Better slay their bodies to secure their affections, as Rome was wont to say with heretics to bring their souls to Heaven, than keep them in ignorance, with the expectation that after some generations, the English language, manners, and improvements may begin to dawn. At this day there is no equal number of people in Britain so useful to the state. Upon every emergency they supply our navy with good seamen and our armies with valiant soldiers. But strip them of their dress, language, the name and honour of Gael, and they soon degenerate. Their habit, language, life, and honour they [have] always kept or parted with at once. The honour of their name, their habit, and a Gaelic speech have always inspired them more than the consecration of the colours. Government, by preserving these privileges to them sacred as their *aræ et foci*, might have at least one part of the community, of whom they, on any emergency, might say with the Roman general, '*I know the tenth legion will not desert me.*' From this I would infer that the Gaël should be taught to read the Scriptures in their own language, by which popery, that ever grows on

* The law alluded to was made in 1745, when their own language was proscribed to them, and the English forced upon them.

the soil of ignorance, might be for ever exterminated. Is there no Bishop Bedel, no Robert Boyle in our days, and is the society for propagating Christian knowledge only a name?" Yes, might we reply to this exclamation of our departed friend, all our reflections and reproaches *were* too well deserved. But how wonderful now is the increase of knowledge among the Highlanders of Scotland, owing to the labours of the schools for propagating Christian knowledge, and especially to those of the Gaelic schools, whose benign influence has enlightened every glen where even the natural sun cannot penetrate! Thousands, *now*, from the age of four to that of ninety, have learned to read; the schools being circulating and held in the open air, while the Bible Society has furnished every hut and individual with the Scriptures in the Gaelic language.

How admirable have been the effects of this liberal dispensation of knowledge! and how well these brave men have repaid their country, their heroic deeds at Aboukir, at Maida, at Vittoria, at Toulouse, and at Waterloo, must amply testify. Nor are these results to be wondered at. Knowledge, or rather virtue and valour, are closely allied. So admirably has Lord Bacon expressed this, that we are confident we shall at once illustrate the subject and gratify our readers by the following quotation from his works:— "Experience doth warrant that both in persons and in times there has been a meeting and concurrence in *learning* and *arms*, flourishing and excelling in the same men and the same ages. For, as for men, there cannot be a better, nor the like instance, as of that

pair Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar the dictator; whereof the one was Aristotle's scholar in philosophy, and the other was Cicero's rival in eloquence; or if any man had rather call for scholars that were great generals, than generals that were great scholars, let him take Epaminondas the Theban, or Xenophon the Athenian; whereof the one was the first that abated the power of Sparta, and the other was the first that made way to the overthrow of the monarchy of Persia. And this concurrence is yet more visible in times than in persons, by how much an age is a greater object than a man. For both in Egypt, Assyria, Græcia, and Rome, the same times that are most renowned for arms, are likewise most admired for learning; so that the greatest authors and philosophers, and the greatest captains and governors, have lived in the same ages.—Again, for that conceit, that learning should undermine the reverence for laws and government, it is assuredly, a mere depravation and calumny, without any shadow of truth. For to say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood, is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide, than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy, that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, amiable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous: and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes."

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CIVILIZATION AND SUBORDINATION.

The natives of the Highlands, and the isles, are at this present moment as much civilized in their manners, and under as just a subordination to the laws, as any people whatever; so that in no part of the world is property more secure, or lawless violence more rare among the body of the people, than there; insomuch a single peace-officer unattended and unarmed, can execute without difficulty or danger to himself, any commission that the law may require. A stranger also in those regions, may go where he will in perfect safety; and if he behaves with decent politeness; he will not only not be insulted, but will be kindly entertained wherever he goes, with a cheerful and unaffected hospitality. On these unknown coasts, shipwrecks must sometimes happen; and, in all cases of that nature, the mariners are not only saved, where it can possibly be done, and kindly entertained; but their property is secured and preserved with a degree of care that reflects the highest honour upon the natives.

FAMILY PRIDE.

An intelligent reader may easily perceive that the family pride which is perhaps not yet totally annihilated as not to be perceptible in Scotland, was owing to the feudal institutions which reigned there in all their horrors of blood and barbarity.* Their family

* Many Scottish gentlemen still pique themselves upon their family, and the antiquity of their descent; in this respect

differences, especially those of the Highlanders, familiarized them to blood and slaughter; and the death of an enemy however effected, was always a matter of triumph. These passions did not live in the breasts of the common people only, for they were authorised and cherished by their chieftains, many of whom were men who had seen the world, were conversant in the courts of Europe, masters of polite literature, and amiable in all the duties of civil and social life. Their kings, excepting some of them who were endowed with extraordinary virtues, were considered in little other light than commanders of their army in time of war, for in time of peace their civil authority was so little felt, that every clan or family, even in the most civilized parts of Scotland, looked upon its own chieftain as the sovereign. Those ideas were confirmed even by the laws which gave those petty tyrants a power of life or death upon their own estates, and they generally executed in four and twenty

they are frequently, not the most social members of society; because, forgetful of the virtues which enabled their ancestors, they imitate them only in their capricious vanity and vindictive feeling. Those who go abroad, and endeavour by industry to raise the lowness of their circumstances, excel in all the social, civil, commercial, and military duties. There is a kind of similarity in their personal characters, and by seeing one Scotsman who acquires a fortune abroad, you have a specimen of nearly the whole. They are hospitable, open, communicative, and charitable. They assimilate to the manners of the people with whom they live, with more ease and freedom, than the natives of most other countries, and they have a surprising facility for the acquisition of languages; and indeed, for sciences and arts of every kind, they manifest a peculiar aptitude.

hours after the party was apprehended. The pride which those chieftains had of outvying with each other, in the numbers of their followers, created perpetual animosities, which seldom or never ended without bloodshed; so that the common people whose best qualification was a blind devotion to the will of their master, and the aggrandizement of his name, lived in a state of continual hostility. The late Archibald Douglas, Duke of Argyle, was the first chieftain we have heard of, who had the patriotism to attempt to reform his dependents, and to banish from them those barbarous ideas. His example has been followed by others; and it is pleasing to see that the wild and ferocious habits of the Highlander have been gradually and successfully reconciled to all the milder habits of society.

A BANQUET.

The following fine picture of a Highland banquet we extract from the "Tales of the Canongate." It conveys to our mind a lively idea of the mountain manner of earlier days than we could otherwise possibly furnish from any other source—manners, in fact, the impressions of which are not yet wholly obliterated from the present handy, and blended race of the "Saxon and the Gael." The fine local description, which it conveys, the varied and vivid representations of human nature, are quite in keeping with the fine descriptive tact and fertile imagination of the author. The occasion which gives rise to the Banquet

is the death of one chief and the inauguration of another:—

The funeral obsequies being over, the same flotilla which had proceeded in solemn and sad array down the lake, prepared to return with displayed banners, and every demonstration of mirth and joy; for there was but brief time to celebrate festivals, when the awful conflict betwixt the clan Quhele and their most formidable rivals so nearly approached. It had been agreed, therefore, that the funeral feast should be blended with that usually given at the inauguration of the young chief.

"Some objections were made to this arrangement, as containing an evil omen. But, on the other hand, it had a species of recommendation, from the habits and feelings of the Highlanders, who to this day, are wont to mingle a degree of solemn mirth with their mourning, and something resembling melancholy with their mirth. The usual aversion to speak or think of those who have been beloved or lost, is less known to this grave and enthusiastic race, than it is to others. You hear not only the young mention (as is everywhere usual) the merits and character of their parents, who have, in the course of nature predeceased them; but the widowed partner speaks, in ordinary conversation, of the lost spouse, and, what is still stranger, the parents allude frequently to the beauty or valour of the child whom they have interred. The Scottish Highlanders appear to regard the separation of friends by death, as something less absolute and complete than it is generally esteemed in other countries, and converse with the dear connexions who have sought

the grave before them, as if they had gone upon a long journey in which they themselves must soon follow. The funeral feast therefore, being a general custom throughout Scotland, was not, in the opinion of those who were to share it, unseemingly mingled, on the present occasion, with the festivities which hailed the succession to the chieftainship.

"The barge which had lately borne the dead to the grave, now conveyed the young Mac Jan to his new command; and the minstrels sent forth their gayest notes to gratulate Jachin's succession, as they had lately sounded their most doleful dirges when carrying Gilchrist to his grave. From the attendant flotilla rang notes of triumph and Jubilee, instead of those yells of lamentation, which had so lately disturbed the echoes of Lock Tay; and a thousand voices hailed the youthful chieftain as he stood on the poop, armed at all points, in the flower of youth, beauty, and activity, on the very spot where his father's corpse had so lately been extended, and surrounded by triumphant friends, as that had been by desolate mourners. One boat kept closest of the flotilla to the honoured galley. Torquil of the oak, a grizzled giant, was steersman; and his eight sons, each exceeding the ordinary stature of mankind, pulled the oars. Like some powerful and favourite wolf-hound, unloosed from his couples, and frolicking around a liberal master, the boat of the foster-brethren passed the chieftains' barge, now on one side and now on another, and even rowed around it, as if in extravagance of joy; while, at the same time, with the jealous vigilance of the animal we have compared it to, they

made it dangerous for any other of the flotilla to approach so near as themselves, from the risk of being run down by their impetuous and reckless manœuvres. Raised to an eminent rank in the clan by the succession of their foster-brother, to the command of the clan Quhele, this was the tumultuous and almost terrible mode in which they testified their peculiar share in their chiefs' triumph.

"Far behind, and with different feelings, on their part, at least of one of the company, came the small boat, in which, manned by the Booshalloch and one of his sons, Simon Glover.

"'If we are bound for the head of the lake,' said Simon to his friend, 'we shall hardly be there for hours.'

"But as he spoke, the crew of the boat of the foster-brethren, or Leichtach, on a signal from the chiefs' galley, lay on their oars until the Booshalloch's boat came up, and throwing on board a rope of hides, which Neil made fast to the head of the skiff, they stretched to their oars once more; and notwithstanding they had the small boat in tow, swept through the lake with almost the same rapidity as before. The skiff was tugged on with a velocity which seemed to hazard the pulling her under water, or the separation of her head from her other timbers.

"Simon Glover saw with anxiety the reckless fury of their course, and the bows of the boat occasionally brought within an inch or two of the level of the water; and though his friend Niel Booshalloch assured him it was all done in especial honour, he heartily wished his voyage might have a safe termination. It

had so, and much sooner than he apprehended: for the place of festivity was not four miles distant from the sepulchral island, being chosen to suit the chieftains' course, which lay to the south-east, so soon as the banquet should be concluded.—

"A bay on the southern side of Loch Tay, presented a beautiful beach of sparkling sand, on which the boats might land with ease, and a dry meadow covered with turf, verdant considering the season, behind and around which rose high banks, tinged with copsewood, and displaying the lavish preparations which had been made for the entertainment.

"The Highlanders well known for ready hatchet-men, had constructed a long arbour or sylvan banquetting-room, capable of receiving two hundred men, while a number of smaller huts around seemed intended for sleeping apartments. The uprights, the couples, and roof-tree of the temporary hall, were composed of mountain pine, still covered with its bark. The frame work of the sides was of planks or spars of the same material, closely interwoven with the leafy boughs of the fir and other evergreens, which the neighbouring woods afforded, while the hills had furnished plenty of heath to form the roof. Within this sylvan palace the most important personages present were invited to hold high festival. Others of less note were to feast in various long sheds, constructed with less care; and tables of sod, or rough planks, placed in the open air, were allotted to the numberless multitude. At a distance were to be seen piles of glowing charcoal or blazing wood, around which countless cooks toiled, bustled, and fretted, like so many demons working in

their native elements. Pits, wrought in the hill side, and lined with heated stones, served for stewing immense quantities of beef, mutton, and venison—wooden spits supported sheep and goats, which were roasted entire; others were cut into joints and seathed in cauldrons made of the animals' own skins, served hastily together, and filled with water; while huge quantities of pike, trout, salmon, and char, were broiled with more ceremony on glowing embers. The Glover had seen many a Highland banquet, but never one the preparations for which were on such a scale of barbarous profusion. He had little time, however, to admire the scene around him; for, as soon as they landed on the beach, the Booshalloch observed with some embarrassment, that as they had not been bidden to the table of the dais, to which he seemed to have expected an invitation, they had best secure a place in one of the inferior bothies or booths; and was leading the way in that direction, when he was stopped by one of the body guards, seeming to act as master of the ceremonies, who whispered something in his ear.

"'I thought so,' said the herdsman, much relieved, 'I thought neither the stranger, nor the man that has my charge, would be left out at the high table.'

"They were conducted accordingly into the ample lodge, within which were long ranges of tables already mostly occupied by the guests, while those who acted as domestics were placing upon them the abundant though rude materials of the festival. The young chief, although he certainly saw the Glover

and the herdsman enter, did not address any personal salute to either, and their places were assigned them in a distant corner, far beneath the salt, (a huge piece of antique silver plate) the only article of value that the table displayed, and which was regarded by the Clan as a species of Palladium, only produced or used on the most solemn occasions such as the present. The Booshalloch, somewhat discontented, muttered to Simon as he took his place—'These are changed days, friend. His father, rest his soul, would have spoken to us both; but these are bad manners which he has learnt among you Sassenacks of the low country.'

"To this remark the Glover did not think it necessary to reply, instead of which he adverted to the evergreens, and particularly to the skins and other ornaments with which the interior of the bower was decorated. The most remarkable part of these ornaments was a number of Highland shirts of mail, with steel bonnets, battle-axes and two handed swords to match, which hung around the upper part of the room, together with targets highly and richly embossed. Each mail shirt was hung over a well-dressed stag's hide, which at once displayed the armour to advantage, and saved it from suffering by the damp. 'There,' whispered the Booshalloch, 'are the arms of the chosen champions of the Clan Quhele. They are twenty nine in number, as you see, Eachin himself being the thirtieth, who wears his armour to-day, else had there been thirty. And he has not got such a good hauberk after all, as he

should wear on Palm Sunday. These nine suits of harness, of such large size, are for the Leichtach, from whom so much is expected.'

"'And these goodly deer hides,' said Simon, the spirit of his profession awakening at the sight of the goods in which he traded, 'think you the chief will be disposed to chaffer for them? They are in demand for the doublets which knights wear under their armour.'

"'Did I not pray you,' said Niel Booshalloch, 'to say nothing on that subject?'

"'It is the mail shirts I speak of,' said Simon, 'may I ask if any of them were made by our Perth armourer, called Henry of the Wynd?'

"'Thou art more unlucky than before,' said Niel, 'that man's name is to Eachin's temper like a whirlwind upon the lake; yet no man knows for what cause.'

"'I can guess,' thought our Glover, but gave no utterance to the thought; and, having twice lighted on unpleasant subjects of conversation, he prepared to apply himself, like those around him, to his food without starting another topic.

We have as much of the preparations as may lead the reader to conclude that the festival, in every respect of the quality of the food, was of the most rude description, consisting chiefly of huge joints of meat which were consumed with little respect to the fasting season, although several of the friars of the island convent graced and hallowed the bread by their presence. The platters were of wood, and so were the hooped cogues or cups, out of which the guests

quaffed their liquor, as also the broth or juice of the meat, which was held a delicacy. There were also various preparations of milk which were highly esteemed, and were eaten out of similar vessels. Bread was the scarcest article at the banquet, but the Glover and his patron Niel were served with two small loaves expressly for their own use. In eating, as then indeed was the case all over Britain, the guests used their knives called skews, or the large poignards named dirks, without troubling themselves by the reflexion that they might occasionally have served different or more fatal purposes.

At the upper end of the table stood a vacant seat, elevated a step or two above the floor. It was covered with a canopy of holly boughs and ivy; and there rested against it a sheathed sword and a folded banner. This had been the seat of the deceased chieftain, and was left vacant in honour of him. Each occupied a lower chair on the right hand of the place of honour.

The reader would be greatly mistaken who should follow out this description, by supposing that the guests behaved like a herd of hungry wolves, rushing upon a feast rarely offered to them. On the contrary, the Clan Quhele conducted themselves with that species of courteous reserve and attention to the wants of others, which is often found in primitive nations, especially such as are always in arms; because a general observance of the rules of courtesy is necessary to prevent quarrels, bloodshed and death. The guests took their places assigned them by Torquil of the Oak, who, acting as Marischal Lach, i. e. server of the mess, touched with a white

wand, without speaking a word, the place where each was to sit. Thus placed in order, the company waited for the portion assigned them, which was distributed among them by the Leichtach; the bravest men or more distinguished warriors of the tribe, being accommodated with a double mess, emphatically called *bieyfir*, or the portion of a man. When the servers themselves had seen every one served, they resumed their places at the festival, and were each served with one of these larger messes of food. Water was placed within each man's reach, and a handful of soft moss served the purpose of a table napkin, so that, as at an eastern banquet, the hands were washed as often as the mess was changed. For amusement the bard recited the praises of the deceased chief, and expressed the Clan's confidence in the blooming virtues of his successor. The Seanachie recited the genealogy of the tribe, which they traced to the race of the Dabriads, the harpers played within, while the war-pipes cheered the multitude without. The conversation among the guests was grave, subdued and civil — no jest was attempted beyond the bounds of a very gentle pleasantry, calculated only to excite a passing smile. There were no raised voices, no contentious arguments, Simon Glover had heard a hundred times more noise at a Guild-feast, than was made on this occasion by two hundred wild mountaineers.

Even the liquor itself did not seem to raise the festive party above the same tone of decorous gravity. It was of various kinds—wine appeared in very small quantities, and was served not only to the principal

guests, among which honoured number Simon Glover was again included. The wine and the two wheaten loaves were indeed the only marks of notice which he received during the feast; but Niel Booshalloch, jealous of his master's reputation for hospitality, failed not to enlarge on them as proofs of high distinction, Distilled liquors, since so generally used in the Highlands, were then comparatively unknown. The usquebaugh was circulated in small quantities, and was highly flavoured with a decoction of saffron and other herbs, so as to resemble a medicinal potion, rather than a festive cordial. Cider and mead were seen at the entertainment, but ale, brewed in great quantities for the purpose, and flowing round without restriction, was the liquor generally used, and that was drank with a moderation much less known among the more modern Highlanders. A cup to the memory of the deceased chieftain was the first cup solemnly proclaimed after the banquet was finished: and a low murmur of benedictions was heard from the company, while the monks alone, uplifting their united voices, sung *Requiem eternam dona*. An unusual silence followed, as if something extraordinary was to follow, when Eachin arose, with a bold and manly, yet modest grace, and ascended the vacant seat or throne, saying with dignity and firmness:

"This seat, and my father's inheritance, I claim as my right—so prosper me God and St. Barr!"

"How will you rule your father's children?" said an old man, the uncle of the deceased.

"I will defend them with my father's sword, and

distribute justice to them under my father's banner."

The old man, with a trembling hand, unsheathed the ponderous weapon, and holding it by the blade, offered the hilt to the young chieftain's grasp; at the same time Torquil of the Oak unfurled the pennon of the tribe, and swung it repeatedly over Eachin's head, who with singular grace and dexterity, brandished the huge claymore as in its defence. The guests raised a yelling shout, to testify their acceptance of the patriarchal chief who claimed their allegiance, nor was there any who, in the graceful and agile youth before them, was disposed to recollect the subject of sinister vaticinations. As he stood in glittering mail, resting on the long sword, and acknowledging by gracious gestures the acclamations which rent the air within, without and around, Simon Glover was tempted to doubt whether this majestic figure was that of the same lad whom he had often treated with little ceremony, and began to have some apprehension of the consequences of having done so. A general burst of minstrelsy succeeded to the acclamations, and rock and greenwood rung to harp and pipes, as lately to shout and yell of woe.

It would be tedious to pursue the progress of the inaugural feast, or detail the pledges that were quaffed to former heroes of the clan, and above all to the twenty-nine brave Gallowglasses who were to fight in the approaching conflict, under the eye and leading of their young chief. The bards assuming in old times, the prophetic character com-

bined with their own, ventured to assure them of the most distinguished victory, and to predict the blue falcon, the emblem of the clan Quhele, should rend to pieces the mountain cat, the well-known badge of the clan Chattan.

It was approaching sunset, when a bowl, called the grace-cup, made of oak, hooped with silver, was handed round the table as the signal of dispersion, although it was left free to any who chose a longer carouse to retreat to any of the outer bothies. As for Simon Glover, the Booshalloch conducted him to a small hut, contrived it would seem, for the use of a single individual, where a bed of heath and moss was arranged as well as the season would permit, and an ample supply of such delicacies as the late feast afforded, shewed that all care had been taken for the inhabitants' accommodation.

"Do not leave this hut," said the Booshalloch, taking leave of his friend and protégée, "this is your place of rest. But apartments are lost on such a night of confusion, and if the badge leaves his hole, the tod (fox) will creep in."

To Simon Glover this arrangement was by no means disagreeable. He had been wearied by the noise of the day, and felt desirous of repose. After eating, therefore a morsel, which his appetite scarce required, and drinking a cup of wine to expel the cold—he muttered his evening prayer, wrapt himself, and laid down on a couch which old acquaintance had made familiar and easy to him. The hum and murmur and even the occasional spirits, of some of the festive multitude, who continued revelling

without, did not long interrupt his repose; and in about ten minutes he was as fast asleep as if he had laid in his own bed in Curfew.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

No sooner does the brightening glow of the eastern sky warn the anxious housemaid of the approach of Christmas, than she rises full of anxiety at the prospect of her morning labours. The meal which was steeped in the *sowan bowie* a fortnight ago, to make the *Prechdachden sour*, or *sour scones*, is the first object of her attention. The gridiron (girdle) is put on the fire, and the sour scones are soon followed by hard cakes, buttered cakes and brandred bannocks, and pannichfrem. The baking being once over, the sowans pot succeeds the gridiron, full of new sowans which are to be given to the family, agreeably to custom, this day in their beds. The sowans are boiled to the consistence of molasses, when the *Lagan le vrich*, or east bread, to distinguish it from boiled sowans, is ready. It is then poured into as many bickers as there are individuals to partake of it, and presently served to the whole, old and young.

On such an occasion, it would well become the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of a Burns to illustrate the scenes which follow. The ambrosial food is dispatched in aspiring draughts by the family, who soon give evident proofs of the enlivening effects of the *Lagan le vrich*. As soon as each has emptied his bicker of its contents, he jumps out of bed—the

elder branches to examine the ominous characters or signs of the day;* and the younger to enter upon its amusements.

Flocking to the swing is a favorite amusement on this occasion; the youngest of the family gets the first "shoulder," and the next oldest to him in regular succession. In order to add the more to the spirit of the exercise, it is a common practice with the person in the swing, and the person appointed to swing him, to enter into a very warm and humorous altercation. As the swinged person approaches the swinger, he exclaims *Ei mi tu chal*, "I'll eat your kail;" to this the swinger replies, with a violent shove, *Cha in u mu chal*, "you shan't eat my kail." These threats and reproaches are sometimes carried to such a height, as to break down or capsize the threatener, which generally puts an end to the quarrel.

As the day advances, these minor amusements are terminated at the report of the gun, or the rattle of the ball-clubs—the gun inviting the marksmen to the "*Kiavamuchd*" or prize shooting, and the latter to the "*Tuckd vouil*," or the ball combatants—both the principal sports of the day. Tired at length of the active amusements of the field, they exchange them for the substantial entertainments of the table, groaning under the load of a "sonsy faced haggies," and many other unsavoury dainties, unseen for

* The following are common sayings both in the Highlands and Lowlands: "A black Christmas makes a fat kirkyard."—"A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas are signs of a good year.

twelve months before. The relish communicated to the company by the appearance of the festive board, may be more easily conceived than described. The dinner once dispatched, the flowing bowl succeeds, and the sparkling glass flies to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle. As it continues its rounds, the spirits of the company become more jovial and happy. Animated by its exhilarating powers, even old decrepitude no longer feels its habitual pains, the fire of youth is in its eye, as he details to the company the exploits which distinguished him in the "days of auld Lang Syne," while the young, inflamed with "love and glory," long to mingle in the more lively scenes of mirth, to display their prowess and agility.

Leaving the patriarchs to finish those professions of friendship for each other, in which they are so devoutly engaged, the younger part of the company shape their course to the ball-room, or to the card-table, as their individual inclinations suggest, the remainder of the evening is spent amid the greatest pleasure and hilarity of which human nature is susceptible.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

There are but two counties in Europe, more remarkable than Scotland, for the learning and usefulness of their schoolmasters. These are Switzerland and Sweden. In these countries there is a regular school in every parish amply maintained at the public expense, and the masters, who are remark-

ably well qualified, held in considerable respect. The great Gesner one of the first and most successful restorers of learning; and the celebrated and elegant Castalio, besides many other men of note in literature, were schoolmasters in Switzerland. It is by these means, that the Swiss and the Swedes, though poor, are from the highest to the lowest the best educated people in Europe; and the radical advantage has always appeared in their character, both as a nation and as individuals. The character of the Highland schoolmasters, as associated with the earliest feelings of his pupils, and ever after cimented by the most durable friendship and regard, is accurately pourtrayed in the following sentimental sketch, with which we have been favoured from another hand.

Chance led me to the old man's humble dwelling; but the impression which his benevolence made on my mind, no time or chance, no change of age, of circumstance, or of situation, will ever have power to efface. Chance, I say, conducted me to the homely habitation of the village schoolmaster. Losing my road in the wilds of Badenoch, I halted, and cast an anxious, and fearful eye around, in order to see if a man and a brother were within hail; for the veil of night was dropping over the earth, and I trembled lest its sable covering should soon render every form and feature thereof indiscernable. Never did I more sensibly feel the dependence of one being on another, that beautiful practical lesson of a heavenly parent, who teaches us to "love each other," not only from our affections, but from our mutual

necessities. I looked gravely at the horizon, and saw the last streak of light was going down. There was but one never sleeping eye of omnipotence open to protect the wanderer—no light but his which gives the traveller courage, recollection and hope, to guide him in his lone path.

At length the welcome appearance of a fellow man shone through the twilight; for it was now what the Caledonian appropriately and descriptively calls the gloaming; when the hour of shadow is past, and there no longer remains the last gilded ray of elongating objects, so beautifully described by Virgil:—

> "Et Jam nunc procul villarum culmina fumant
> *Majoresque* cadunt altis de montibus umbræ."

The old man at a distance, looked almost like a speck upon the face of darkness. As his stature increased by approach, it grew of still greater magnitude and importance. He stepped up to me with a cheerful, confident air, whistling a strathspey, and followed by two shaggy Highland dogs, full of fidelity and intelligence. "Guid e'en to ye," said he, making a rustic bow, "ye need na be afraid o'being benighted; for if even we were to miss the road, whiskey and Calamdubh* (the names of his dogs) would conduc us safe hame." I here observed that whiskey had led me a sad dance; for that a generous Highlander had kept me so long at his house, taking a lunch and the cup o'better acquaintance, and then

* Black Malcolm.

the cup o'friendship, and lastly, the *dochan dorish*, that I had lost count of time, and was apprehensive of losing my way and of having to *bivouac* as I had sometime done on service. "Hout!" cried he with an air of disdain towards care or misadventure, "ye maun juist tak a wi drap mair in my cabin the night, and a check o mutton ham, and a muir fool wi me for its quite dangerous to pass the *fuird*."

I accepted the old man's invitation and partook of the hospitality of his cottage; but the morning scene is that which dwells most in my mind. I had gone in company with the schoolmaster's son, to look over the improvement of his very small farm, in which courtesy and gratitude taught me to take all possible interest. When, on entering his saloon, boudoir, study, library, refectory, (for they were all one and the same apartment), I saw two tall sunburnt, weather-beaten, young men enter. The one was in "the garb of old Gaul;" the other had on a regimental great coat and a highland bonnet, with an eagle's feather in it.

The old man rose and gave a pure highland shout, demonstrative of surprise and ecstacy; and, with electrical rapidity, the two youths had each a hand of the schoolmaster clenched in both of theirs. They shook him heartily; and for a few seconds, it was the magic eloquence of eyes, the matchless expression of silence. At length the old man relieved his bosom by ejaculating, "Hegh! hegh! Sirs; and is it ye after seven lang years o'absence, in which 'ye've wandered mony a weary fit.' What broght ye here?" and (his face lit up with smiles and rosy

health, his nerves doubly strung, his pulse dancing with the velocity of youth, and proud self-approbation crimsoning his cheek,) "is it possible ye hae come on purpose to see *me*?"

"Just sae my worthy maister," said the eldest. "Just sae, my dear Dominie," exclaimed the younger, with an arch and affectionate air, and tapping him sportively and kindly on the back. 'Tears rapped down the auld man's cheeks,' and again all was momentary silence.

"How's mother? cried one of them. "Oh! brawly," replied the schoolmaster, "She'll be maist out o' her senses wi joy to see ye: we heard that ye were killed at Talavera." "Tut!" exclaimed they simultaneously, with a manly and soldierlike expression of contempt of danger: "Sandy got a clink upon's airm, but he can wield the braid sword yet; and as for me, it seemed that bullets had no fancy for me, for plenty of them *played crack* upon comrades' heads, but I got off *Scot free*."

"But, I say, how's auld Syntax, the shelty (the pony)? here the schoolmaster heaved a deep sigh, "puir beastie," replied he, in a subdued tone, "he is *deed*." "——— it," exclaimed the youngest warrior, "I wud nae a had him die for a purse o' goud." And here the rose twice visited and left his cheek. "What pranks I hae played with the puir beastie!" Here he looked back to infantine days and sports, whilst the gravity of retrospect sat singularly becoming on the front of youth. "Hegh! hegh!" concluded he, which meant, "every thing is transitory in this nether world."

The old man quite forgot me, and I forgot myself, standing in profound attentiveness, and in undivided respect for the actor in this scene of sensibility. At length starting and apologizing, he introduced me to the two young officers, who shook me by the hand as a friend and comrade at first sight.

I will not disappoint the reader by any commonplace words that passed betwixt us. Suffice it to say that these two laurelled youths could not stay. They embraced the old lady, the schoolmaster's wife. The old man expressed every term of regret at their short stay; and conducted them, walking betwixt them, and linked hand in hand, bald and bare-headed, and with his silver locks whistling in the Highland breeze. At length they shook hands, looked eloquently at each other, and he saw them out of sight. I distinguished the expression of his manly features to be the reminiscences of scenes of their infancy and tender years; and, as that impressive writer, the first anacreontic writer of the age, says—

> "He gaz'd, as fond memory's vision (went) by,
> And doubl'd his bliss thro' the tear in (his) eye."

Who were the young men? His sons?—No.—His relatives?—No.—His patrons or benefactors?—No.—They were merely his scholars in their juvenile years; and, out of respect and love for the old man, they had travelled thirty miles to see him. All the localities of their childhood were dear to them; all the associations of passed time weighed deeply in their minds. How creditable to youth this feeling!

how honourable to old age, and to the old man's deserts!

My uncle Toby most truly says, "the bravest men are always best." Here were living examples of this undeniable truth. What might not be expected from these youths, who thus venerated the instructor of their infant years. And here we cannot omit naming and honouring the naïve remark of the African Prince (Leban), who was educated in England. He said, that he "considered the preceptor or teacher of youth as the most noble avocation of the state; since to infuse knowledge and cultivate wisdom was making him the direct agent of divinity." The principle reminds us of Pythagoras's answer to the question

Q. In what do men most resemble the Gods?

Ans. In doing good, and in speaking truth.

The hospitality of a Highlander has never yet been questioned. His lunch and "the cup o' better acquaintance," and then "the cup o' friendship," and, lastly, the "Dochan Dorish," have been experienced early and late by all who have visited their blessed retirement, and simplicity of manners,—true parents of friendship and hospitality. In great towns man mistrusts man. In these wilds, bleak muirs, and woods of sepulchral pine, man clings to man, every heart beats in unison, hand seeks for hand, and the links of social connexion are double-locked and rivetted to each other.

It would be indeed an insult to clothe in wordiness and circumlocution, the kind reception, the genuine Highland welcome with which the stranger is hailed.

Every Highlander is hospitable; and he "maks nae words aboot it."—Good bed, good cheer, good humour, honest civility, and improving converse, sweeten every hour between labour and repose. To this generous reception and universal spirit of hospitality, may be attributed the want of many of the conveniences which their country-side inns are, compared with their more southern neighbours, deficient of. Satire is by no means our aim in these pages, should, however, the following description of a Highland Inn appear to be too exaggerated, either the author of it, at the time, had sipped too potently of the '*mountain dew*,' from the genuine production of which the Highlands are so remarkable; or he was determined to be fastidiously humorous at the expense of his host, without probably meaning to make the application general, or even strictly particular.

A HEDGE-ALE-HOUSE, OR ROAD-SIDE INN.*

The following semi-burlesque description of a road-side inn, is, in fact, more amusing than consistent with truth—though some resemblance are not altogether incorrect at some distance of time; among the bleak and thinly populated mountains. Arrived at mine hosts, early or late, "if you are wet, the fire will be lighted by the time you are dry; at least if the peat is not wet too. The smoke of wet peat is wholesome; and if you are not used to it, the inmates are, which is the very same thing. There is neither

* A hundred and 'Thretty sax' years ago.

poker nor tongs; you can stir the fire with your umbrella; nor bellows, you can blow it, unless you are asthmatic, with your mouth; or what is better still, Peggy will fan it with her petticoat.—"Peggy, is the supper coming?" In time come mutton, called chops, (Qy collops) then mustard, by and by, a knife and fork; successively a plate, a candle, and salt. When the mutton is cold, the pepper arrives, and then the bread, and lastly the whiskey. The water is reserved for the second course. By this time the fire is dying; Peggy waits till it is dead, and the whole process of the peats and petticoats is to be gone over again. "Peggy, is the bed ready?" By the time you have fallen asleep once or twice, it is ready. When you enter it, it is damp: but how should it be dry in such a climate? The blankets feel so heavy that you expect to get warm in time. Not at all; they have the property of weight without warmth; though there is a pulling mill at Kilmahog. You awake at two o'clock, very cold, and find that they have slipped over on the floor. You try to square them again; but such is their weight that they fall on the other side; and, at last, by dint of kicking and pulling, they become immediately entangled, sheets and all; and sleep flies, whatever King Harry may think, to take refuge on other beds and other blankets.

"It is in vain you try again to court the drowsy god, and you get up at five. Water being so contemptibly common, it is probable that there is none present; or if there is, it has a delicious flavour of stale whiskey; so that you may almost imagine the Highland rills to run grog. There is no soap in Mrs. Maclarty's house.

It is prudent also to learn to shave without a looking-glass; because if there be one present, it is so furrowed and stripped, and striated, either crossways, perpendicularly, or diagonally, that, in consequence of what Sir Isaac Newton might call its fits of irregular reflexion and transmission, you cut your nose if it distorts you one way, and your ears if it protracts you in the opposite direction.

"The towel being either wet or dirty, or both, you wipe yourself with the Moreen curtains, unless you prefer the sheets. When you return to your sitting-room, the table is covered with glasses and mugs, and circles of dried whiskey and porter. The fire-place is full of white ashes. You labour to open a window, if it will open, that you may get a little of the morning air, and there being no sash line, it falls on your fingers, as it did on Susannah's. Should you break a pane, it is of no consequence, as it will never be mended again. The clothes which you sent to be washed, are brought up wet, and those which you sent to be dried, smoked."

THE BAGPIPES.

In the last volume of the 'History and Decline of the Roman Empire,' Mr. Gibbon observes, that "Experience has proved, that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour." Of this remark the following anecdote, from a Tour in England and Scotland is a remarkable illustration: "Beyond all memory or tradition,

the favourite instrument of the Scotch musicians has been the bagpipe, introduced into Scotland at a very early period by the Norwegians. The large bagpipe is the instrument of the Highlanders for war, for funeral processions, for marriage, and other great occasions. They have also a smaller kind, on which dancing tunes are played. A certain species of this wind-music, called pibrochs, rouses the native Highlanders in the same that the sound of the trumpet does the war horse; and even produces effects little less marvellous than those recorded of the ancient music.

At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the general officer complained to a field officer of Frazer's regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," answered he with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play; nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action: nay, even now they would be of use."—"Let them blow then like the Devil," replied the general, "if that will bring back the men."—The pipes were ordered to play a favourite marshal air. The Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned and formed with alacrity in the rear.—In the late war in India, Sir Eyre Coote, after the battle of Porto Nuovo, being aware of the strong attachment of the Highlanders to their ancient music expressed his approbation of their behaviour on that day, by giving them fifty pounds to buy a pair of bagpipes.*

* See a curious and interesting volume, entitled "*Demonologia, or Natural Knowledge revealed,*" by J. S. F. p. 194, Published, 1827.

The following (more recent) anecdote is related of Serjeant Alexander Cameron, Piper Major of the 92nd, or Cameronian Highlanders, whose merits as a performer on the Highland bag-pipes were generally acknowledged to be of the *first wind*, though they could not be duly appreciated but by those who felt the inspiring effects of his animating strains on the toilsome march, or amid the thunder of the battle. He served on the Peninsula. during the whole of the late war, and by his zeal attracted the notice of several officers of high rank. Lieutenant-General Sir William Erskine, in a letter to a friend, after the affair of Rio del Molinas, says, "the first intimation the enemy had of our approach, was the piper of the 92nd, playing, 'Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet.' To this favourite air from Cameron's pipe, the streets of Brussels re-echoed on the 15th of June, when the regiment assembled to march out to the field of Waterloo. Once, and once only, was this brave soldier missed in his accustomed place in the front of the battle, and the occasion strongly marks the powerful influence which the love of fame had upon his mind. In a London paper, a very flattering eulogium had appeared on the conduct of a piper of another regiment. Our gallant musician, conscious that no one could surpass him in zeal or intrepidity, felt hurt that *he* should not also have gained this flattering distinction and declared, that "if his name did not appear in the newspapers, he would no more play in the battle field!" Accordingly, in the next affair with the enemy, Cameron's "bellows ceased to blow"—his pipe was mute! some insinuations against

the piper reached his ear. The bare idea of his motives being misunderstood was torture to poor Cameron, and overcome at once the sullen resolution he had formed of remaining silent in the rear. He rushed forward, and not content with gaining his place at the head of the regiment, advanced with a party of skirmishers, and, placing himself on a height in full view of the enemy, continued to animate the party by playing favourite national airs. For the last two years of his life his health sensibly declined. He was afflicted with an asthma, which the blowing of the pipes tended to aggravate. Notwithstanding he could not be induced to relinquish his favourite employment, but continued to play within a very short time of his death "the gathering" for the daily assembling of the regiment. He died at Belfast, October 18th, 1817. His remains were attended to the grave by several officers, all the non-commissioned officers and the grenadier company, to which the deceased belonged,

PRESENTIMENT.

The nearer we approach to times when superstition shall be universally exploded, the more we consign to oblivion the antiquated notions of former days, respecting every degree of supernatural agency or communication. It is not long ago, however, since *second sight*, as it is called, peculiar to the Scotch Highlanders, was a subject of dispute, and although it be true, as some assert, 'that all argument is against it,' yet it is equally certain that we have

many well asserted facts for it. We think upon the whole that this question is placed in its true light, in the following communication from a gentleman in Scotland, who had opportunities to know the facts he relates, and who has evidently sense enough not to carry them farther than they will bear. What is called in this part of the island by the French word *pressentiment*, appears to us to be a species of second sight, and it is by no means uncommon: why it is less attended to in the "busy haunts of men," than in the sequestered habitations of the Highlanders, is accounted for by the following detail, and we apprehend upon very just grounds.

"Of all the subjects which philosophers have chosen for exercising their faculty of reasoning, there is not one more worthy of their attention than the contemplation of the human mind. There they will find an ample field wherein they may range at large, and display their powers; but at the same time it must be observed, that here, unless the philosopher calls in religion to his aid, he will be lost in a labyrinth of fruitless conjectures, and here in particular, he will be obliged to have a reference to a *great first cause*, as the mind of man (whatever may be asserted of material substances) could never be formed by chance; and he will find his affections so infinitely various, that instead of endeavouring to investigate, he will be lost in admiration.

"The faculty or affections of the mind attributed to our neighbours of the Highlands of Scotland, of having a foreknowledge of future events, or, as it is commonly expressed, having the *second sight*

is perhaps one of the most singular. Many have been the arguments both for and against the real existence of this wonderful gift. I shall not be an advocate on either side, but I shall presume to give you a fact or two, which I know to be well authenticated, and from which every one is at liberty to infer what they please.

"The late Rev. D. M'Sween was minister of a parish in the high parts of Aberdeenshire, and was a native of Isle of Sky, where his mother continued to reside. On the 4th of May, 1738, Mr. M'Sweer, with his brother, who often came to visit him from Sky, were walking in the fields. After some interval in their discourse, during which the minister seemed to be lost in thought, his brother asked him what was the matter with him; he made answer he hardly could tell, but he was certain that their mother was dead. His brother endeavoured to reason him out of his opinion, but in vain. And upon his brother's return home, he found his mother had really died on that very day on which he was walking with the minister.

"In April 1744, a man of the name of Forbes, walking over Culloden Muir, with two or three others, was suddenly, as it were, lost in thought, and when in some short time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately described the battle that was fought on that very spot two years afterwards, at which description his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the pretender's coming to Britain at that time."

Many such instances might be adduced, but these, I am afraid, are sufficient to stagger the credulity of most people. But to the incredulous I shall only say, that I am very far from attributing the second sight of the Highlanders more than to ourselves. I am pretty certain there is no man whatever, who is not sometimes seized with a foreboding in his mind, or as it may be termed, a kind of reflexion which it is not in his power to prevent; and although his thoughts may not be employed in any particular kind of exigency, yet he is apt to dread from that quarter where he is more immediately concerned. This opinion is agreeable to all the heathen mythologists, particularly Homer and Virgil, where numerous instances might be brought forward, and these justified in the event; but there is an authority which I hold in more veneration than all the others put together, I mean that now much disused book called the Bible, where we meet with many examples, which may corroborate the existence of such an affection in the mind; and that too in persons who were not ranked among prophets. I shall instance one or two. The first is in the 14th chapter: 1. Samuel, where it is next to impossible to imagine that had not Jonathan been convinced of some foreboding in his mind, that he should certainly be successful, he and his armour-bearer being only two in number, would never have encountered a whole garrison of the enemy. Another instance is in the 6th chapter of Esther, where the king of Persia (who was no prophet), was so much troubled in his mind, that he could not sleep, neither could

he assign any reason for his being so, till the very reason was discovered from the means that were used to divert his melancholy, viz: the reading of the records, where he found he had forgot to do a thing which he was under an obligation to perform. Many of the most judicious modern authors also favour this opinion. Addison makes his Cato, some time before his fatal exit, express himself thus; "What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?" Shakspeare also makes Banquo exclaim, when he is about to set out on a journey; "A heavy summons hangs like lead upon me!" De Foe makes an instance of this kind the means of saving the life of Robinson Crusoe, at the same time admonishes his readers not to make light of these emotions of the mind, but to be upon their guard, and pray to God to assist them and bear them through, and direct them in what may happen to their prejudice in consequence thereof.

To what then, are we to attribute these singular emotions? Shall we impute them to the agency of spiritual beings called guardian Angels, or more properly to the divinity that stirs within us, and points out an hereafter? However it may be, it is our business to make the best of such hints, which we are confident every man must have experienced, perhaps more frequently than he is aware of.

In great towns the hurry and dissipation that attend the opulent, and the little leisure that the poor have, from following the avocations which necessity drives them to, prevent them from taking any notice of similar instances to the foregoing, which may

happen to themselves. But the case is quite different in the Highlands of Scotland, where they live solitary, and have little to do, or see done, and consequently, comparatively have but few ideas. When any thing of the above nature occurs, they have leisure to brood over it, and cannot get it banished from their minds, by which means it gains a deep and lasting impression, and often various circumstances may happen by which it may be interpreted, just like the ancient oracles by the priests of the heathen deities. This solitary situation of our neighbours is also productive of an opinion of worse tendency—I mean the belief in spirits and superstitions, to which no people on earth are more addicted than the Scotch Highlanders: this opinion they suck in with their mother's milk, and it encreases with their years and stature. Not a glen or strath, but is haunted by its particular *goblins* and *fairies*. And, indeed, the face of the country is in some places such, that it wears a very solemn appearance, even to a philosophic eye. The fall of cataracts of water down deep declivities, the whistling of the wind heath, rocks and caverns, a loose fragment of a rock falling from its top, and in its course downward bringing a hundred more with it, so that it appears like the wreck of nature; the hooting of the night owl—the chattering of the heath cock—the pale light of the moon or the dreary prospect, with here and there a solitary tree on an eminence, which tree magnifies to an unusual size; all these considered, it is not to be wondered at, that even an enlightened mind should be struck with awe: what then must be

the emotion of a person prejudiced from his infancy, when left alone in such a situation?

Until the last century, the spirit Brownie in the Highlands of Scotland, was another story of second sight, as the following story will shew.—"Sir Norman Macleod, playing at tables, at a game called by the Irish Palmer-more, wherein there are three of a side, and each of them throw dice by turns; there happened to be one difficult point in disposing the table-men; this obliged the gamester to pause, before he changed his man, since upon the disposing of it, the winning or losing of the game depended. At last, the butler who stood behind him, advised the player where to place his man; with which he complied and won the game. This being thought extraordinary, and Sir Norman hearing one whisper in the ear, asked who advised him so skilfully? He answered, it was the butler; but this seemed more strange, for he could not play at tables. Upon this, Sir Norman asked him how long it was since he had learned how to play? and the fellow owned that he had never played in his life; but that he saw the spirit Brownie reaching his arm over the player's head, and touching the part with his finger on the point where the table-man was to be placed."*

* There is a species to whom, in the Highlands, is ascribed the guardianship or superintendence of a particular clan, or family of distinction. Thus the family Gurlingbeg was haunted by a spirit called Garlen Bodachar; that of the Baron of Kilcharden, by Sandear or Red-hand, a spectre one of whose hands is as red as blood; and that of Tullochgorum by May Moulach, a female figure, whose left hand and arm were covered with hair, who is also mentioned as a familiar attendant upon the clan Grant.—*Border Minstrelsy.*

The circumstance, however, deserving most notice, is the reference which the objects of second sight is supposed to bear to the seer's assumed gift of prophecy. It is said in one of the numerous illustrations which have been given of this faculty, that "Sir Normand Macleod, who has his residence in the isle of *Bernera*, which lies between the isle of North Nist and Harries, went to the isle of Skye about business, without appointing any time for his return: his servants, in his absence, being altogether in the large hall at night, one of them who had been accustomed to see the second-sight, told the rest they must remove, for they would have abundance of company that night. One of his fellow servants answered that there was very little appearance of that, and if he had any vision of company, it was not likely to be accomplished this night; but the seer insisted upon it that it was. They continued to argue the improbability of it, because of the darkness of the night, and the danger of coming through the rocks that lie round the isle; but within an hour after, one of Sir Normands' men came to the house, bidding them to provide lights, &c. for his master had newly landed."

Dr. Ferriar gives the following illustrations of second sight in his "Theory of Apparitions."

"A gentleman connected with my family, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered early in life, in the middle of the last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the second sight. Strange rumours were afloat

respecting the old chieftain. He had spoken to an apparition, which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards. His prophetic visions surprise even in the regions of credulity; and his retired habits favoured the popular opinions. My friend assured me, that one day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the chief who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly and assumed the look of a seer. He rang the bell and ordered a groom to saddle a horse; to procceed immediately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and enquire after the health of Lady ———. If the account was favorable, he then directed him to call at another castle, to ask after another lady whom he named.

"The reader immediately closed his book, and declared he would not proceed till those abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident they were produced by the second sight. The chief was very unwilling to explain himself; but at length the door had appeared to open, and that a little woman without a head, had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the death of some person of his acquaintance; and the only two persons who resembled the figure, were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards, the servant returned with an account that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit, about the time when the vision appeared.

"At another time the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him on a stormy winter-night, while the fishing-

boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people; and at last exclaimed: "My boat is lost!" The colonel replied: "How do you know it, Sir?" He was answered, "I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him close beside your chair." The chair was shifted with great precipitation; and in the course of the night the fishermen returned with the corpse of one of the boatmen."*

It is perhaps to be lamented, that such narratives as these should be quoted in Dr. Ferriar's Philosophic work, on apparitions. We have lately seen them advanced, on the Doctor's authority, as favouring the vulgar belief in apparitions, and introduced in the same volume with that of Mrs. Veal.

A GHOST-STORY.—SPIRITS.

There is perhaps no nation or clime either in the civilized or savage state of society, where that very ancient and phantastic race of beings yclepd ghosts, is not, under different terms and characters, more or less familiar to the inhabitants; but particularly to the brave mountaineers in the Highlands of Scotland. Unlike, however, the present puny, green, worm-eaten effigies that now-a-days stalk about our premises, and, like the cameleon, feed upon the air, the ancient race of Highland ghosts, were a set of stout, lusty, sociable ghosts, "as tall as a pine,

* Demonologia, or Natural Knowledge Revealed.

and as broad as a house." Differing widely in his habits from those of his posterity, the ghosts of antiquity would enter the habitation of man, descant a lee long night upon the news of the times, until the long wished for supper was once prepared, when this pattern of frankness and good living would invite himself to the table, and do as much justice to a bicker of Highland crowdie as his earthly contemporaries. Indeed, if all the tales be true, many centuries are not elapsed since those social practices of the ghosts of the day, proved an eminent pest to society. With voracious appetites, those greedy gormandizers were in the habit of visiting the humble hamlets, where superabundance of store seldom resided, and of ravishing from the grasp of a starving progeny the meagre fare allotted for their support. Beyond their personal attractions, however, it is believed, they displayed few enviable qualities, for, besides their continual depredations on the goods and chattels of the adjacent hamlets, they were ill natured and cruel, and cared not a spittle for woman or child.

The truth of the above remark is well exemplified in the history of two celebrated ghosts, who "once upon a time," lived or rather existed, in the wilds of Craig Aulnaic, a romantic place in the district of Strathdown, Banffshire. The one was a male and the other was a female. The male was called *Fhua Abhoir Bein Baynac*, after one of the mountains of Glenavon, where at one time he resided; and the female was called *Clashneckd Aulnaic*. But although the great ghost of Ben Baynac was bound by the

common ties of nature and of honour, to protect and cherish his weaker companion, *Clashneckd Aulnaic*, yet he often treated her in the most cruel and unfeeling manner. In the dead of the night, when the surrounding hamlets were buried in sleep, and nothing else disturbed the solemn stillness of the midnight scene, Oft, says our narrator, would the shrill shrieks of poor Clashneckd burst upon the slumberer's ears, and awake him to any thing but pleasant reflections. But of all those who were incommoded by the noise and unseemly quarrels of these two ghosts, James Owie or Gray, the tenant of the farm of Balbig of Delnabo, was the greatest sufferer. From the proximity of his abode to their haunts, it was the misfortune of himself and family to be the night audience of *Clashneckd's* cries and lamentations, which they considered any thing but agreeable entertainment.

On one occasion as James Gray was on his rounds looking after his sheep, he happened to fall in with *Clashneckd*, the ghost of Aulnaic, with whom he entered into a long conversation; in the course of which he took occasion to remonstrate with her, on the very disagreeable disturbance she caused himself and family, by her wild and unearthly cries; "Cries," said he, "which few mortals could relish in the dreary midnight hour." Poor Clashneckd, by way of apology for her conduct, gave James Gray a sad account of her usage, detailing at full length the series of cruelties committed upon her by *Ben Baynac*. From this account it appeared that her cohabitation with the latter was by no means a matter of

choice with Clashneckd; on the contrary, it appeared that she had, for a long time, led a life of celibacy with much comfort, residing in a snug dwelling, as already mentioned, in the wilds of Craig Aulnaic, but Ben Baynac having unfortunately taken it into his head to pay her a visit, he took a fancy, not to herself, but her dwelling, of which, in his own name and authority, he took immediate possession, and soon after expelled poor Clashneckd, with many stripes, from her natural inheritance; while not satisfied with invading and depriving her of her just rights, he was in the habit of following her into her private haunts, not with the view of offering her any endearments, but for the purpose of inflicting on her person every degrading torment which his brain could invent.

Such a moving story could not fail to inflict a deep wound in the generous heart of James Gray, who determined from that moment to risk life and limb in order to vindicate the rights, and revenge the wrongs of poor Clashneckd, the ghost of *Craig Aulnaic*. He therefore took good care to interrogate his new *protégée* touching the nature of her oppressor's constitution, whether he was of that *killable* species of ghost that could be shot with a silver sixpence, or if there was any other weapon that could possibly accomplish his annihilation. Clashneckd informed him that he had occasion to know that Ben Baynac was wholly invulnerable to all the weapons of man, with the exception of a large mole on his left breast, which no doubt was penetrable by silver or steel; but that, from the specimen she had of his

personal prowess and strength, it were vain for mere man to attempt to combat Ben Baynac the great ghost. Confiding, however in his expertness as an archer—for he was allowed to be the best marksman of his age—James Gray told Clashneckd he did not fear him with all his might, that *he* was his man; and desired her moreover, next time he chose to repeat his incivilities to her, to apply to him, James Gray, for redress.

It was not long before James had an opportunity of fulfilling his promises. Ben Baynac having one night, for the want of better amusement, entertained himself by inflicting an inhuman castigation on Clashneckd she lost no time in waiting on Gray, with a full and particular account of it. She found him smoking his *cutty*, and unbuttoning his habiliments for bed; but, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the hour, James needed no great persuasion to induce him to proceed directly along with Clashneckd to hold a communing with their friend Ben Baynac the great ghost. Clashneckd was a stout sturdy hussey, who understood the nack of travelling much better than our women do. She expressed a wish that, for the sake of expedition, James Gray would mount himself on her ample shoulders, a motion to which the latter agreed; and a few moments brought them close to the scene of Ben Baynac's residence. As they approached his haunt, he came forth to meet them, with looks and gestures, which did not at all indicate a cordial welcome. It was a fine moonlight night, and they could easily observe his actions.

Poor Clashneckd was now sorely afraid of the great ghost. Apprehending instant destruction from his fury, she exclaimed to James Gray, that they should be both dead people, and that immediately, unless James could hit with an arrow the noble mole which covered Ben Baynac's heart. This was not so difficult a task as James had hitherto apprehended it. The mole was as large as a common bonnet, and yet nowise disproportioned to the natural size of his body, for he certainly was a great and a mighty ghost. Ben Baynac cried out to James Gray, that he would soon make eagle's meat of him; and certain it is such was his intention, had not James Gray so effectually stopped him from the execution of it. Raising his bow to his eye within a few yards of Ben Baynac, he took an important aim; the arrow flew —it hit—a yell from Ben Baynac announced its fatality. A hideous howl reechoed from the surrounding mountains, responsive to the groans of a thousand ghosts, and Ben Baynac, like the smoke of a shot, vanished into air.* Clashneckd, the ghost of Aulnaic now found herself emancipated from the most abject

* To the refined reader can there be any thing appear more surprising than that human being possessing the rational faculties of human nature, could for a moment entertain so preposterous an idea, of an immortal spirit being killed, or rather annihilated, by an arrow, dirk, or sixpence? It was, however, the opinion of the darker ages, that such an exploit as killing a ghost was perfectly practicable. A spirit was supposed to be material in its nature, quite susceptible of mortal pain, and liable to death or annihilation from the weapon of man. Such an opinion is repeatedly expressed in several passages of the poems of Ossian, and in the doctrine of the *Senachy* down to the present day.

state of slavery, and restored to freedom and liberty, through the invincible courage of James Gray. Overpowered with gratitude, she fell at James Gray's feet, and vowed to devote the whole of her time and talents towards his service and prosperity. Meanwhile, being anxious to have her remaining goods and furniture removed to her former dwelling, whence she had been so iniquitously expelled by Ben Baynac the great ghost, she requested of her new master the use of his horses to remove them. James observing on the adjacent hill a flock of deer, and wishing to have a trial of his new servant's sagacity or expertness, told her those were his horses—she was welcome to the use of them, desiring when she had done with them, that she would enclose them in his stable. Clashneckd then proceeded to make use of the horses, and James Gray returned home to enjoy his night's rest.

Scarce had he reached his arm chair, and reclined his cheek on his hand, to ruminate over the bold adventure of the night, when the Clashneckd entered, and with her 'breath in her throat,' and venting the bitterest complaints at the unruliness of his horses, which had broken one half of her furniture, and caused more trouble in them than their services are worth, 'Oh! they are stabled then?' enquired James Gray. Clashneckd replied in the affirmative. 'Very well,' rejoined James, 'they shall be tame enough to-morrow.'

From this specimen of Clashneckd the ghost of Craig Aulnaic's expertness, it will be seen what a valuable acquisition her service proved to James

Gray and his young family: of which, however, they were too speedily deprived by a most unfortunate accident. From the sequel of the story, and of which the foregoing is but an abstract, it appears, that poor Clashneckd was but too deeply addicted to those *lushing* propensities, which at that time rendered her kin so obnoxious to their human neighbours. She was consequently in the habit of visiting her friends much oftener than she was invited, and, in the course of such visits, was never very scrupulous in making free with any eatables that fell within the circle of her observation. One day while engaged on a foraging expedition of this description, she happened to enter the mill of Delnabo, which was inhabited in those days by the miller's family. She found the miller's wife engaged in roasting a large gridiron of savoury fish, the agreeable effluvia proceeding from which perhaps occasioned her visit. With the usual inquiries after the health of the miller and his family, Clashneckd proceeded, with the greatest familiarity and good humour, to make herself comfortable at the expense of their entertainment. But the miller's wife enraged at the loss of her fish, and not relishing such unwelcome familiarity, punished the unfortunate Clashneckd rather too severely for her freedom. It happened that there was a large cauldron of boiling water suspended over the fire, and this cauldron the beldam of miller's wife overturned in Clashneckd's bosom! Scalded beyond recovery, she fled up the wilds of Craig Aulnaic, uttering the most melancholy lamentations,—nor has been ever heard of to the present day.

§

The forest of Glenmore, in the northern Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit, called Llham Dearg, in the array of an ancient warrior having a bloody hand from which he takes his name. He insists upon all those he meets doing battle with him.* According to the legend—

"From time immemorial in Ilenmore's dread shade,
Foul witches, and spirits of darkness have played,
But the chief who presides o'er the terrible band,
The most cruel, most fell, is the fierce 'BLOODY HAND.'

Like a warrior he prowls clad in armour so bright,
While his eyes of blood-red pierce the mantle of nigh
And forth from his nostrils, there issue red flames,
Though a warrior in form, him a demon proclaims.

On his casque a red plume fans the chilly night air,
And his hand dyed with blood, a keen sword doth bear,
And all who dare stray into Glenmore's dark gloom,
Must his challenge receive, and encounter their doom.

And if they forget to their maker to pray,
The demon's keen steel to their breasts finds its way;
While his hands pluck the heart from the wound he hath made,
All the demons dance round as he carves with his blade.

To each he apportions the horrid repast,
And the banquet of blood is devoured full fast!
He divides every limb, and he severs each bone,
But the heart he reserves for his eating alone.

* *Vide* Note to *Marmion*, *Canto III.*

Thou start'st—but each word that I tell thee, is true,
And ages unborn will his cruelty rue,
And many whose kindred have there met their doom,
Will shrink when thought bears them to Glenmore's dread gloom."

The admixture of Christianity with the ancient religion of the Gael, created infinite confusion of ideas, with respect to the state of departed souls. Heaven and hell were sometimes fulminated from the pulpit; but the nurse spoke daily of Flath-inis, and the hills of their departed kindred, to the children at her knee, and ancient tales of those who had been favoured with visions of the state of the dead, prevented the Christian idea of heaven and hell from ever being properly established. It was supposed that only the souls of the supremely good and brave were received into Flath-inis, and those, only, of the very base and wicked were condemned to the torments of Ifrin. The hills of their fathers were in an intermediate state, into which the common run of mankind were received after death. They had no notion of an immaterial being; but supposed that each spirit, in departing from this mortal habitation, received a body subject to no decay, and that men in a future state engaged such pleasures as had been most congenial to their minds in this, without being subject to any of the evils "that flesh is heir to."

The belief in the *hill of spirits* began, in general, to give way soon after the reformation, and in some parts of the Highlands it soon disappeared altogether. Others, however, proved more tenacious of it, and among some clans and branches of clans, it lingered

until very lately. The one, a high conical hill in Invernesshire, was regarded by the house of *Crubin*, of the clan Macpherson, as their future inheritance; and the house of *Garva*, of the same race, believed that their spirits should inhabit TOM-MOR. On the entrance of every new inhabitant, those hills were seen by persons at a certain distance, in a state of illumination. TOM-MOR, it is believed, was seen on fire for the last time, some thirty years ago; and it was confidently asserted that some member of the house of Garva was passing from this to a better state of existence. But no death being heard of in the neighbourhood for some days, an opinion already on the decline, was on the eve of being consigned to utter contempt, when, to the confusion of the sceptics, news arrived that a daughter of the house of Garva had expired at Glasgow, at the very moment TOM-MOR had been seen in a blaze. But in whatsoever state the departed spirit passed, it had, for a time, to return to perform a sacred duty on earth. This was FAIRE CHLOIDH (the grave watch.) It was the duty of the spirit of the last person interred, to stand sentry at the grave-yard gate, from sun-set, until the crowing of the cock, every night, until regularly relieved. This, sometimes, in thinly inhabited parts of the country, happened to be a tedious and severe duty; and the duration of the *Faire Chloidh* gave the deceased's surviving friends sometimes much uneasiness.

Some thirty years ago a young man had an interview with the ghost of a neighbour's wife, while she watched at the gate of the old Luggan Church-yard. She was clothed in a comfortable mantle of snow-

white flannel, adorned with red crosses, and appeared now, though a very old woman at her decease, in the full bloom of youth and beauty. She told him that she enjoyed the felicity of Flath-inis, and they exchanged *snuff-mulls*. She directed him to a hidden treasure she had hoarded, and desired it might be added to the fortune of her daughter, who, she said, was to be married on a certain day, which she named, and, strange to say, though the girl was not then courted, she became a wife on the day foretold.

It was a vulgar opinion that the spirits of such as were burned in foreign countries, were obliged to perform a nightly pilgrimage to their native hills, in order to commune with the spirits of their kindred. To obviate this posthumous inconvenience, when a Highlander happened to die at a distance, his family, though perhaps, at the expense of their last shilling, esteemed it a sacred duty to have his remains carried home, and deposited by those of his ancestors. The corpse was all the way borne on the shoulders of men, who found it requisite sometimes to lay down their burden, by the way-side, to rest themselves. On such occasions, a cairn or heap of stones, was raised on the spot, and it was customary for every person that passed, as long as any could be found in the vicinity, to augment it by a stone. Cairns were sometimes raised on other occasions. Before the Highlanders entered the pass of Druimuacar, (1689) on their way to join Dundee, they erected a cairn, by each man putting in a stone. As many of them as returned, after their victory at Raon—Ruari,—Killy—Crankie, raised a second cairn in the same manner;

but, alas! it was not above half the size of the first. The Highlanders thought the improductive victory dearly purchased by the loss of so many brave men, and, above all, by the death of Lord Dundee, or, as he was emphatically called, Clavers,—their general, who, it is believed, was shot from behind, by a fanatic, who, by feigning different principles, contrived, with a view to his destruction, to become his servant.

§

THE WARNING VOICE.

The following is a sample of some curious extracts from old parish records. The pitiable delusion of Janet Frazer may be easily matched in our own days; but her examination is curious, as showing the spirit of those times. The superstition of the *Dow Loch* is more remarkable, particularly in what relates to the enchanted cattle, supposed to inhabit it, as mentioned in the note. A similar superstition is connected with several remote lakes in Scotland, and would seem to have been derived from our German or Norwegian ancestors; at least a very romantic legend, of this description, which we have seen in an Icelandic Saga, translated by Sir Walter Scott, and published in the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," appears to favour such a supposition.

"July 22, 1691.—Janet Fraser in C——, one who, as the Presbytery is surely informed, pretended to a spirit of prophesie,* and the revelation of things to

* Our authority does not inform us whether Janet prophesied in the "unknown tongue" or used her own vernacular set form of speech.

come, and of whom it is reported that she is a person who has a compact with the devil, being cited by the kirk-officer to the Presbytery, called, and compearing, was examined anent her prophesying, and having a compact with the devil, &c. whereupon she confesses that she pretended to be prophesying and seeing of visions, and that she had sinned greatly in being deluded by Satan causing her prophesie and seeing things future.

"A written book, containing her pretended prophesies, being giving up to the Presbytery, they appoint two of their number to revise and examine the same.

"Sep. 9.—Janet Fraser this day called, being still cited *apud acta*, and again examined anent several things, and, in fine, she confesses her being possessed with some evil spirit, desiring the ministers and all others would commiserate her miserable and deluded condition, and would intreat God, by earnest prayer, that she might see the evil of her ways, and may obtain repentance unto life. Whereupon the Presbytery delays her and the witnesses until there be a fixed minister in the parish, remitting the whole affair to that session, that they may find out more of the *bruta* anent her, and may give the Presbytery more light there-anent.

"October 9, 1695.—The Presbytery being informed there is a loch within Penpont parish, called the Dow Loch, to which people, according to an old custom, superstitiously resort, bringing thither and leaving, if upon the account of some sick person,

some piece of money from them, or some of their body cloths, and, if upon the account of some disease upon beasts, something wherewith they used to be tied; which being done, they carried them some quantitie of the water, without speaking a word, or setting it down all the way as they go, judging, if they unluckily speak or set it down, that it has lost its virtue, and that, being safely carried home, as said is, it is an effectual and present remedy for the health and recovery of whatsomever disease in either man or beast; do refer the same to the ensuing Synod for advice.

"November 6.—The Presbytery having consulted the Synod anent the Dow Loch, was advised to proceed against those that so superstitiously travelled thither as charmers. In order to the following of which advice, the Presbytery resolves to frame an act against all such, to be publicly read in their respective congregations, but, upon several reasons, they delay the updrawing of it as yet.

"May 15, 1696.—The moderator is appointed to draw up the formula of an act against the superstitiously going to the Dow Loch, to be given in to the next Presbytery, that, being approven of, it may be publickly read in each church within the Presbytery, in regard the Presbytery understands that many are now thronging to it.

"June 10, 1696.—The formula of an act against superstitiously going to the Dow Loch being given in by the moderator, according to appointment, was read and approven of, whereof all the brethren are to take

copies, and read them publickly from their pulpits, against the next presbytery day."*

* Tradition reports, that beautiful black cattle were occasionally seen, by some highly-favoured individuals, grazing on a particular spot adjoining to the Dow (or Black) Loch, but as soon as observed by human eyes, they plunged again into the watery element, and were supposed to belong to the Fairies, or "Good neighbours," of the invisible world. This loch is now altogether *grown up*, except a very deep pool at about thirty yards diameter, in the middle of a morass.

Mr. Hogg, in his Mountain Bard, p. 94, after mentioning the prevalence of a superstitious belief among the Highlanders in a spectre, called *The Water Horse*, adds, that, in former times, an imaginary being, of a similar description, known by the name of the *Water Cow*, was supposed to haunt St. Mary's Loch at the head of the Yarrow. This spectre, though somewhat less terrible and malevolent than the Water Horse, yet, like him, possessed the rare slight of turning herself into whatever shape she pleased, and was likewise fond of inveigling people into the lake to drown them. The following is a specimen of the many fabulous stories related of her. "A farmer of Bourhope once got a breed of her, which he kept for many years, until they multiplied exceedingly; and he never had any cattle throve so well, until once, on some outrage or disrespect on the farmer's part towards them, the old dam came out of the lake one pleasant March evening, and gave such a roar, that all the surrounding hills shook again; upon which her progeny, nineteen in number, followed her all quietly into the loch, and were never more seen."

§

THE MASSACRE.

"When night's dark curtain o'er the world was spread,
Dread murder stalked with giant strides abroad,
And guilty power applauds the guilty deed.
* * * * *
——————————— The tyrant's lash!
But dark Breadalbin, murder's favourite son,
With certain aim, pronounc'd the race undone.
* * * * *
Of strife I see already sown the seed;
I hear full many a potent chief declare,
That blood alone can expiate the deed;
I see grim vengeance yoke his blood-stain'd car;
I see the copious streams ensanguin'd flow;
I hear the hills re-echo Scotland's woe."*

Though what is here presaged came terribly to pass in the years 1745 and 1746, there is little doubt but the government, by a different line of conduct, might have prevented all the miseries and bloodshed that ensued. "Mc. Donald, of Glencoe, having been out one day later than the time prescribed, in making his submission to King William, the Earl of Breadalbin, his private enemy, devoted him to destruction. He represented him at court as an incorrigible rebel, and a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country,

* See Those beautiful and chaste "Melodies from the Gaelic, and original poems, with notes on the superstitions of the Highlanders, &c. by Donald Macpherson, 1824.

nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed that he had paid no regard to the proclamation; and proposed that the government should sacrifice him to the quiet of the kingdom, by extirpating him, with his family and dependants, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Donald's submission. An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his Majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the master of Stair, Secretary for Scotland, he sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's Highland regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land tax, and hearth money. When McDonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies; he answered, as friends, and promised upon his honour that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached, MacDonald and Campbell having passed the day

together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual expressions of the warmest affection.

The younger MacDonald perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicion to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity; nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately to make observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work; and that though they would willingly have fought the Macdonalds of the glen, fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood; but that their officers were answerable for their treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprize their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded, they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children, and, being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrinchen, MacDonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question; a boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Eight and thirty persons suffered in this manner, the greatest part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore

the divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred: but some of the detachments did not arrive in time to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped.

Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow, that covered the face of the whole country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance. This barbarous massacre, perpetrated under the sanction of King William's authority, though it answered the immediate purpose of the government, by striking terror into the hearts of the Jacobite Highlanders, excited the horror of all those who had not renounced every sentiment of humanity and produced such an aversion to the government, as all the acts of ministers could never totally surmount.*

The desire of the Highlanders to revenge this in-

* Smollett's History of England. Vol. VIII. p. 437.

human massacre was beginning to abate, when the arbitrary treatment of the Highland watch, (now the 42nd Highlanders) experienced from the ministers of Geo. II again brought this black page of British history to their recollection, and generated in their minds a rooted hatred to all foreign dynasties. The watch was originally raised from the sons of gentlemen and substantial Highland farmers, so that almost every family in the country was interested in their fate. They had been enlisted as a local guard, to put a stop to the depredations of the moss-troopers; but they suffered themselves to be decoyed to England, under false pretence; where they were disarmed, and ordered on foreign service. This being a direct infringement of their engagement, the Highlanders to the number of four hundred, put themselves under the conduct of two brothers, Æneas and Andrew Macpherson, both non-commissioned officers, and the sons of one of the principal gentlemen of their clan. They then marched for Scotland. A troop of horse was immediately dispatched in pursuit of them, and they were induced by the promise of a general pardon, to return to their colours. This promise was, however, shamefully violated, and the two brothers were tried for mutiny, and shot.*

* Sir John Dalrymple, in the second volume of his Memoirs, relates the following instance of heroic sentiment. During the rebellion in 1745, the clan of Glencoe, was quartered near the house of Lord Stair. The Pretender, being afraid they would remember that the warrant for the massacre of their clan had been signed by the Earl's father, sent a guard to protect the house. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender sent to know the

SCOTTISH CLANS.

The following list of the clans of Scotland, with the badges of distinction worn in the bonnets of each, may interest our readers, and cannot be more aptly introduced to their notice.

Names.	*Badges of Distinction.*
Buchanan	Birch.
Cameron	Oak.
Campbell	Myrtle.
Chisholm	Alder.
Colquhoun	Hazel.
Cummin	Common Sallow.
Drummond	Holly
Farquharson	Purple Fox Glove.
Ferguson	Poplar.
Forbes	Brown.
Frazer	Yew
Gordon	Ivy.
Graham	Laurel.
Grant	Cranberry Heath.
Gunn	Rosewort.
Lammet	Crab-Apple Tree.
M'Allister	Five-leaved Heath.
M'Donald	Bell Heath.

reason. Their answer was 'that they had been affronted;' and being asked what the affront was, the said 'the greatest of any; for they had been suspected of being capable of visiting the injuries of the father upon the innocent and brave son.'

M'Donnell	Mountain Heath.
M'Dougall	Cypress.
M'Farlane	Cloud Berry Bush.
M'Gregor	Pine.
M'Intosh	Boxwood.
M'Kay	Bulrush.
M'Kenzie	Deer grass.
M'Kinnan	St. John's Wort.
M'Lachlan	Mountain Ash.
M'Lean	Blackberry Heath.
M'Leod	Red Whortle berries.
M'Nab	Rose Buck Berries.
M'Neill	Sea Ware.
M'Pherson	Variegated Boxwood.
M'Quarrie	Black Thorn.
M'Rae	Fir Club Moss.
Munro	Eagle's Feathers.
Menzies	Ash.
Murray	Juniper.
Ogilvie	Hawthorn.
Oliphant	The great Maple.
Robertson	Fern or Brechins.
Rose	Brier rose.
Rose	Bear berries.
Sinclair	Clover.
Stewart	Thistle.
Sutherland	Cat's tail grass.

The Chief of the Clans to have two Eagle feathers, with the badge of their clan on their bonnets.

§

SCENERY.—A STUPENDOUS CATARACT.*

The romantic scenery of some parts of the Highlands of Scotland is universally and deservedly admired; and it is not a little surprising that so many who have travelled into these romantic wilds, that the knowledge even of the existence of some of the greatest natural curiosities in the island, should still be confined to the few neighbouring inhabitants. "Of this being the case," says our authority, "I had lately a striking instance, when at Ballachelish in the western part of Inverness-shire, in the neighbourhood of which I saw some of the most striking scenery any where to be met with. As I have never seen any description of the beauties of that place, the following account of the adventures of a day spent there may be useful to future travellers."

"I had stopped all night at Ballachelish, and intended early in the morning to proceed southward through the celebrated valley of Glencoe. On looking out, however, I found that it rained a good deal, and that the hills were quite covered with mist, which would have rendered travelling alone in a country almost uninhabited very disagreeable. While hesitating whether to set out or not. I walked a short way along the banks of Lochleven (an arm of the sea), to see some of the slate quarries for which Ballachelish is celebrated. At one of these I found a man who spoke tolerable English, and who in-

* At Lochlevenhead, near Ballachelish, Argyleshire.

formed me that there were some waterfalls at the head of Lochleven more interesting than those of Foyers. Being in doubt whether I could depend on his account or not, I went and asked the landlord if he knew any thing of such falls. He confirmed the account I had received, and mentioned, that there were several remarkable caves in that neighbourhood, but could give me no distinct description either of these, or of the waterfalls. A gentleman who had been all night in the inn, on being informed of these curiosities, was as anxious as I was to see them. The landlord informed us that we could get a boat at the head of the loch, which was nine miles distant, and then we should not have far to walk. We soon procured a boat, and two men to row it, but we were obliged to wait for some time that we might go up with the tide, as in some places the current was such as would have rendered it impossible to go against it. At last, however, about eleven o'clock, we set out on our voyage of discovery, as we found good reason to call it.

As we advanced, the loch, which at Ballachelish was not above a quarter of a mile in breadth, expanded into a large sheet, the banks of which were ornamented with considerable quantities of natural wood. On both sides were high mountains, some of which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly from the loch, and were green to the tops. The whole of the scenery of this loch was grand, and the reflexion that in its neighbourhood was the residence of Ossian, added not a little to its interest. Our boatmen occasionally sung us some Gaelic songs, to which they

beat time with their oars, and which, although any thing but fine music, added considerably to our entertainment. About two or three miles from Ballachelish, we passed a small island called St. Mungo's isle. It had been formerly resorted to for a burying ground to protect the dead bodies from wolves, which were once very common in this country, and it is still used as such. One of our boatmen, whose name was Cameron, informed us, that at the burials the pomp of funeral times is still preserved. He told us, that upwards of 4000 Camerons, of whom he was one, attended the funeral of a son of Mr. Cameron of Fassfern, who was killed at Waterloo, and whose body was brought home for interment.

Not far from the island above mentioned, the loch suddenly contracted into a narrow channel, confined on each side by rocks of a slaty structure. Through this the tide was flowing with great rapidity, and carried the boat with almost the swiftness of an arrow. Beyond this the loch again expanded to a considerable breadth, and was surrounded on all sides, except the narrow channel through which we passed, by lofty and steep mountains, green to the tops, except where a craggy precipice elevates its rugged front in awful grandeur. On the south-side of the loch we saw part of Glencoe, through which the Cona of Ossian pours its "thousand streams."

When within about two miles of the head of the loch, the boatmen put us on shore on the north side, telling us that there was a "curious place" there, which they would shew us. We accompanied them

along the banks of a considerable stream, which runs into the loch, and soon arrived at a place where the water, confined on each side by high rocks, forms one fall of considerable height, besides several small ones. But what rendered this particularly worthy of our attention was, the water having in five places quite near each other cut a passage for itself, leaving the rock arched above it, and thus forming five natural bridges. With some difficulty we got at one of these, which was almost close to the principal fall. On going upon it we had a fine view of the water-fall from a considerable height into an awful gulph immediately under our feet; but so narrow was the rock, and so near the water, that it was impossible to stand long on it without becoming quite giddy.

Having returned to the boat, we proceeded to the head of the loch, where we again left the boat and walked along the banks of another stream, on which we were told there was a fall. We had not proceeded far till we came in sight of part of this fall, where we saw a large stream of water precipitating itself a hundred feet or more over a perpendicular rock, into a deep chasm, the sides of which concealed the lower part of the fall from us. On getting to the mouth of this chasm, a grand view all at once burst on our sight. The water having gained an immense velocity in the part we had before seen, but which was now in its turn concealed by a projecting cliff, fell quite detached from the rock in an extended and foaming sheet, into the gulph below. The height of the lower part I supposed to be at

least five hundred feet. Wishing to see the whole fall at once, we endeavoured to get still nearer to it. This was by no means an easy task, as the stream entirely filled the bottom of the chasm, and the sides were so steep that it was impossible to walk on them. We were therefore obliged to walk in the stream itself, which, though rapid, was not so deep at the sides as to stop us.

After proceeding for some time in this way, sometimes scrambling over pails of rock, and sometimes obliged to hold by twigs or bushes growing on the sides, to prevent ourselves from being carried down by the current, we at length arrived at a point where the fall could be seen to the greatest advantage, and we found it were worth all the trouble we had undergone to get at it. We were now surrounded on all sides, except the narrow chasm through which we had passed, by rocks so steep and so high, that we could only see a small part of the sky immediately over our heads. In the crevices of these rocks, some weeping birches had taken root, which must have been supported entirely by the spray arising from the fall, as there appeared to be scarcely any soil about them. But the fall was the grand object to which our attention was directed. The water for about a hundred feet or upwards, seemed just to touch the rock, down which it rushed with a velocity almost inconceivable; but below this it was entirely detached from the rock.

On leaving the rock, the water, which was before confined and narrow, expanded into a broad and foamy sheet, and rolled in awful majesty into an

abyss quite concealed by the clouds of spray which rose from it. Indeed the water seemed to be quite broken, by the resistance of the air, into small particles, long before it reached the bottom, presenting the appearance of clouds of mist before the wind. In a few minutes we were completely wet with the spray, but we were too highly delighted to regard such a trifling inconvenience. In short, the freshness and verdure of the trees, scattered here and there among the cliffs, and wildness and height of the rocks, the foamy whiteness of the water, and, above all, its terrific thundering roar, all conspired to render this scene the most awfully sublime I ever beheld.

We had no means of measuring the exact height of this fall; the boatmen informed us that they had once accompanied the factor of a neighbouring gentleman, who had measured it by taking a station as nearly as possible on a level with the water below. They even pointed out the very tree from which they had let fall the line, at a height, as they averred, of one thousand and thirty three feet from the bottom. This, however, I think must have been an exaggeration. I have no doubt that its height is above five hundred feet, but it is impossible to judge with any tolerable accuracy in a place where every thing is on so grand a scale, and where there is no known height to judge from. At any rate this fall is by far the grandest I ever saw, and vastly surpasses the celebrated Foyers, both in the height of the fall, and the quantity of water. This fall has one peculiarity which is a considerable improvement to its

appearance, which is, that its water, except when swollen with rains, is pure and transparent, and its foam, instead of having a reddish tinge from moss or any earthly substance, is of a brilliant pearly whiteness, which is finely contrasted by the blackness of the surrounding rocks.

Our next visit was to some of the caves we had heard of. Our guides, after muttering Gaelic to each other for some time, at last confessed, that they did not know where to find the entrance to any of them. We, however, had the good fortune to meet a man who dwelt near the loch, and who undertook to conduct us. He led us a good way up a hill, near the top of which, he shewed us a small hole in the turf, which proved to be the entrance to a very large cavern, and which could be quite concealed by a small quantity of heath. It was so dark, that we could not see the whole of it, but from what we did see, we judged that it was of great extent. We found that there was another entrance to it in the face of a precipice, which was so steep as to render the cave almost inaccessible to that quarter. Our guide informed us that at no very remote period this cave was the haunt of a gang of robbers, but their retreat having been at last discovered, the cave was surrounded by soldiers, and a party entered by the opening from the top.

We were next conducted to another cave, close by the side of a river. The entrance to it was in the precipitous bank of the stream, and so near it, that we were obliged to walk through the water to get at it. The mouth of it was very narrow, but it ap-

peared to be of considerable size within. Our guide informed us, that a man who had been outlawed for some crime, lived for several years in this cave, going out at night to procure provisions, and keeping concealed during the day. At last having turned too bold, he ventured out in day light, and was apprehended and executed. Although our guide either would not or could not tell us any thing particular about this unfortunate individual, I was led to suppose, from what information we procured, that this had been Allan Breck Stuart, who was supposed to have murdered a Mr. Campbell of Glenure.*

We now began to think of returning to Ballachelish, but were obliged again to wait for the tide. On this account it was very late before we got there. In the course of our excursion at the head of the

* This murder happened soon after the rebellion in 1745, and excited much interest about that time, on account of a man being executed for it, who was generally believed to have been entirely innocent. The estate of Ardshiel, the property of a Mr. Stewart, had been forfeited on account of his being engaged in the rebellion. Mr. Colin Campbell of Glenne was appointed factor, and under him Mr. James Stewart, a brother of the late possessor. For some time Campbell behaved with moderation, but afterwards, having turned out many tenants, he was shot when passing through the wood of Lettermore, on his way from Fort-William, where he had been on some business. It was generally supposed that Allan Breck Stewart was the murderer. Mr. James Stewart was also suspected of having been an accomplice, and was apprehended and tried at Inverary. Although it was proved that he was at home when the murder happened, and although little was proved against him, except that he had sent Allan some money, he was condemned and executed; but it was generally believed that he met with great injustice.

loch, we saw large masses of marble, which might be wrought to great advantage. Great quantities of fine slates are quarried at Ballachelish and Glencoe, and sent to various parts of the kingdom. Porphyry and granite abound in this part of the country. Deer are frequently to be met with among the hills, and eagles build upon some of the rocks. Upon the whole we were highly gratified with what we had seen during the day, and I would recommend it to future travellers, by no means to pass Ballachelish without paying a visit to Lochleven head.

§

AILSA ROCK.

"Ye wilds that look eternal; and thou cave
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains
So varied and so terrible in beauty;—
——————————— Where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Of look eternal!" BYRON.

There is perhaps nothing so much worthy the attention of tourists on the western coast of Scotland, of a picturesque and sublime nature, than the immense rock of this name. It is situated nearly opposite to the town of Girvan, about twenty miles from Ayr, in the middle of the firth of Clyde, and lifts its solitary colossal head about 940 feet above the level of the sea, and is about three miles in circumference. It is distinctly perceptible at the distance of between sixty and seventy miles, and when viewed at a remoteness, appears to be perfectly conical.

It is distant from Girvan about fifteen miles, (which a boat would reach in about an hour and a half with a brisk breeze) and about the central position from the Highlands on the opposite coast. Very few travellers in that part of the country pass by without embracing the opportunity of visiting this curious work of nature. The only landing-place is on the north-east, where a beash is evidently formed from the fragments of stone fallen from the neighbouring rocks. The cliffs are distinctly columnar, and the whole isle appears to be composed of rock belonging to the newest flœtz formation. It is inhabited by immense quantities of aquatic fowls, including a number of Gannets or Solan geese.

On landing at the base of this rock one would deem the summit to be inaccessible; however, the majority of travellers who have proceeded so far, generally surmount all apparent obstacles and barriers, although it is attended with considerable irksomeness, and some danger;—the path, (which is steep and rugged, and often the individual has to climb over projecting rocks) will only admit of a single person to proceed alone, upon which he must direct his course with the greatest possible courage. When he has toiled a little distance up the almost indescribable acclivity, to look down to the beash below, becomes in some degree appalling, and if trepidation should then seize him, or unattention make him tumble, he would probably be dashed down the vast rocky and calculous precipice to a profound abyss, which would be inevitable death. Great circumspection and a courageous spirit are the only requisites to be possessed of to proceed with safety.

About half way up the rock you come to an old ruinous antiquated castle, of a quadrangular form, consisting of different apartments, which, in all probability, at some previous period, has been a notable place of fortification. An opinion is in some degree prevalent among the inhabitants of the coast, that this was the residence of the celebrated Scottish reformer, John Knox, during the time the vindictive and sanguinary demon, Persecution, raged with destructive powers in the north, more particularly in this part of Scotland. There are, however, no records or historical facts to justify this supposition, nor indeed to give us any other account as to the origin of its erection.

You may ascend the tower with a little difficulty, which commands an extensive view of the western coast for above one hundred miles. As you proceed to the apex you meet with an excellent fountain of fresh water, which some have endeavoured to fathom, but without success. If you have strength and nerve sufficient to reach the perpendicular extremity, you are in possession of a view which very few equal, and which we are led to suppose none can excel. You have an extensive view of the island of Arran, and the southern majestic beauties of the Highlands; Londonderry and other northern parts of Ireland, and the whole western coast of Scotland; together with the Clyde disemboguing itself into the Firth, which dashes its proud and uncontroulable waves at the foot of this rock.

The sea-fowls are here innumerable, and when simultaneously roused, as is often the case, by the

discharge of a cannon from the steam-packets proceeding up the Firth, the air is absolutely darkened by their vast numbers, which is the object they wish to witness by their discharge, but which, by the by, is extremely detrimental to them in some parts of the year, for by being suddenly disturbed from their ovaries, they generally desert them, and that of course has a tendency to lessen their numbers: the rock abounds with the nests of these fowls.

Great caution is likewise requisite in descending this precipitous declivity; a few years ago a gentleman courageously ascended the top, he then became timid, fear gained the absolute domination over him, and he could not be prevailed upon to descend alone, and as the only alternative, he was obliged to be blindfolded, and led down with the greatest care.

This forlorn and desert rock is the property of the Earl of Cassillis, from whence he derives his baronial title of Baron Ailsa. It is tenanted by a person of the name of David Boddan, at a yearly rent of about sixty pounds, for the express purpose of destroying the sea-fowl and the few wild goats that are to be found there. The birds are so numerous that they are in general struck down with large sticks, or the dogs seize them in the fissures of the rocks. Occasionally they are obliged to resort to dangerous measures to obtain the eggs and destroy the birds:—a man descends down a precipice of about sixty fathoms, by means of ropes tied to his body, which are held by two individuals; one on each side of the rock,—a method which is extremely critical, and, to behold, horrific. Some few years back a man of the

name of Ross fell a prey to his temerity, by one of the ropes breaking. Upon the whole, we would recommend this stupendous and curious object to the attention of all northern travellers, who delight to contemplate the sublime works of nature; and to the antiquarian, and man of science, as ample means to furnish them with materials for the exercise of their speculative powers, and to give an impetus to the profundity of their researches.

§

LADY GRIZZEL HUME.

Some particulars of the Sufferings of the families of Polwarth and Jerviswood, previous to the revolution of 1688; *with extracts from Lady Murray's Narrative.*

It may probably be within the recollection of some of our readers, that soon after the publication of Mr. Fox's Historical Fragment, a quarto volume of "Observation" on that work appeared from the pen of the late Right Honourable George Rose. The professed object of Mr. Rose's book was to defend the character of Sir Patrick Hume (afterwards Earl of Marchmont) from certain injurious imputations which he conceived to have been thrown upon it in Mr. Fox's account of Argyle's invasion; and this allegation, though utterly unfounded, as it turned out, afforded a sort of plausible pretence for a most elaborate and ungracious, though singularly ineffective, attack on the posthumous work of our great statesman. Such are the humiliating effects produced by the littleness of party jealously and resentment, even

on minds naturally well disposed! And we feel the more regret on being obliged to advert to the present instance, as the late Treasurer of the Navy appears to have been not only a person of an amiable and liberal disposition in private life, but on several occasions, entitled to our respect and gratitude for his public exertions. As might have been expected, his heavy quarto speedily sunk back into that state of "dull forgetfulness" from which it had been for a moment rescued by the indignant refutation of Serjeant Heywood, and the contemptuous exposure of the Edinburgh Review; and it is now only to be found, we believe, in a few public libraries, and the collections of the curious. There is, however, an appendix subjoined to it, containing one or two original papers, which have not as yet appeared elsewhere, but which well deserve to be better known; and it is to one of these, entitled 'Lady Murray's Narrative,' that we wish at present to draw the attention of our readers.*

Lady Murray gives this little history of family sufferings and adventures chiefly from the information of her mother, who had a principal share in all of them; and whose kindly, innocent, and light-hearted character, gives the narrative its most endearing charm. The annals of fiction scarcely afford any thing more interesting, or more simply and affectingly told, than the account here given by the writer of the origin and progress of her father and mother's attachment; and we regret, exceedingly, that it is not in our power to relate the whole in the original words of the narrative.

* This Narrative consists of several copious extracts from an unpublished MS. written by a lady of the Jerwiswood

The elder Jerviswood and Sir Patrick Hume had been long intimate friends, and very strictly connected from being of the same way of thinking in religion and politics. They were also associated in the same patriotic designs for defending the liberties of their country. When Mr. Baillie was first imprisoned, Sir Patrick was extremely anxious to communicate with him privately; but owing to the jealousy with which his own conduct was watched, and the closeness with which Baillie was guarded, he found it impossible, by the ordinary means, to effect his purpose. In this strait, he sent his daughter Grizzel, (then a child little more than twelve years of age,) from Redbraes Castle to Edinburgh, with instructions to obtain admittance unsuspectedly, if possible, into the prison; to deliver a letter to Baillie; and to bring back from him such intelligence as she could. She succeeded in this difficult enterprise; and having, on this occasion, met with Mr. Baillie's son, the intimacy and attachment were formed, and afterwards completed by their marriage. Soon after this Sir Patrick Hume was himself imprisoned; first in Dunbarton, and afterwards in Stirling Castle; and during his tedious confinement, this exemplary daughter made repeated journeys from Berwickshire to carry him intelligence or administer to his comfort. A short respite to these

family, and now in the possession of the present Mr. Baillie. The writer, Lady Murray, was the daughter of the Honourable George Baillie and Lady Grizzel Hume, and consequently the grandchild of the celebrated Robert Baillie, and of Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont. She married Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope; but the union proving an unhappy one, she latterly resided in her father's house, and there wrote the MS. referred to.—Edin. Mag. & Lit. Miscellany. 1818.

exertions was afforded by the temporary liberation of her father and his friend; but it was only the prelude to more arduous trials.

Though the iniquitous trial and execution of Robert Baillie, of Jerviswood, must be familiar to all who have attentively perused the contemporary historians of that period, yet, as we believe the character of this excellent man is but little known to general readers, we shall introduce a few particulars respecting him, as a suitable introduction to the quotations that follow.—"A few years after the defeat of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, Baillie and some other noble-spirited Scotsmen,* roused by the intolerable oppression to which the country was subjected, and alarmed by the bloody career and bigoted principles of James, Duke of York, had associated themselves with several patriotic gentlemen in England, to devise means for excluding that Prince from the succession to the crown.† The design was prematurely discovered, and denounced, of course, by the ruling party, under the name of the "Rye-house Plot,"‡ as an abominable and traitorous conspiracy to assassinate the king and overturn the throne. Many of the best

* Among these were his three intimate friends, Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth, Fletcher, of Salton, and Pringle, of Torwoodlee. The first two lived long after the Revolution, enjoying in security the respect and distinction they had so honourably acquired; the last, of whose virtues and sufferings Wodrow has preserved an interesting memorial, died a few months after the successful issue of that important enterprise.

† This was unquestionably the legitimate and principal object of the conspiracy; though unfortunately Shaftesbury and some others were privy to it, who were men of a very different stamp, and probably influenced by less reputable motives.

‡ See p. 56, Vol. I.

men in both kingdoms were apprehended; and bribery and torture were unsparingly employed upon the inferior agents to force on convictions of treason against the principals: and it was for this "plot," as every reader knows, and by the most nefarious perversion of justice, that Lord Russel and Algernon Sidney were brought to the block. Robert Baillie was a worthy associate of these glorious men. On being first arrested, he appears to have been carried to London; but there not being sufficient evidence to criminate him by the English law, he was brought back to be tried in Scotland; and most shamefully condemned,—chiefly upon some confessions wrung from his friend Carstairs* under torture, and obtained upon the most solemn assurances that they should not be adduced as evidence against any of the accused.†

"Through his long confinement, and harsh treatment when in prison," says Wodrow, "this good man turned very sickly and tender; and it was reckoned almost certain by all, that, had the managers spared this gentleman a few weeks longer, they would have been rid of him by a natural death, and escaped the indelible blot of inhumanity and barbarity to so excellent a person. He was evidently a-dying when tried before the Justiciary, and was obliged to appear in his night-gown before them, and scarce able to stand when he spake; and yet he was kept in the pannel for ten hours, and behoved to take cordials several times; and next day he was carried in a chair, in his night-gown, to the scaffold."‡

* See vol. I. page 47.
† Burnet, Vol. II, p. 256.
‡ History of the Church of Scotland, Vol. II, p. 394.

During his illness, his wife and sister had been allowed occasionally to attend upon him, on condition of being shut up as close prisoners along with him; but even this indulgence, obtained with difficulty from the "tender mercies" of his persecutors, was repeatedly withdrawn; "and he afterwards grew worse," says his venerable historian, "in part, no doubt, from his being deprived of the care of these excellent ladies." After a very full and most interesting account of his trial, with the pleadings on both sides, the same author continues:—"I wish I could give as good an account of the moving speech Mr. Baillie had to the inquest, and the home thrust he gave the Lord Advocate; but I can only say, he appealed to the Advocate's conscience whether he was not satisfied as to his innocence, and had not owned so much to himself, which the other acknowledged, but added, he acted now by order from the Government; and to the Advocate and Judges, he, like a dying man, most pathetically disclaimed any access to, or knowledge of any design against the King or his brother's life; but added, if his life must go for his essays to prevent a Popish Succession, he owned them, and heartily parted with his life, as a testimony against a Papist's mounting the throne."* The verdict of the jury was brought in at an early hour the following morning; upon the opening of which, "The Lords decerned and adjudged the said Mr. Robert Baillie, of Jerviswood, to be taken to the market-cross of Edinburgh, this 24th day of December, 'twixt two and four in the afternoon, and there to be hanged on a gibbet till he

* History of the Church of Scotland, Vol. II, p. 398.

be dead, and his head to be cut off, and his body to be quartered in four, and his head to be affixed upon the Netherbow Port of Edinburgh, one of his quarters on the tolbooth of Jedburgh, another on the tolbooth of Lanark, a third on the tolbooth of Ayr, and a fourth on the tolbooth of Glasgow; and ordain his name, fame, memory, and honours to be extinct, his blood to be tainted, &c. as in common form; which was pronounced for doom."—When his sentence was intimated to him, he said, "My Lords, the time is short, the sentence is sharp, but I thank my God who hath made me as fit to die as ye are to live." We must refer our readers to Wodrow for other interesting particulars respecting this excellent man, who seems to have combined in his character the highest qualities of the patriot and the saint. It is much to be regretted, that no memoir of his life has yet been given to the public, in any work of easy access or popular form.

Lady Murray, in the narrative now before us, mentions, that her father, (Baillie's eldest son,) then in his nineteenth year, had hastened home from Holland, where he was prosecuting his education, to attend his father's trial; and he arrived to witness his barbarous execution. She adds, that, previous to this period, he had displayed a very lively and mirthful disposition, but the deep impression left upon his mind by this terrible scene, gave to his deportment an air of thoughful and solemn gravity which he scarcely ever afterwards laid aside.—But we now gratefully turn to the Narrative itself; the first extract of which in Mr. Rose's Appendix, commences about this period. Lady Murray is speaking of her mother, Lady Grizzel Hume:—

"After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather Baillie, again in prison, her father (Sir Patrick Hume) thought it necessary to keep concealed, and soon found he had too good reason for so doing; parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it, though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home, for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother, and my mother, except one man, a carpenter, called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst not run the risque of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place, a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house, where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at the one end, through which nobody could see what was below. She went every night by herself at midnight, to carry him victuals and drink; and stayed with him as long as she could to get home before day. In all this time, my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind, that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a church-yard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking, as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister the next day, and, under pretence of a mad dog, got

him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him without the servants suspecting; the only way it was done, was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of a like nature. Her father liked sheep's head, and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont*) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'Mother, will ye look at Grizzel; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head.' This occasioned so much mirth among them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share in the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort and constant entertainment (for he had no light to read by) was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day. Two years before he died, which was in the year 1724, I was witness to his desiring my mother to take up that book, which, amongst others, always lay upon his table, and bid her try if he had forgot his psalms, by naming any one she would have him repeat; and by casting her eye over it, she would know if he was right, though she did not understand it; and he miss't not a word in any place she named to him; and said they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day on all occasions. As the gloomy habitation my grandfather was in, was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out, in a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key; she and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards, which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she had left not a nail on her fingers; she helping the man to carry the earth as they dug it, in a sheet on his back out at

* The second Earl, whose elder brother was then living.

the window into the garden; he then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bed-clothes, and bored holes in the boards for air. When all this was finished, for it was long about, she thought herself the most secure happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial for a month of no water coming into it, which was feared from being so low, and every day examined by my mother, and the holes for air made clear, and kept clean picked, her father ventured home, having that to trust to. After being at home a week or two, the bed daily examined as usual, one day, in lifting the boards, the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water; in her life she was never so struck, and had near dropt down, it being at that time their only refuge; her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt providence no longer and that it was now fit and necessary for him to go off, and leave them; in which he was confirmed, by the carrier telling for news he had brought from Edinburgh, that the day before, Mr. Baillie, of Jerviswode, had his life taken from him at the cross, and that every body was sorry, though they durst not shew it; as all intercourse by letters was dangerous, it was the first notice they had of it; and the more shocking, that it was not expected. They immediately set about preparing for my grandfather's going away. My mother workt night and day in making some alterations in his clothes for disguise; they were then obliged to trust John Allan, their grieve, who fainted away when he was told his master was in the house, and that he was to set out with him on horseback before day, and pretend to the rest of the servant that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth fair. Accordingly, my grandfather getting out at a window to the stables, they set out in the dark. Though with good reason, it was a sorrowful parting; yet after he was fairly gone they rejoiced, and thought themselves happy that he was in a way of being safe, though they were deprived of him, and little knew what was to be either his fate or their own.

"My grandfather, whose thoughts were much employed, and went on as his horse carried him, without thinking of his

way, found himself at Tweedside, out of his road, and at a place not fordable, and no servant. After pausing, and stopping a good while, he found means to get over, and get into the road on t'other side, where, after some time, he met his servant, who shewed inexpressible joy at meeting him, and told him, as he rid first, he though he was always following him, till upon a great noise of the galloping of horses, he lookt about and mist him; this was a party sent to his house to take him up, where they searched very narrowly, and possibly hearing horses were gone from the house, suspected the truth and followed; they examined this man, who, to his great joy and astonishment, mist his master, and was too cunning for them, that they were gone back before my grandfather came up with him. He immediately quitted the high road, after a warning by so miraculous an escape, and in two days sent back his servant, which was the first notice they had at home of his not having fallen into their hands.

Sir Patrick Hume, after making the narrow escape from the party sent to apprehend him, proceeded to London through by-ways; and from thence passed over to Holland, where he appears to have resided incognito, till the following year, (1685) when he accompanied the Earl of Argyle in his descent upon Scotland. The history of that unfortunate enterprise is well known, and Patrick's interesting account of his own share in it, is probably familiar to many of our readers.*

Whether he first retired to his own castle on his retreat from the field, or made his way straight to London, does not very clearly appear. He says

* Sir Patrick's Narrative was first published by Mr. Rose, into whose possession it had come, with many other valuable MSS. on the death of the late Earl of Marchmont.

nothing in regard to this point in his own Narrative: but the critic on Mr. Rose's book in the Edinburgh Review, distinctly refers his concealment in the burial vault at Polwarth to the period succeeding Argyle's discomfiture, though evidently in contradiction to Lady Murray's account. It is perhaps not improbable, that in this instance she may have confounded the particulars of his two escapes; but however that may be, it is certain he again safely reached London in the disguise of an itinerant surgeon. He was the more easily enabled to assume this character, from his possessing some little knowledge of medicine,—always carrying lancets with him, and being able to bleed, &c. In the metropolis he lay concealed for a short while in the house of Admiral Herbert, afterwards distinguished for his important services in the cause of the Revolution. Sir Patrick then crossed the channel, and travelled through France on foot, by the way of Bordeaux and Geneva to Rotterdam. During these peregrinations, and even after reaching Holland, he found it expedient to keep up his assumed character of a medical man travelling for improvement in his profession; nor did he judge it safe, though living under the immediate protection of the Prince of Orange, and enjoying his personal friendship, to throw off this disguise entirely during his residence in that country. Having been forfeited by the English government immediately after Argyle's defeat, his estate given to Lord Seaforth, and a price set on his head, he sent for his wife and family to join him at Utrecht; at which place he formed his little domestic establishment and continued to reside, till he

was called to join the Prince of Orange in his expedition to overturn the tyrannical government of the Stuarts in October, 1688.

The troubles and distresses endured by Lady Hume and her children, after Sir Patrick's forfeiture, and their various difficulties before they were able to join him at Utrecht, are mentioned in a very interesting manner in the Narrative of Lady Murray; but we shall only particularly notice what relates to her mother. A few months after their arrival, she was sent back to Scotland by herself to bring over her sister Julian, a child, who had been left behind on account of ill health. She was intrusted, at the same time, with the management of some business of her father's, and directed to collect what she could of the money that was due to him. All this she performed with her usual discretion and success, though not without encountering adventures that would have completely overwhelmed the resources of most young ladies of her age and rank in these days of empirical education, and tinselly accomplishment. After enduring a storm at sea, the terrors of which were aggravated by the barbarity of a brutal shipmaster, the two girls were landed at Brill; and from thence they set out the same night on foot for Rotterdam, in company with a Scotch gentleman whom they had accidentally met with, and who, like themselves, had been driven by persecution at home to seek for refuge in Holland.

"It was a cold wet dirty night: my aunt, a girl not well able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the dirt; my mother took her upon her back, and carried her

the rest of the way, the gentleman carrying their small baggage; at Rotterdam they found their eldest brother, and my father, waiting for their arrival to conduct them to Utrecht, where their house was; and no sooner were they all met than she forgot every thing, and felt nothing but happiness and contentment. They lived three years and a half in Holland, and in that time she made a second voyage to Scotland about business. Her father went by the borrowed name of Dr. Wallace, and did not stir out for fear of being discovered; though who he was was no secret to the well-wishers of the revolution. Their great desire was to have a good house, as their greatest comfort was at home; and all the people of the same way of thinking, of which there were great numbers, were continually with them: they paid for their house what was very extravagant for their income, near a fourth part: they could not afford keeping any servant, but a little girl to wash the dishes.

"All the time they were there, there was not a week my mother did not sit up two nights, to do the business that was necessary: she went to market, went to the mill to have their corn ground, which, it seems, is the way with good managers there,—drest the linen, cleaned the house, made ready dinner, mended the children's stockings and other cloaths, made what she could for them, and in short did every thing. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music: Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord for a little

money (but it is a Rucar)* now in my custody, and most valuable. My aunt played and sung well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass betwixt the sisters about their different occupations. Every morning before six, my mother lighted her father's fire in his study, then waked him, (he was ever a good sleeper, which blessing, among many others, she inherited from him,) then got him what he usually took as soon as he got up, warm small beer, with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he continued his whole life, and of which I have the receipt; then she took up the children, and brought them all to his room, where he taught them every thing that was fit for their age; some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c. and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school; and my mother, when she had a moment's time, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs, of her writing when there; many of them interrupted, half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence: she had no less a turn for mirth and society than any of the family, when she could come at it without neglecting what she thought more neces-

* An eminent maker of that name.

sary. Her eldest brother Patrick, who was nearest her age, and bred up together, was her most dearly beloved. My father was there, forfeited and exiled, in the same situation with themselves. She had seen him for the first time in the prison with his father, not long before he suffered, and from that time their hearts were engaged. Her brother and my father were soon got in to ride in the Prince of Orange's guards till they were better provided for in the army, which they were before the revolution. They took their turn in standing sentry at the Prince's gate, but always contrived to do it together; and the strict friendship and intimacy that then began continued to the last: though their station was then low, they kept up their spirits. The Prince often dined in public; then all were admitted to see him; when any pretty girl wanted to go in, they set their halberts across the door, and would not let her pass till she gave each of them a kiss, which made them think and call them very pert soldiers. I could relate many stories on that subject. My mother could talk for hours, and never tire of it, always saying it was the happiest and most delightful part of her life. Her constant attention was to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress: they wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place; and one of their greatest expences was in dressing him as he ought to be. As their house was always full of the unfortunate banished people like themselves, they seldom went to dinner without three, or four, or five of them to share with them; and many a

hundred times I have heard her say, she could never look back upon their manner of living there without thinking it a miracle; they had no want, but plenty of every thing they desired, and much contentment, and she always declared it the most pleasing part of her life, though they were not without their little distresses, but to them they were rather jokes than grievances. The professors, and men of learning in the place, came often to see my grandfather: the best entertainment he could give them was a glass of alabast beer, which was a better kind of ale than common. He sent his son Andrew, the late Lord Kimmerghame, a boy, to draw some for them in the cellar; he brought it up with great diligence, but in the other hand the spiket of the barrel. My grandfather said, Andrew, what is that in your hand?—when he saw it he run down with speed, but the beer was all run out before he got there. This occasioned much mirth, though perhaps they did not well know where to get more. It is the custom there to gather money for the poor from house to house, with a bell to warn people to give it. One night the bell came, and no money was there in the house but an orkey, which is a doit, the smallest of all coin. Every body was so ashamed, no one would go to give it, it was so little, and put it from one to t' other. At last my grandfather said, Well then, I'll go with it, we can do no more than give all we have. They were often reduced to this by the delay of the ships coming from Scotland with their small remittances; then they put the little plate they had (all of which they carried with them) in

the Lumber, which is paunding it, till the ships came; and that very plate they brought with them again to Scotland, and left no debt behind them. When the long expected happiness of the Prince going to England took place, her father, and brother, and my father, went with him: they soon heard the melancholy report of the whole fleet being cast away or disperst, and immediately came from Utrecht to Helvoetsluys, to get what information they could; the place was so crowded by people from all quarters, come for the same purpose, that her mother, she, and her sister, were forced to lie in the boat they came in; and for three days continually, to see come floating in, beds, chests, horses, &c. that had been thrown overboard in their distress. At the end of the third day, the Prince and some other ships came in, but no account of the ship their friends were in: their despair was great, but in a few days was relieved by their coming in safe, but with the loss of all their baggage, which at that time was no small distress to them."

The expedition having again sailed, they soon had the satisfaction to hear of its complete success, and the cheering prospect of a speedy close to their own exile, and the misfortunes of their country. But the cup of human felicity is seldom given unmingled, and on the very day that these happy news reached Sir Patrick's wife and eldest daughter, they were weeping over the unexpected loss of his daughter Christian, who had died suddenly of a sore throat caught from exposing herself in the damp open boat at Helvoetsluys, in her anxiety for his safety.

"Her death," says the Narrative, "was so heavy an affliction to both her mother and her, (Grizzel,) that they had no feeling for any thing else; and often have I heard her say, she had no notion of any other cause of sorrow but the death and affliction of those she loved, and of that she was sensible to her last, in the most tender manner. She had tried many hardships, without being depressed by them; on the contrary, her spirits and activity increased the more she had occasion for it; but the death of her friends was always a load too heavy for her. She had strong and tender passions, though she never gave way to them, but in what was commendable and praise-worthy."

When matters were all settled in England, the younger part of the family were sent home under the care of a friend, and Lady Hume and Grizzel came over with the Princess of Orange to London. The Princess, now about to ascend the British throne, wished to retain Grizzel near her person, as one of her maids of honour; but, though well qualified to fill that envied situation, this simple-hearted girl had the magnanimity to decline the appointment, and preferred returning with her friends to Scotland,—to the scenes and innocent affections of her childhood. Her daughter continues:—

"Her actions shew what her mind was, and her outward appearance was no less singular: she was middle sized, well made, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chesnut, and to her last she had

the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen, which added to her natural constitution, might be owing to the great moderation she had in her diet throughout her whole life. Porridge and milk was her greatest feast, and she by choice preferred them to every thing, though nothing came wrong to her that others could eat: water she preferred to any liquor: though often obliged to take a glass of wine, she always did it unwillingly, thinking it hurt her, and did not like it. She declined being maid of honour, and chose going home with the rest of her family. Having had her union with my father always in view, their affection for one another increased in their exile, though they well knew it was no time to declare it, (neither of them having a shilling,) and were at no small trouble to conceal it from her parents, who could not but think such an engagement ruinous to them both; especially when in the midst of their distress there was offers pressed upon her by them, from two gentlemen in their neighbourhood at home, of fortune and character, who had done nothing to forfeit either, and with whom they thought it would have been happy to settle their daughter at any time: she earnestly rejected both, but without giving any reason for it, though her parents suspected it; and it was the only thing she ever displeased or disobeyed them in. These gentlemen I have mentioned, were intimate and sincere friends to my father and her, to the day of their death, and often said to them both, she had made a much better choice in him, for they made no secret

of having made their addresses to her. Her parents were ever fond of my father, and he was always with them. So great an opinion had they of him, that he was generally preferred to any other, and trusted to go out with my mother, and take care of her when she had any business to do:—they had no objection but the circumstances he was in; which had no weight with my mother, who always hoped things would turn out at last as they really did; and if they did not, was resolved never to marry at all. When he was put in possession of his estate by King William, (which had been given to the Duke of Gordon), he made their engagements known; and they were married about two years after the revolution: then my grand-father was in high favour, as he well deserved from his great sufferings, and was made Chancellor of Scotland; and afterwards made the King's High Commissioner to the Parliament, which was the greatest office in this country."

We must not attempt to follow the Narrative through all its delightful and truly edifying details; yet we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing one or two characteristic anecdotes of old Sir Patrick, (now Earl of Marchmont), after all his political and personal troubles were over, and when he was enjoying in security the wealth and honours he had so meritoriously obtained.

"My grandfather while in high station had frequent opportunities of shewing his natural humanity to those in distress, always remembering he had been so himself. Amongst many, one Captain Burd had a process before the Privie Counsel, of which my

grandfather was president as chancellor, for something that imported no less than his life; the moment he appeared before him, though he had not recollected him by his name, he knew him to be the same Captain Burd with whom he had been intimately acquainted in France, and they had made part of the journey on foot from that together to Holland; but the Captain little suspected to find his old friend, Doctor Wallace, sitting there as his judge, and had not the least knowledge of his ever having been other than what he then appeared. My grandfather examined him pretty strictly, and with some severity, so that he was dismissed with the utmost apprehension of no favour. My grandfather ordered his son Sir Andrew Hume, who was then a lawyer, to get acquainted with him, and bring him one day to tell his own case; which he did in fear and trembling, dreading the severity he had already experienced. When they were alone he was telling his story without lifting his eyes from the ground. When he had done, my grandfather said smiling, 'Do you not know me?' upon which he look't up, cried out, 'God's wounds, Doctor Wallace!' run to him, hung about his neck with tears of joy. One may judge what succeeded, and the pleasure they had to see one another."

It is pleasant to learn that this joculer vein and kindly cheerfulness of character continued unimpaired by the infirmities of old age, and even by the near approach of death itself. The following passage may also serve to shew (and, indeed, so may the whole narrative) how very exaggerated are some of the no-

tions still current in the world respecting the austerity and gloom supposed to prevail *universally* among those who were staunch adherents to what were called the "rebellious principles of Whiggery," and the "fanatical and ungentlemanly religion of Presbytery."

"He retained his judgment and good humour to the last. Two or three years before he died, my mother was at Berwick with him, where he then lived, and many of her relations came there to see her before she went to London. As mirth and good-humour, and particularly dancing, had always been one characteristic of the family, when so many of us were met, (being no fewer than fourteen of his children and grandchildren,) we had a dance. He was then very weak in his limbs, and could not walk down stairs, but desired to be carried down to the room where we were to see us; which he did with great cheerfulness, saying, though he could not dance with us, he could yet beat time with his foot, which he did, and bid us dance as long as we could; that it was the best medicine he knew, for at the same time that it gave exercise to the body, it cheered the mind. At his usual time of going to bed, he was carried up stairs, and we ceased dancing, for fear of disturbing him; but he soon sent to bid us go on, for the noise and music, so far from disturbing, that it would lull him to sleep. He had no notion of interrupting the innocent pleasure of others, though his age hindered him to partake of it. His exemplary piety and goodness was no bar to his mirth, and he often used to say none had so good reason to be merry and pleased,

as those that served God, and obeyed his commandments.

"He died of a fever in the 84th year of his age, 1724. None of our family were in Scotland, but Lord Binning, who came to him the first notice from Lady Julian of his illness, and attended him to the last. As he was sitting by his bedside not many hours before he expired, he saw him smiling, and said, My Lord, what are you laughing at? He answered, I am diverted to think what disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones. He was much extenuate, and had always been a thin clever man. He went off without a groan, and seemed to rejoice in the expectation of his end."

The narrative comprises also various biographical notices respecting several branches of the families of Marchmont and Jerviswood, to which we cannot even cursorily advert. Suffice it to say, that the mutual felicity of Mr. Baillie and his lady seems not to have been disproportioned to their uncommon virtues and endowments. Lady Grizzel, amidst all the grandeur and the glare of high life, retained the same disinterested singleness of heart, and simplicity of manners, which in youth had gained her universal regard, and graced her in every station. Her conduct as a wife and a mother was not less exemplary than it had been as a daughter; nor did her filial and sisterly attentions suffer any diminution from the increase of other intimate claims on her affections. Her husband was truly worthy of her, and of the patriotic race from which he sprung. He filled, with great

honour, several important offices under Government, and was not more distinguished for his eminent abilities than for his high-toned integrity and sincere and fervent piety. "They were married," says the daughter, "forty-eight years and never had a quarrel nor a dryness during that time."

Two daughters were the offspring of this happy union, viz. Grizzel Lady Murray, the writer of the narrative, and Rachel, who married Charles Lord Binning, eldest son of the Earl of Haddington.* This amiable and and accomplished young nobleman never succeeded to the hereditary honours of his family. Having fallen into bad health, he went to Italy for the benefit of the climate, but died at Naples in 1733. His father-in-law and Lady Grizzel had accompanied him abroad and lived, some time in the vicinity of Naples with him. On his death, they returned with his children to Oxford, where they also fixed their own residence, chiefly with a view to superintend the education of their grandsons. Mr. Baillie died at that place in 1738, in the 75th year of his age. His wife sur-

* Lord Binning, like his mother-in-law, possessed elegant talents for song writing. He is well known as the author of the ballad beginning "Did ever swain a nymph adore," See Ritson's Collection, Vol. I. p. 73.

It is not a little honorable to our Scottish nobility and gentry to observe how many of them have successfully cultivated the lyric muse of their country. In the same collection we observe the names of the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, Sir Alexander Halket, Hamilton of Bangour, Robertson of Struan,—and Lady Ann Lindsay, author of the song entitled Auld Robin Gray," one of the best specimens of genuine pathos and simplicity in our language.—Many other names might be added.

vived him about eight years, and died in the midst of her family at the advanced age of 81. There is something in her daughter's account of her death very simple and touching; and the old-fashioned traits it displays of an affectionate veneration for even the amiable prejudices or weaknesses of humanity are so natural, and so rarely to be met with now-a-days, that we could scarcely have denied ourselves the pleasure of quoting this and one or two similar passages, if we had not already exceeded our limits,—and had we not also well-grounded hope of seeing the *entire* narrative ere long rendered accessible to the public.

Of Lady Grizzel's talents in song-writing one successful specimen has been long in print, viz.—"Were na my heart light I wad die." Our readers may probably be gratified to see a copy of it here, from the text of Ritson, who has published it with his usual regard to correctness, along with the original melody.*

There was ance a may, and she loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and a-well a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw nothing sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light I wad die.
&c. &c.

* Scottish Songs, Vol. I. p. 128.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd, and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the likes of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johnny:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said, I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the millee:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wily and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din:
Believe your ain een, an' ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as weel as some's new;
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes dandering about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee as I hae been,
We should hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it blythe on the lily-white lee:
And wow gin I were but young for thee!

This, we think, is very good, and corresponds also very beautifully with the idea we have formed of the author's character—at once simple, lively, and tender.

An interesting notice in her daughter's narrative, along with other circumstances, induces us to entertain a hope that further specimens of her poetical talents may yet be recovered. Lady Murray says,—"*I have now a book of songs of her writing when there,* [in Holland,] *many of them interrupted, half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence,*" &c. Such a collection, whether altogether of her own composition or not, would probably afford some valuable addition to the lyric treasures by which Scotland has long been so peculiarly distinguished. And, should the present notice meet the eye of those into whose possession this MS. has most probably fallen, we earnestly hope they will be induced to inquire after it, and, if still in existence, to favour the public, through some respectable channel, with information as to its contents.

We are enabled to subjoin one unpublished fragment of this description,—supposed to be Lady Grizzel's composition from circumstantial evidence. It was lately discovered, in her hand-writing, among a parcel of old letters and inclosed in one of them, written about the time of her father's forfeiture to, her brother Patrick, then serving with Mr. Baillie in the Prince of Orange's Guards. The first two of the following stanzas are copied from this MS. The others (in brackets) are subjoined, as an imperfect attempt to complete the song in a similar style, but

with a more direct reference to the situation of Lady Grizzel and the family of Polwarth at that disastrous period.

O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on their bog reed and horn;
While we're milking they're lilting baith pleasant and clear—
But my heart's like to break when I think of my dear!

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn;
On the bonny green banks they feed pleasant and free—
But alas! my Dear Heart all my sighing's for thee!

[How blythe wi' my Sandy out o'er the brown fells,
I hae followed the flocks through the fresh heather bells!
But now I sit greeting amang the lang broom,
In the dowie green cleughs whare the burnie glides down.

O wae to the traitors! an' black be their fa',
Wha banished my kind hearted shepherd awa!
Wha banished my laddie ayont the wide sea,
That aye was sae leal to his country and me.

But the cruel oppressors shall tremble for fear,
When the True-blue and Orange in triumph appear;
And the Star o' the East leads them o'er the dark sea,
With freedom to Scotland, and Sandy to me.]

§

COURT SCANDAL AND GOSSIP,

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS, DIARIES, &c. CONCERNING THE BIRTH OF THE PRETENDER.—*June* 10, 1688.

Lord Danby to the Prince of Orange.—London, March 27, 1688.

Many of our ladies say, that the queen's great belly seems to grow faster than they have observed their own to do; and because it is fit her majesty should always have the greatest

persons near her in this condition, I hope the Princess will take care that the Princess Anne may be always within call; and especially to see (when the time is near) that the midwife discharges her duty with that care which ought to be had in a case of great concern.

King James to the Prince of Orange.—St. James, June 12, 1688.

The Queen was, God be thanked, safely delivered of a son on Sunday morning a little before ten. She has been well ever since; but the child was somewhat ill last night of the wind and some gripes, but is now, blessed be God, very well again, and like to have no returns of it, and is a very strong boy.

The Princess Anne to her sister the Princess of Orange. —The Cockpit, March 14, 1687-8.

I cannot help thinking Mansell's wife's (i. e. the Queen) great belly is a little suspicious. It is true indeed, she is very big; but she looks better than ever she did, which is not usual; for people when they are so far gone, for the most part, look very ill: besides, 'tis very odd, that the bath, that all the doctors thought would do her a great deal of harm, should have had so very good effect so soon, as that she should prove with child from the first minute she and Mansell met, after her coming from thence. Her being so positive it will be a son, and the principles of that religion being such, that they will stick at nothing, be it never so wicked, if it will promote their interests, give some cause to fear there may be foul play intended. I will do all I can to find it out, if it be so; and if I should make any discovery, you may be sure to have an account of it.

From the same to the same.—Cockpit, March 20, 1687-8.

I hope you will instruct Bentley, what you would have your friends to do, if any alteration should come, as it is

to be feared there will, especially if Mansell has a son, which I conclude she will, there being so much reason to believe it is a false belly. For methinks, if it were not, there having been so many stories and jests made about it, she should, to convince the world, make either me or some of my friends feel her belly: but quite contrary, whenever one talks of her being with child, she looks as if she were afraid one would touch her; and whenever I have happened to be in the room as she has been undressing, she has always gone into the next room to put on her smock. These things give me so much just cause of suspicion, that I believe, when she is brought to bed, nobody will be convinced it is her child, except it prove a daughter. For my part, I declare I shall not, except I see the child and she parted.

From the same to the same. The Cockpit, June 18, 1688.

My dear sister can't imagine the concern and vexation I have been in, that I should be so unfortunate to be out of town when the queen was brought to bed; for I shall never now be satisfied, whether the child be true or false. It may be it is our brother, but God only knows, for she never took care to satisfy the world, or give people any demonstration of it. It is wonderful, if she had really been with child, that nobody was suffered to feel it stir, but Madame Mazarin, and Lady Sunderland, who are people that nobody will give credit to. If, out of her pride, she would not have let me touch her, methinks it would have been very natural for her sometimes, when she was undressing, to have let Mrs. Roberts, as it were by chance, have seen her belly: but instead of endeavouring to give one any satisfaction, she has always been very shy both to her and me. The great bustle that was made about her lying-in at Windsor, and then resolving all of a sudden to go to St. James's, which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in; and Mr. Turones' lying in the bed chamber that night she fell in labour, and none of the family besides being removed from Whitehall, are things that give one great

cause to be suspicious. But that which to me seems the plainest thing in the world, is her being brought to bed two days after she heard of my coming up to town,* and saying that the child was come at the full time, when every body knows, by her own reckoning, that she should have gone a month longer. After all this, 'tis possible it may be her child; but where one believe it, a thousand do not. For my part, except they do give very plain demonstrations, which is almost impossible now, I shall ever be of the number of unbelievers. I don't find that people are at all disheartened, but seem all of a mind, which is a very comfortable thing at such a time as this.

From the same to the same. Cockpit, July 9, 1688.

The Prince of Wales has been ill there three or four days; and if he has been so bad as some people say, I believe it will not be long before he is an angel in heaven.

Questions sent by the Princess of Orange, to the Princess Anne of Denmark, July 21, 1688.

Our acute and prudent historian, very properly gives these questions as he found them in notes from the Princess Anne's letters to her sister, taken from the originals by the late Dr. Birch, in which are subjoined to Q. 18, the last, additions to Q. 12, 13, 16, 16 & 3. But to accommodate our readers, we annex these additions to the questions to which they respectively belong; we likewise subjoin to each question the Princess Anne's answer to it, instead of giving all the answers by themselves, as is done in the original. But previously shall we here give the introduction to these answers, viz.

* Perhaps "coming to," should be "going out," which would make this and the beginning of the letter consistent.

The Princess Anne of Denmark's answer. The Cockpit, July 24, 1688.

I received, yesterday, yours of the 19th; by which I find you are not satisfied with the account I have given you in my last letter; but I hope you will forgive my being no more particular, when you consider, that not being upon the place, all I could know must be from others; and having then been but a few days in town, I had no time to inquire so narrowly into things, as I have since: but before I say any more, I can't help telling you, I am very sorry you should think I would be negligent in letting you know things of any consequence. For though I am generally lazy; and it is true indeed when I write by the post, for the most part, I make those letters very short, not daring to tell you any news by it; and being very ill at invention, yet I hope you will forgive my being lazy, when I have such letters, since I have never missed any opportunity of giving you all the intelligence I am able: and pray be not so unjust as to believe I can think the doing any thing you can desire, any trouble; for certainly I would do a great deal more for you, if it lay in my power, than the answering your questions, which I shall do now as exactly as you desire.

EXAMINATION OF THE PRINCESS ANNE.

Q. 1. Whether the Queen desired at any time any of the ladies, in particular the Princess of Denmark, to feel her belly, since she thought herself quick? And who those ladies are? And when that was, whether in the beginning of her being quick, or of late?

A. I never heard any body say they felt the child stir; but I am told Lady Sunderland and Madame Mazarin say they felt it at the beginning. Mrs. Dawson tells me, she has seen it stir, but never felt it.

Q. 2. Whether the milk that, as is said, was in the Queen's breasts, was seen by many, or conducted in a mystery?

A. I never saw any milk; but Mrs. Dawson says, she has seen it upon her smock, and that it began to run at the same time it used to do of her other children.

Q. 3. Whether the astringents that the Queen is said to have taken, were taken by her openly, or if a mystery was made of that? What doctors were consulted about the Queen, before, and since her being at the bath? Whether Dr. Waldgrave alone, or others with him, knew the particulars of her condition all along?

A. For what they called restringing draught, I saw her drink two of them; and I doubt that she drank them frequently, and publicly, before her going to the bath. Dr. Waldgrave was very earnest with Sir Charles Scarburgh, to be for her going thither; but he was so fierce against it, that there was another consultation of doctors called, Sir Charles Scarburgh, Drs. Waldgrave, Wetherby, Brady, and Brown. After that there was only Sir Charles Scarburgh, and Dr. Waldgrave, (and for the first I believe he knew but little) excepting one, when she was to be let blood, and when she was to have gone to Windsor. Then some of the others were called in to give their opinions.

Q. 4. Whether the treating of the Queen's breasts, for drawing back the milk, and the giving her clean linen, has been managed openly, or mysteriously?

A. All I can say in this article is, that once in dis-

course Mrs. Bromley told Mrs. Roberts, one day (Sunderland) Rogers' daughter came into the room when Mrs. Mansell was putting off her clouts, and she was angry at it, because she did not care to be seen when she was shifting.

Q. 5. At what hour did the Queen's labour begin?

A. She fell in labour about eight o'clock.

Q. 6. At what hour was the notice of it sent to the King? Whether the King did not be at St. James's, or with the Queen, that night? Or if he was gone back to Whitehall?

A. She sent for the King at that time, who had been up a quarter of an hour, having lain with her that night, and was then dressing.

Q, 7. Whether upon sending to the King, the thing was let fly over St. James's and Whitehall? Or if the notice was sent secretly to the King?

A. As soon as the King came, he sent for the Queen Dowager, and all the Council. After that it was known all over St. James's.

Q. 8. Whether did the King send about for the Privy Councillors? or if he took those that were by accident at Whitehall?

A. Most of the other men, I suppose, that were there, was at the King's using.

Q. 9. At what time came the King with the Council into the Queen's chambers?

A. They came into the room presently after the Queen Dowager came, which was about half an hour after she was brought to bed.

Q. 10. Whether was there a screen at the foot of the bed, between it and the rest of the room, or not?

A. There was a screen. She was brought to bed in the bed she lay in all night, and in the great bed-chamber, as she was of her last child.

Q. 11. Whether did any women, besides the confidents, see the Queen's face when she was in labour? And whether she had the looks of a woman in labour? Who was in the room, both men and women? What time came they in? And how near they stood.

A. The feet curtains of her bed were drawn, and the two sides were open. When she was in great pain, the King called in haste for my Lord Chancellor; who came up to the bed-side to shew he was there; upon which the rest of the Privy Councillors did the same thing. The Queen desired the King to hide her face with his head and periwig; which he did; for she said she could not be brought to bed and have so many men look on her; for all the Council stood close at the bed's feet, and Lord Chancellor upon the step.

Q. 12. How long was the King talking to the Privy Councillors, after the child was carried to the next room, before he went to look upon it? and in this, as well as the other questions relating to the point of time, a critical answer, as near to a minute as it is possible, is desired.—Who took the child when it was born?

A. As soon as the child was born, the midwife cut the navel string, because the after burthen did not follow quickly; and then she gave it to Mrs. Labadie; who, as she was going by the bed-side, cross the step, to carry it into the little bed-chamber, the King

stopped her, and said to the Privy Councillors, that they were witnesses there was a child born, and bid them follow it into the next room, and see what it was; which they all did; for till after they came out again, it was not declared what it was; but the midwife had only given a sign that it was a son, which is what had been done before.

Q. 13. What women of one sort or other were present? And if no woman was called in to hold the Queen? If the King did use to be nearer the bed, and hold the Queen in former labours?

A. When the Queen Dowager came first into the room, she went up to the bed-side; but after that stood all the while by the clock. There was in the room, Lord Chancellor, Lord President, Lord Privy Seal, the two Chamberlains, Lord Middleton, Lord Cran, Lord Huntingdon, Lord Powis, Lord Dover, Lord Peterborough, Lord Melfort, Lord Dartmouth, Sir John Ernley, Lord Preston, Sir Nicholas Butler, Duke of Beaumont, Lord Berkeley, Lord Murray, Lord Castlemain; these were of the Council: and for others, there was Lord Feversham, Lord Allan, and Sir St. Fox, and Mr. Griffin, besides pages of the back stairs and Priests.—The women that were there were Lady Peterborough, Lady Bellasis, Lady Arran, Lady Tyrconnel, Lady Roscommon, Lady S. Buckley, Lady Fingal, Madame Mazarin, Madame Bouillon, Lady Powis, Lady Strickland, Lady C——, Mrs. Cran, two of the Queen's Dowagers Portugueses, Mrs. Bromley, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Waldgrave, Lady Wentworth, and Mrs. Tureine. All these stood as near as they could. Lady Bellasis

gave the midwife the receiver, and Mrs. Dawson stood behind a Dutch chair that the midwife sat upon to do her work. All the time the child was parted, I do not hear of any body that held the Queen except the King; and he was upon the bed by her all the while.

Q. 14. Were no ladies sent for? or who were sent for? And at what time the message was sent to the Queen Dowager? Also at what time she came?

A. I don't hear that any ladies were sent for but the Queen's own; and they were called presently after the Queen Dowager. She came a quarter after nine. Where she stood and at what time she was sent for, I have already told you.

Q. 15. Whether in any former labour, the Queen was delivered so mysteriously, so suddenly, and so few being present, or called for?

A. Her labour never used to be so long.

Q. 16. If many observed the child's limbs being slender at first, and their appearance all of a sudden to be round and full? If every body is permitted to see the child at all hours, dressed and undressed? Who is about it, rockers and dry nurse?

A. I never heard what you say of the child's limbs. As for seeing it dressed or undressed, they avoid it as much as they can. By all I have seen and heard, sometimes they refuse almost every body to see it; that is, when they say it is not well, and they would have one think it is sick, as the other children used to be. In short, it is not very clear any thing they do; and for the servants, from the highest to the lowest, they are all Papists.

Q. 17. Is the Queen fond of it?

A. The Queen forbid Lady Powis to bring the child to her before any company, but that, they say, she used to do to her other children. I dined there the other day, when it was said it had been very ill of a looseness, and it really looked so; yet when she came from prayers, she went to dinner without seeing it, and after that playing at comet, and did not go to it till she was put out of the pool.

Q. 18, How Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Bromley, stand with the Queen? Which of her bed-chamber women are most in favour?

A. I believe none of the bed-chamber women have any favour with the Queen, but Mrs. Tureine; but they say Mrs. Bromley has an interest with the King.

After finishing her answers, the Princess Anne proceeds thus;

I am going to Tunbridge; but if I was to stay here, I could not watch the child, for it is to be at Richmond. Lady Churchill does not go with me at first; and as long as she stays here, I am sure she will do all in her power to give you and I an account of every thing that happens that is worth knowing.

I have done my endeavour to inform myself of every thing; for I have spoke with Mrs. Dawson, and asked her all the questions I could think of: for not being in the room when the Queen was brought to bed, one must enquire of somebody that was there, and I thought she could tell me as much as any body, and would be less likely to speak of it; and I took

all the care I could, when I spoke to her, to do it in such a manner that I might know every thing; and in case she should betray me, that the King and Queen might not be angry with me.

It was she that told me what I have said, in the 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th articles. She told me besides, that when she came to the Queen, she found Mrs. Tureine and the midwife with her. All that she says seems very clear; for one does not know what to think; for methinks it is wonderful, if it is no cheat, that they never took pains to convince me of it.

One thing I had forgot, which is, that the last time she was brought to bed, the reason of her being delivered in the great bed was, because she was catched; and this time, Mrs. Davison says, though the pallet was up, the Queen would not go into it, because the quilts were not aired.

In parts of the preceding letters, not here inserted, and also in other letters of the Princess Anne, her Royal Highness expresses great fears concerning the Protestant religion, and also her dislike of several persons at her father's court, and she seems not to entertain a good opinion even of the Queen. Whether these considerations, joined to that of being presumptive heir to the crown of the king, should he have no son (for then there was no expectation of the Princess of Orange's having issue) may have strengthened and encreased her suspicions on this occasion, is left to the determination of the reader. After she herself had no hopes of surviving issue, she was suspected of Jacobitism, and not before.

Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne to the Electress Sophia.

I would not have presumed to interrupt your better spent hours with my rude and unpolished lines, had I not been

encouraged by your gracious commands, sent by the Reverend Heer Meuchsen, Minister of the gospel to the Lutheran church in the Hague. He was pleased to give me a short account of a discourse past in your Royal Highnesses presence, wherein my name was mentioned upon two different subjects, of which I think it my duty to give your Royal Highness the best satisfaction I can. The first related to my attendance at the birth of the Pretender, to the crown of Great Britain, now formally settled by law on your Royal Highness. In this, I perceive the Heer Meuschen was misled, confounding my discourse with him, on this subject, together with the conversation he might have had with others, occasioned by pamphlets then here current, pretending an account how far I had been therein engaged, to which several falsehoods. One of those papers was writ by Mr. Burnet, son to the Bishop of Salisbury.—The matter of fact follows.—

THE REFUTATION.

On Sunday morning, the day and month of the year occurs not at present to my memory, the Queen sent only a footman to fetch me to St. James's; but late the night before being gone to Chatham to visit a patient, he missed me. A postman immediately dispatched; and I hastened, and found a child newly born, loose and undrest, in Lady Powis her lap, and, as I was informed, brought forth an hour before I came. I was not long in the chamber when came the Duke of Hamilton, then Lord Arran. More, as to this particular I cannot offer on my own knowledge, but shall subjoin a few probable circumstances: for instance, the Duchess of Monmouth having some time before sent for me, and being in the mean time gone to the Queen's levee, left order I should wait her graces' return. When arrived she was pleased to

make this excuse for my waiting, that she had been with her Majesty, saw her shifted, and her belly very big: which I suppose nothing can so soon reduce as the bearing of a child: other tumours requiring for a more complete abatement, weeks, months, or years. This relation being wholly occasioned by a chance, and mentioned by one at that time, disobliged by the Court, I take to be genuine, without artifice or disguise, so that I never since questioned it.

Another circumstance in the case is, that being a noted whig, and signally oppressed by King James, they would never have hazarded such a secret as a suppositious child, which, had I been at home to have immediately followed the summons, I must have come time enough to have discovered, though the Queen had usually very quick labours. Next morn, meeting the King coming through the Park to St. James's, he was pleased to tell me, that when he sent, I was absent. To which I humbly replied, more warning had been necessary. But he told me that they were surprised, for the Queen expected to go a fortnight longer. Whereupon I answered, that if his Majesty had given me three or four months' warning, as formerly, I would not have left the town without their Majesties knowledge and leave. The King told me further, that Dr. Brady, one of his physicians, and physic professor in Cambridge, had informed him, no woman exceeded eight and thirty weeks with child. To which, with a modest smile, I replied, it might be true, though I could not guess how he, I, or another, could know it to be so, without having been guardians to a seraglio.

I confess, I was a little piqued, that besides former slights, neither the King nor Queen themselves had spoke to me to attend. Indeed Lady Sophia Buckley told me, in her Majesty's presence, some weeks before, that shortly there would be occasion for me; but I did not take that for sufficient orders. At another time Lady Jefferies asking whether I had commands to attend her Majesty? I briskly answered, I thought I should, unless their brains were in disorder. A third material circumstance may be admitted, that during my attendance on the child, by his Majesty's directions, I had frequent discourse with the necessary-women, who being in mighty dread of Popery, and confiding in my reputed whiggism, would often complain of the busy Pragmaticalness of the Jesuits, who placed and displaced whom they pleased, and for her part she expected a speedy remove, for the Jesuits would endure none but their own party: such was our common entertainment; but about a fortnight after, the child was born, a rumour being spread through the city, that the child was suppositious, she cried, alas! will they not let the poor infant alone? I am certain no such thing as the bringing a strange child in a warming-pan could be practised without my seeing it, attending constantly in and about all the avenues of the chamber.

Other remoter accidents might be alleged, which being of smaller moment, are forborne; but neither the laws nor practice of England allow other hereditary right to the crown, or private estates, than what upon good grounds the nation hath power to alter, and often do.

To defend the revolution upon a pretended suppositious birth (says the judicious and elegant historian) is to affront it: It stands upon a much nobler foundation,—the rights of human nature. The suppositious birth was a mere lie of party, and was intended to have been made use of six years before, if King James's Queen had been then brought to bed of a son.

In the Observator, No. 194 printed Wednesday, August 23, 1682 is the following remarkable passage.

"It had pleased God to give his Royal Highness the *son*, had it proved a *daughter*, you were prepared to make a *Perkin* of him. To what end did you take so much pains else, by your instruments and intelligence, to hammer it into peoples' heads that the Dutchess of York was *not* with child; and so in case of a son, to represent him as an *impostor*? whereas you have now taken off the mask, in confessing the daughter. I would have the impression of this cheat sink so far into the heads and hearts of all honest men, as never to be defaced or forgotten: for we must expect, that the same flam shall, at any time hereafter, *be trumpt up again upon the like occasion.*

Compare Lord Clarendon's diary as follows.

Diary of Earl Clarendon, 1688, p. 20.

"January 15th, in the morning I went to St. James's church; this is the thanksgiving day appointed for the Queen's being with child. There were not above two or three in the church who brought the form of prayer with them. It is strange to see how the Queen's great belly is every where ridiculed, as if scarce any body believed it to be true. Good God help us!"—(XXIX. 677—690.)

§

THE REBELLIONS.

The following traces of the memorable rebellions in the year 1715 and 1745 will throw considerable light on many of the incidents of the Scottish novels, without a knowledge of which some of the most interesting incidents might be obscured, to such as may not have perused the history of these eventful times.

The Earl of Mar, who was secretary of state to Queen Anne, finding himself left out of public employment by George I wrote a letter to him, complaining of neglect and misrepresentation, and hinting at former services, and expressing his zeal for the protestant succession. But this letter not having the desired effect, his resentment hurried him into a rebellion against a Prince to whom he had sworn allegiance. Having for this end concerted proper measures with the Jacobites* and Papists at London,

* The term Jacobite is derived from Jacobus, and was a reproachful epithet bestowed on persons who disapproved of the revolution of King William and who continued still to assert the right and adhere to the interests of the dethroned tyrant James, and his family. It has, moreover, been applied to all such as have vindicated the execrable doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance and the divine right of Kings, and who, consequently, hold high notions of their prerogatives. In this last sense it has much the same import with *Tory*. The epithet *Whig* is generally understood to denote a friend to civil and religious liberty; a stern advocate for the rights of the people, but who, nevertheless, is zealous for the support of the king in all his just prerogatives, though at the same time desirous of reducing him to

about the middle of August 1715, he set out for Scotland where he proclaimed a great hunting,* at which it is a custom there for the country people round to appear well armed.

At an entertainment after the sport, he made his intentions known to them in a speech full of invectives against the new succession and King George. At first he gained little credit, being suspected; but some coming into his measures, their number by degrees increased, the earl continually encouraging and uniting them by promises of dissolving the union, and assurances that thousands were engaged with him; that Ormond and Bolingbroke were gone over to France to engage the Regent to assist them with men and money, and that they would certainly land very soon, together with the Duke of Berwick, at the head of a very considerable force.

Having obtained the Pretender's commission of Lieutenant General on the 9th of September 1715, the Earl of Mar hoisted his standard at Kirk-Michael,

an incapacity of abusing his power. Whatever, says Mr. Belsham, tends to enlarge the power of princes or magistrates beyond the precise line or limit of the general good, whatever imposes oppressive, or even superfluous restraints upon the liberty of the people, or introduces any species of civil inequality, not founded upon the basis of public utility, is the very essence of *Toryism*. On the other hand, genuine *Whiggism* is nothing more than good temper and good sense, or to adopt higher and more appropriate terms of expression, benevolence and wisdom applied to the science of government. The term Whig, says another writer, combines all that is honorable in loyalty, with all that is consistent in patriotism.

* The rebellion in 1715, was said to be a hunting match in the isle of Skye.

and proclaimed him king. He continued here four or five days, and then, with his company, consisting of no more than 60 men, marched to Moulin, thence to Logarth, thence, increased to 1,000, to Dunkeld, and from thence, being 2,000 strong, they set forward for Perth. This town was seized September 16th by John Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, at the head of 200 horse, prevented the Earl of Rothes who was then marching to secure it for the King, with 300 men. Here the rebels furnished themselves with arms, by sending out parties for that purpose, and by seizing a ship bound for the north to the Earl of Sutherland, who was raising his tenants for the King, in which they formed 300 complete stand.

Mackintosh now joined them at Perth with 500 stout men, well disciplined and armed; these marched to the sea coast of Fife, and there with five other regiments, viz. Mar's own, Strathmore's, Nairns, Murray's and Drummond's, in all 2,500, having seized all the boats on that coast, embarked, and, in spite of the King's ships in the Firth, 1500 of them got safe on shore, the rest putting back.

Mr. James Murray* arrived at Perth from France, and took the character of Secretary of State to the Pretender. About the time a strong party attempted to surprise the garrison of Inverlochy, and took two redoubts, in which were an officer and 20 men, but

* The same individual, or one of the same name was secretary in 1745. His wife finely dressed with ribbons, &c. assisted on horseback at the proclaiming the young Pretender in Edinburgh.

the main garrison being on their guard, obliged them to retreat, and they marched thence into Argyleshire. They, also, just before this, attempted to surprise the castle of Edinburgh. Lord Drummond with 90 choice persons, all gentlemen, were picked out for the enterprize; they had corrupted one Aniesly, a serjeant, a corporal and two sentinels in the castle; these were to assist upon the wall near the sally port, by drawing up a scaling ladder; but all the joints of it not coming at once it proved too short for any to get over the wall. The officers of the garrison, in the meantime, had intelligence of the design, and getting their men silently together, discovered the ladder, unloosed it at the top of the wall, let it fall and immediately ordered the sentinel to discharge his piece; upon this the rounds also fired upon the gentlemen at the foot of the ladder, who immediately dispersed, four only being taken.

The Pretender was proclaimed from place to place, and a declaration was published by the Earl of Mar, requiring the people every where to resort to his new master's standard. His numbers daily increasing and receiving assurances from France that the Pretender would soon join him in person, he prepared to cross the Forth and advance to Edinburgh; but finding a detachment was ordered to watch him, he put it off, and published a proclamation for an assessment, which was answered in a counter proclamation by the Duke of Argyle, and several declarations were made on both sides.

Oct. 18.—2,300 of the western Highlanders, commanded by General Gordon, came from Inve-

rary, the chief town in Argyleshire, but thought fit to retire, finding that the Earl of Ilay (now Duke of Argyle) was ready to receive them.

Oct. 23.—The Duke had notice that about 200 foot and 100 horse were marching towards Dumfrieshire, upon this he immediately detached a party of dragoons under Lord Cathcart, who came up with the rebels at five the next morning and killed and wounded several, and took 17 horsemen; and a few days after 400 of Breadalbin's men were surrounded by Lord Ilay and obliged to separate and return home.

Nov. 12.—The Duke of Argyle, having received advice that the rebels, to the number of 8,000, were preparing to join Gordon with the western clans and to attempt crossing the Forth, resolved to prevent them; he accordingly advanced with all his forces towards Dumblain. This occasioned a general engagement at Sheriffe Moor, near that place (*Nov.* 13,) the success of which was differently represented, each side claiming the victory, the left wing on each side was being routed.* Soon after this battle the rebels lost Inverness, which was held for them by Sir John Mackenzie; this was a great check to Mar, who retired again to Perth, where he lay all the remainder of that and the next month, during which time 8,000 Dutch reinforced the Duke of Argyle.

Nov. 22.—The Pretender landed near Aberdeen,

* The party, also that crossed the Firth, and went into England to join Forster and Derwentwater, was obliged to surrender the same day at Preston.

from whence he marched to Scoon, two miles from Perth, and issued out several proclamations; one for a general thanksgiving for his safe arrival, another for praying for him in the churches, a third for the currency of foreign coin, a fourth for summoning the convention of States, a fifth for arming all effective men, from 16 to 60, and ordering them to repair to his Royal Standard. He was here addressed by the Episcopal clergy, the magistrates and citizens of Aberdeen; and in the mean time the Earl of Mar, to raise the affections of the people, published a circular letter full of his master's praise, (Jan. 17) who soon after unhappily issued an order for burning the country. The warrant for exercising this cruelty was directed to James Graham, the younger of Braes, and the reason of it was to deprive the King's army, which was advancing towards the rebels, of forage or quarters. But it was of no service to them, for the Duke of Argyle, having got 2000 waggons, and fourteen days provisions, he proceeded, and put them in such consternation that several of their posts were abandoned; as also the castles of Braco and Tullibardine.

According to this order, several towns, as Auchterarder, Blackford, Dunning, and Muthell, and other small villages, were burnt to the ground; by which the poor inhabitants, being only the old infirm men, the women and children (the able-bodied being forced from their homes, either into the rebellion, or to seek shelter) were driven out, and exposed to the open air, which made a most dismal sight, to behold those under these unhappy circumstances, exposed in the

extremest season of the year, and in one of the coldest winters that has been felt these many ages; so great a load of snow upon the earth, that a speedy dispatch or death, would have been more eligible to these poor naked creatures, than the unconceivable pains that follow cold, hunger, and nakedness, to the old and infirm; besides the tenderness of the other sex and sucking infants." *

Nov. 31.—His Grace passed the *Em*, and advanced within eight miles of Perth, which the rebels also abandoned immediately, passing over the river Tay on the ice, and the Pretender and the Earl of Mar followed; whereupon the Duke of Argyle ordered 400 dragoons and 1000 foot to take possession of the place. The whole army followed; from hence his grace pursued the flying enemy with the utmost expedition, with six squadrons of dragoons, three battalions, and 800 detached foot. The next day (*Dec.* 1) they proceeded to Dundee, from whence the rebels retired to Montrose, keeping two days' march before the King's forces, which the Duke divided so as to pursue them in every route.

At Montrose, the Pretender received advice that the King's army was advancing, ordered the clans which had remained with him, to be ready to march about eight at night to Aberdeen, where he assured them a considerable force from France would soon join them. At the hour appointed for his march, he ordered his horses to be brought before the door of the house in which he lodged, as if he designed to go

* Patten's Hist. p. 79.

with them, but at the same time he slipped privately out on foot, accompanied by only one domestic, went to the Earl of Mar's lodgings, from thence a bye-way to the water-side, where a boat waited, and carried him on board a French ship; and about a quarter of an hour afterwards two other boats carried the Earl of Melfort, the Lord Drummond, Lieut. Gen. Sheldon, and ten other gentlemen on board the same ship, where these put to sea. The Earls of Marischall and Southesk, the Lord Tinmouth, son to the Duke of Berwick, Gen. Gordon, and many gentlemen and officers of distinction were left to shift for themselves; of which 47 were cast away in a boat. The clans for the most part dispersed, and ran to the mountains, and about 1000 of them, who continued in a body, marched to Aberdeen, but being pursued from place to place, and waiting in vain for the assistance their master promised at parting, they all either dispersed, or threw themselves on the mercy of his Majesty, or followed, as opportunity afforded, their fugitive master into France.

HIGHLAND CLANS IN THE REBELLION.

The following is a list of the most considerable chiefs in Scotland, with the number of men they could raise in 1715, *under the Earl of Mar.**

f. signifies for the then government, *a.* against it, *n.* neuter, *m.* major part, *r.* in the rebellion.

DUKES.	MEN.
f. Hamilton	1000 f.
f. Buccleugh	1000 f.
n. Gordon, 3000, a. m. most with the Marq. Huntley, r.	
f. Argyle.....	4000 f. m.
f. Douglas	500 f.
f. Athol, a. m. 6000, a. m. with the Marq. Tullibardine, r.	
f. Montrose	2000 a. m.
f. Roxburgh	500 f.
MARQUIS.	
Annandale	500 f.
EARLS.	
n. Errol.....	500 a. m.
a. r. Marischall	500 a. m.
f. Sutherland....	1000 f.
a. r. Mar	1000 r.
f. Rothes	500 f.
f. Mortin	300 f.
f. Glencairn	300 f. m.
f. Eglington	300 f. m.
f. Cassilis	500 f.
f. Murray	300 a. m.
n. Cathress.....	500 a. m.
a. Nithsdale .. .	300 r
a. Wintoun	300 r.
a. Linlithgow ..	300 r. m.
a. Hume	500 r.
r. Perth	1500 r. m.
r. Wigton	500 a. m.
a. Strathmore....	300 a r.
f. Lauderdale....	300 f.
r. Seaforth	3000 r. m.
f. Dumfries	200 f.
r. Southesk	300 r.
f. Weems	300 f.
n. Airly (Ogilvy)	500 r. m.
a. Carnwath	300 r.
a. Panmure	500 r. m.
f. Kilmanock....	300 f.
f. Dondonald....	300 f.
a. Breadalbin....	2000 r. m.
VISCOUNTS.	
a. Stormont	300 a.
r. Kinmure.....	300 a. r.
LORDS.	
f. Forbes.....	500 f. m.
a. Lovat.....	800 a. m.
f. Ross	500 f.
f. Rae.....	500 f.
a. r. Nairn.....	1000 m. r.
CLANS.	
a. Sir Dan. Macdonald	1000 r.
a. r. Glencary..	500 a.
a. r. Clanronald	1000 a.
a. r. Keppoch..	300 a.
a. r. Mc. Intosh	1000 a.
a. r. *Mc. Gregor	500
a. r. S. Robertson	300 r.
a. Macpherson....	500 a. r.
a. Sir Ed. Cameron	1000 a. r.
a. Sir J. Maclean	1000 a. m.
f. Laird of Grant	1000 f.
a. Laird Appin....	300 a. r.
n. Mac Leod	1000 f.
a. r. Mac Kenning	200 a. m.
a. r. Glenco	100 a. m.
a. r. Glemoriston	100 a.
Mac Neil....	120 a. r.
a. r. Straglass ..	100 a. r.

* Did nothing at Sheriffmuir, nor fight.

* From the history of the rebellion by the Rev. Mr. Patten, (Forster's Chaplain.)

Having already traced the rebels that rose in Scotland, through several stages to the battle of Dunblane, and from thence to Aberdeen, where in their distress they were deserted by the Pretender, and left to shift for themselves, we shall now conduct those that took up arms in England to their defeat and capture at Preston, in Lancashire.

The grand scheme having been concerted in London, a correspondence was established with the conspirators in the several parts of Britain, not by letter, but by means of Colonel Oxburgh, and several gentlemen, all Irish and Papists, riding from place to place as travellers, who negociated the affair, and ripened things to action. Their first public rising was on hearing that warrants were come down to Northumberland, for the apprehension of Lord Derwentwater, and Mr. Forster, on which they called a general meeting; and as they had no hopes of lying concealed, and were in danger of separate commitments and examinations, which would inevitably ruin the undertaking, they resolved to appear in arms.

The next morning (Oct. 6) Mr. Forster, and about twenty gentlemen met accordingly at Greenrig, and went to a rising called the Waterfalls, from whence they could see any that should come either to join or oppose them. They were soon joined by Lord Derwentwater, who came that morning from his seat at Dilston, with some friends and all his servants, mounted on coach-horses and well armed. They were now about sixty horsemen, and agreed to march to Plainfield, on the river Coquet; next morning their number still increasing, they proceeded to Warwick,

where they staid till the tenth; and Mr. Forster, in disguise, after making a speech, proclaimed the Pretender; thence they marched to Morpeth, and in their march received considerable additions. At Felton bridge they were joined by several Scotch horse, so that when they entered this place they were three hundred strong, all horse; for they would entertain no foot, because they could not provide them with arms. They told the common people, who in great numbers offered to join them, that they should soon have arms and ammunition, and that they would form a regiment. This they hoped to have made good, by the seizure of Newcastle.

About this time, Launcelot Errington, with a small party had surprised the castle in Holy Island, in order to give signals, they expected with arms and officers; but the place was immediately retaken by a detachment from Berwick sword in hand, and Errington narrowly escaped with his life. From Morpeth they approached Newcastle, but did not find things shew to their advantage; however, expecting to be master of it in a few days, they marched in the mean time a little westward to Hexham; here they were joined by more Scotch horse, and from thence marched to Dilston, with a view to proceed to surprise Newcastle, but went back again on receiving intelligence that their design was discovered—that Lord Scarborough had entered the town with his friends, and the militia, and seven hundred keelmen were arming: a battalion of foot, and part of a regiment of dragoons, were also arrived by long marches from Yorkshire, and Lieut. General Carpenter, who had been ordered to go in

pursuit of the rebels, arrived also at Newcastle, on the 18th, with Hotham's foot, and Cobham's, Molesworth's, and Churchill's dragoons. The rebels therefore departed from Hexham on the 19th, having staid there three days, proclaimed the Pretender, and seized all the arms and horses they could find. Just before the rebels left that place, they received advice that Lord Kenmure, and other Scotch noblemen, had entered England with a considerable force to join them, and were come to Rothbury, upon which, by a forced march, they joined him that night.

Next day the whole body marched to Wooller, in Northumberland, where receiving intelligence that a detachment of Highlanders had advanced to Dunse, they immediately marched for Kelso, which they entered without opposition, and soon after the party of the Highlanders, with old Brigadier Macintosh at their head. Next morning they proclaimed the Pretender and read a manifest of the Earl of Mar. They demanded here, as well as at other places, the public revenues and seized what arms and ammunition they could find. The rebels now consisted of five Scotch troops of indifferent horse, tolerably well armed, and six regiments of foot, and a considerable number of what they called volunteers; these were commanded in chief by Lord Kenmure; the English consisted also of five troops of horse not so well armed; and some volonteers commanded in chief by Lord Derwentwater,—in all about 1400 men.

Having continued at Kelso till Oct. 27, General Carpenter, who was in pursuit of them, had leisure to concert his march. He reached Wooller on the

27th, and intended to beat Kelso the next day. Upon this the rebels called a council of war, in which the Earl of Winton, as he had before done, pressed them to return to the west of Scotland; but this was rejected by the English. It was then proposed to pass the Tweed, and attack the King's forces, while they were fatigued, they not amounting to more than 500 men, whereof two regiments of dragoons were newly raised, and had never seen service; but this wise advice was likewise rejected, and no resolution taken, farther than that they should go to Jedburgh; and then they staid till the 29th. Having now an opportunity of getting the start of General Carpenter by three days, it was resolved, in an evil hour for them, to cross the mountains, and march into England. In this march the Highlanders mutinied, and absolutely refused to enter England, but were at length prevailed upon. Next morning they went to the Langholm, and from thence sent a strong detachment to block up Dumfries, which, being situated by a navigable river, on the Irish Sea, maintains a very considerable trade with England, and the west of Scotland; and had they persevered in this resolution, they would certainly have made themselves masters of it; and might then have furnished themselves with arms, money, and ammunition, and have opened a passage to Glasgow, one of the best towns in Scotland, or to England. There they might have received the Highland clans and gentlemen from the west, besides succours from France and Ireland, no men-of-war being in those seas at the time. Nothing could be a greater mark of their infatuation, or of the interposition of pro-

vidence; for, instead of taking this opportunity, they determined to come into Lancashire, and an order was sent for the detachment to return, and meet the rest of the enemy at Langtown, in Cumberland.

Here the Highlanders, sensible of the misconduct, halted a second time, but were at length, by money and promises, prevailed with to go on, except about 800 who deserted, choosing rather to surrender as prisoners than go forward to certain destruction. The Earl of Winton also withdrew with his men, but joined the whole again soon after; though much dissatisfied with their measures. They left the small cannon they had brought from Kelso, at Langholm, first nailing it up. They proceeded then to Langtown, within seven miles of Carlisle; next day they entered England, and marched to Brampton, a small market town belonging to the Earl of Carlisle, and here they proclaimed the Pretender. The Highlanders from this day had sixpence a head to keep them in temper. They halted one night at Brampton, to refresh the men, who had marched above a hundred miles in five days. The following day they reached Penrith. Here the sheriff and his posse, Lord Lonsdale, and the Bishop of Carlisle, with 1400 men, met to oppose their march, but ran away with the greatest precipitation, in the appearance of a few Highlanders sent only to reconnoitre. This animated the rebels and furnished them with some arms.

Nov. 3. Having staid at Penrith one night, proclaimed the Pretender, and seized the public money, they marched to Appleby; and next day proclaimed the Pretender; and here again took possession of the

public money. Thence they proceeded to Kendal on the 5th, and on the 6th, to Kirby Lonsdale. Here they were joined by some Lancashire Papists—on the 7th, they marched to Lancaster; where they proclaimed the Pretender with greater formality than usual, seized the public money, and were joined by considerable numbers well armed, which greatly animated the Highlanders, who received them with three cheers.

From Lancaster, the rebels marched to Preston, with the intention of possessing themselves of Warrington Bridge, and the town of Manchester, where they expected great numbers to join them, not doubting but by this means to get possession of the great and rich town of Liverpool, which could receive no relief but by that bridge. Their horse accordingly reached Preston that night, and the next day the foot. Two troops of Stanhope's dragoons quitted the place on their approach, which much enraged them. There they received a considerable reinforcement, all Papists. The whole of this time they were so astonishingly stupid and negligent, as to be utterly ignorant that the King's forces were ready to fall upon them; and when Mr. Forster had given orders to march from Preston to Manchester, he could scarce credit the report that General Willis was advancing from Wigan to attack them; but was soon convinced of the truth of it by messengers in all hands.

The alarm being now given, a party marched out of the town to Ribble Bridge, and Mr. Forster, and a party of horse went beyond it, to get a certain

account of things, when discovering the vanguard of their dragoons, he returned another way, not by the bridge, and sent orders immediately to prepare to receive the King's troops, while he went to view a ford in the river, in order for a passage to come behind them. The rebel foot that advanced to the bridge were a hundred stout well armed men, commanded by a bold experienced officer, who would have defended the pass to the last drop of blood, till the rest of the troops had withdrawn themselves out of the town. But this party was ordered to retreat to Preston: another fatal step never to be retrieved; for here alone they were in a condition to make an effectual stand. General Willis, who expected their greatest effort here, could not credit the advanced guard, who assured him this post was abandoned; and when it was confirmed to him on all hands, he suspected some stratagem. He, therefore proceeded with great caution; but finding all the hedges clear, he concluded the enemy fled; and that they would by long marches endeavour to get back into Scotland, but he soon found they intended to receive him in the town.

While General Willis was making the necessary disposition for the attack, the rebels were barricading the streets, lanes, and houses, forming four main barriers, one a little below the church, defended by Brigadier Macintosh, one at the end of a lane into the fields, supported by Lord Charles Murray; another, called the Wind-Mills, by Colonel Macintosh; and the fourth in the street leading towards Liverpool, by Major Muller, and Mr. Douglas. An obstinate en-

gagement presently ensued, the rebels several times repulsing the King's troops, who as often returned to the charge. But the rebels learning at length from prisoners, that Lord Carpenter was on the point of joining General Willis, with three regiments of dragoons, and finding contrary to the assurance of their leaders, and their own expectation, that not a man of the King's troops had joined them, they began to open their eyes, and perceived nothing but inevitable destruction before them; and that the most they could hope for, was to obtain a capitulation, and terms for their lives.

While their spirits were thus failing them, the attack was renewed with great vigour by the united force of the Generals, Willis and Carpenter, and the rebels, to complete their despair, found their gunpowder fail them. In this dilemma the rebels were for rallying out sword in hand; but this motion was overruled, and General Forster prevailed on by Lord Weddrington, and Colonel Oxburgh, resolved on a capitulation.

Oxburgh pretending acquaintance with some of the King's officers, offered to go out and treat for a surrender; this was done without the knowledge of the rebels, who were told that General Willis had sent to offer honourable terms to them, if they would lay down their arms. The Colonel, with a trumpet, went out to General Willis, and all the answer he could procure was, that they must submit to the King's mercy, for that no terms could be made with rebels, On his carrying this answer into the town, Captain

Dalsie was sent to desire a short time to consider of it, which was granted, and on General Willis's sending for their final answer, they pretended a dispute between the Scotch and the English, and desired a cessation till next morning at seven o'clock to reconcile them This was granted on condition that no new entrenchment should be thrown up, that they suffered none of their people to escape, and that they sent out the chiefs of the English and Scots as hostages. Lord Derwentwater accordingly came out as one of hostages. Next day Mr. Forster went out to acquaint General Willis they were ready to surrender at discretion, as he had demanded; but Macintosh being by, said that he would not answer that the Scotch would surrender in that manner; to which Willis replied that they might then go back, and make the best defence they could, and the consequence would be, that he would not spare a man of them, if they fell into his hands.—Macintosh then went back, but presently returned in great haste, crying that the Lord Kinmure, and the rest of the Scotch would surrender on the same terms with the other troops. Thus they were all made prisoners, the next morning at seven o'clock, being the 14th of November; and thus an end put at once to the rebellion which had made such rapid advances.

BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

[Though sufficiently accurate accounts of this memorable rencontre have been formerly given to the public, yet few of our readers, we imagine, will be

unwilling to peruse another original document on a subject so interesting to national feelings. The present writer, though not entitled to the confidence of an eye-witness, appears to have had access to the best sources of intelligence; and his details are enlivened with some of the vivacity and interest, as well as the natural partiality and exaggeration of a contemporary partizan. The letter, which (according to a common practice in those dangerous times) is without signature, is addressed "To Mr. James Neilsone, opposite the Tolbooth, Berwick." The MS. collection from which this notice is copied, contains many other curious papers.]

Edinburgh, Nov. 15, 1715.

Argyle having formed his small army on Sunday morning last, in very good order, upon ane rising ground or hill above Shirreffmuir, the rebells under the Earl of Marr being formed, marched, and extended themselves in way of circle, as if they desyned to surround our army, which oblidged his G. the D. of Argyle to alter his grounds, and to make a new disposition of his army; and in forming of it the second tyme, the right wing of the rebells attacked the left of ours before they were formed; the forming of the left, as is said, being committed to General Evans, while his Grace formed the right. In this conjuncture, the rebells, as I have said, attacked our left, and not being formed, put them in disorder. They first attacked Shannon's

reg^{t}. of foot, who, to their commendation, briskly repulsed them, and then attacked that reg^{t}. of foot which was Webb's, (and, as I believe, now Morrison's), and that of Orrary's, who both gave way; and the Highland rebells, consisting of the clanns, who were not only their best men, but of triple the number to our left, went quite thorrow them, and made a considerable slaughter of our men. The two reg^{ts}. of dragoons of Carpenter and that which was Eccline's, gave way likewise; but indeed intermediat, and supported these foot, and stopt the clanns from further slaughter of these two reg^{ts}. and carried off our cannon that was on that side alongest with them. But the misfortune was, that these troops retired, for the most part of them, to Stirling. In this action was the greatest loss on our side, besides the losing of our collours and standards.

The right of our army, (where the D. was,) and the main body, pushed the rebells intirely to a rout before them, and pursued them for some miles to Allan Water: in which the nobility and gentry of the horse volunteers acted worthy of themselves, and without vanity bore their own share in that victory; and even bore their share of the rebells' fire in their attack upon that of Fforffar and Wightman's regiments. And tho' Evans's dragoons were in some little disorder, it was not through occasion of the enemy, but through the deepness of the marish ground which was near to have bogged their horses; but then, in a moment, they rectified themselves by

a sudden and short wheeling, and comeing up again to a more proper station or ground, they then performed as could be desired.

In the pursuit on the right of our army, of the left of the rebells, our volunteers gott the gentry of them the left quarters. It would seem, by our acc^{t}. that his Grace the D. of Argyle was in the persuit, for which our weell affected criticks blame his Grace: Because that the 4000 of the rebells that retired with Marr to a hill at a myle's distance from the field of battle, and who were to have been of new attacked, was oblidged to be given over; ffirst upon the account that the left had retired as above, which his Grace did not know off, and which he must have knowen if he had not been upon the persuite; and next that his Grace had a morrass to pass in order to make the second attack upon that hill.

As to the particulars of the slain and wounded on either side, it is yet uncertain, since wee have had noe intelligence what Collonell Kerr has returned of the killed; being ordered out w^{t} a detachment to cause buiry the dead on both sides. Tho' perhapps Briggadeer Harrison, (a volunteer), who is gone express from the D. of Argyle, may carry it with him in his Grace's letters, and who carries in his clogbag the rebells' pretended royal flag. But, at the same tyme, I cannot ommitt to give you what I have collected. That on the rebells' side there is said to be killed, with some certainty, the Earles of Marishell, Strathmore, and Southesk; and, with uncertainty, the Earles of Linlithgow and Aboyn; of their gentry killed, Lyon of Auchterhous,

and it is said Sir Roᵗ Gordoun of Gordounstoun, and the Laird of Keirr; and of prisoners, Barrowfeiln, as I wrote before, Glengairy, as they say, Logieamond, Murray of Auchtertyre, younger, and many others; of whom both killed and wounded ye shall have account by nixt.

And on our side of note killed are Lieut. Collˡ. Lorroune, Capt. Arnot, and Capt. Armstrong, who was Edicamp to the D. of A———. Of wounded, that brave and worthy young gentleman the E. of Forfarr, being shott in the knee, did occasione his being taken by the rebells, and who unmercifully, after he had gotten quarter, received eighteen wounds in the head and body; and not being able to carry him off, was brought in to Stirling, and declares that most of the wounds he gott after he was taken prisoner from that ingrained rebell the Viscount of Kilsyth. I pray God he may recover, though there is little hopes; as there is of Collˡ Halley, being shott throw the body; and of Capt. Urquhart of Burdyeyeards, being wounded in the belly, after being made prisoner, soe that his puddings hang out. And wee have it in toun that Capt. Cheisly, after he was taken prisoner, was ript up by the rebells. And of all the volunteers, I doe not hear of any of them that was soe much as wounded, except Mr. Charles Cockburn, the Justice Clerk's son, who is shott throw the arm; for Isla I wrote formerly off him, and the wound he received was through the fleshy pairt of his arm, which likewise slightly wounded him in the side.

On the Munday morning (the left of our army

having returned) his Grace designed a new ingadgement. But a great many of the rebells did intirely desert and fly upon Sunday, soe the body of them that fought it were, before the break of day, retired towards Pearth; which is all the acco[t] I can give you at present; only that Argyle, with his army, went all in to Stirling on Monday night, after he had sent out severall pairtys in quest of the disperst rebells. And, least I forgott it in my last, its but little trouble to acquaint you again, that all the rebells' cannon, and most of their standards and collours, were taken. Adieu.

THE MEMORABLE 'FORTY FIVE.'

The national tranquillity was again disturbed in the reign of George II, A. D. 1745, by another adventurer. This was the son of the old Pretender, and commonly called the young Pretender. This aspiring claimant landed in Scotland, and the boldness of the enterprise astonished all Europe. After gaining some trifling advantages over the King's forces, he made an irruption into England, and, for a short time, greatly alarmed the pusillanimous part of the nation. Retreating northwards, he was at length totally defeated, by the Duke of Cumberland, in the battle of Culloden, near Inverness, in 1746. Immediately after the engagement, the Pretender sought safety by flight. He continued wandering among the wilds of Scotland,*

* At Port Ree in the isle of Skye, his shoes were worn out, and a friend furnished him with a new pair, and kept the old ones till his own death, when, as Boswell informs us, in his Journal, a zealous Jacobite gave twenty guineas for them.

for nearly six months; and as thirty thousand pounds were offered for taking him, he was constantly pursued by the troops of the conqueror, and often hemmed round by them, but still rescued by some lucky accident from the impending danger; and at length he escaped from the isle of Uist to Morlaix. In the mean time the scaffold and gibbets were preparing for his adherents, many of whom were hanged in the neighbourhood of London and other parts. The Earl of Kilmarnock, and the Lords Balmerino and Lovat, were beheaded on Tower hill. Thus terminated the last efforts of the Stuarts for reascending the throne, and all pretentions are now for ever extinguished in the demise of the late Cardinal York, at Rome.*

The first authentic account received in England of the landing of the young Pretender mentioned the circumstance only as a probability. For many weeks

* A Mr. Watson was stated some years ago to be the proprietor of the archives of the Stuart family, which he discovered, and bought of M. Tassoni, the Pope's auditor, and executor to the will of the late Cardinal York, the last of the Stuart race. These papers were brought from Civita Vecchia to England in two British men-of-war. They are numerous, authentic and very valuable—being estimated at half a million. They illustrate every thing obscure in the history of the last Stuarts, and throw new lights on the literature, the history and politics of the most interesting period of modern times. In the literary part is a correspondence between King James and Fenelon, Swift, the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Bolingbroke, Marshal Keith, and other equally celebrated personages. In the political part, there are above six thousand autographs of the Stuart family, as well as a great number of letters from Charles XII, Peter the Great, Louis XIV, and almost all the sovereigns in Europe.

the thing was laughed at in all companies; General Copes' march was looked upon as a parade of triumph rather than an enterprise of danger; and the public in idea again saw the roads crowded with rebellious chains, and the gibbets loaded with Highlanders. Their march southwards was the first step that transpired; and people rather laughed than were alarmed at the seizure of Perth by the rebels, and so very wise and sanguine, at the time, were the coffee house politicians, that Sir John Cope's passing them, was extolled as a master-piece of military stratagem, since the small band of desperate rebels were now betwixt two fires—not a single rebel would be able to escape, and all the difficulty was where to find prisons sufficient to stow them away, when they should throw themselves on the mercy of the government. Those pleasing ideas were heightened and encouraged by a loyal address from the city of Edinburgh, which was presented in a manner in the very teeth of the rebellion, and the dutiful flourishes of the gallant volunteers, who were to *cock up the Pretenders'* beaver. But the most animating accounts published by authority a few days before the fatal action of Gladsmuir were, that the rebels were not above "3000 naked, needy, miserable wretches, and that their numbers were rather diminishing than encreasing." After such assurances it was looked upon to be the height of folly and madness, not without a small spice of disloyalty, to doubt of their utter ruin in a very few days. Every post brought accounts of their cowardice, their desertions, their unruliness; nay, the very mention of the King's troops had made

them scamper. It turned out, however, in the end, that the foe was not such a desperate body as had been represented; and the people soon saw how fatally they had been deluded; still it was hoped they would dissipate upon their first march of General Wade; but how were they undeceived when more recent and authentic accounts swelled the numbers of the followers of the young Pretender, to 8, 10, as far as 11,000 men; and that they had even dared to enter England at a time when there were upward of 60,000 men under arms to oppose them. The subsequent operations will be better seen by the following:

EXTRACTS FROM THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

August 1 1745.—The following article, dated from Paris, July 19, O. S. appeared in the London Newspapers of this date.

The Pretender's eldest son, put to sea, July 14, from Belleisle, (others say Nantz) in an armed ship of 60 guns, provided with a large quantity of warlike stores, together with a frigate of 80 guns (others 18) in order to land in Scotland, where he would find 20,000 men and 40 transport ships, &c. at his disposal, to make good his pretensions to the crown of Great Britain; he was to be joined by five ships of the line from Brest, and 4500 Spaniards who were embarking at Ferrol.—*Gen. Ev. Post. August* 1.

From the Hague July 30.

———3d.—Several foreign ministers have an account that a principal officer of the French Navy

had been several months raising, on pretence for the India service, 100 men. They were called *Grassins de Mer*, were clothed in blue faced with red, and embarked at Port Lazaro in Bretany, on July 14, on board a frigate of 18 guns, in which was the Pretender's eldest son, who came incog. from Normandy and about 50 Scots and Irish. The frigate was joined off Belleisle by the Elizabeth of 66 guns. He intended to go round Ireland and land in Scotland, but were met on the 20th by some English merchant ships convoyed by three ships of war, one of which, the Lion, bore down upon the Elizabeth and attacked her. Upon which the Pretender sailed away in the frigate. The fight lasted nine hours, but night coming on, the Elizabeth quite disabled, got away to Brest, the captain and 64 men killed, 136 dangerously wounded and a greater number slightly. She had on board £400,000 sterling and arms for several thousand men. The French court pretend to know nothing more of the affair than this person had sent a letter to complain of being neglected by them, but adding, that he would hazard his life in trying his father's faithful subjects rather than return to Rome as he left it.—*Daily Advertiser. Aug.* 3.

*** An article from Paris, says that July 14, The chevalier's father acquainted the Pope of the design, who, with great pleasure, wished him success; and that his landing in Scotland was looked upon as certain in the French army, the King having declared it, but that all the assistance given him was by an Irish merchant named Wetch.

August 7th.—A proclamation was issued ordering a reward of £30,000 for apprehending the eldest son of the Pretender and the like in Ireland.

———11th.—Was committed to Edinburgh goal, by warrant of his Majesty's advocate, Hex. Fraser, sometime servant to John Drummond, Captain in the French service, also John Macleod, lately come from Holland, as guilty of treason.

———17th.—The following article relating to an invasion was printed in the London Gazette :

" Letters from Edinburgh of the 11th instant advise that a French vessel of 16 or 18 guns had appeared on the west coast of Scotland, which, after having cruised for some days off the islands of Bara and Uist, stood in for the coast of Lochabar, and had they landed between the islands of Mull and Skye several persons, one of whom from the general report and from several concurring circumstances, is, with the greatest reason believed to be the Pretender's son."

———20th.—*Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Edinburgh, to his friend at Newcastle dated August 20th.*

" There are about 400 French landed at the castle of Mingarie, and 'tis said there are three vessels lying below the castle, and that some country people have joined those already landed. What may be the event of this I cannot tell ; they talk of the Pretender's second son being in company ; also the Marquis of *Tilleboam*, old *Lochell* and some others of that way of thinking. I hear of nothing they have done in the country as yet, nor is there any

true account who it is that have joined them, only they talk of *Glengearie's* and *Lochell's* men."

Other letters say, that his party had seized three vessels, one of which is the Princess Mary of Renfrew, laden with meal for that port. It was given out that he had raised 10,000 men and that he had sent word on the 20th to the governor of Fort William, that he would give him his breakfast that day.

August 22nd. *Edinburgh.*—A letter from Inverness, dated August 16th, says "several of the Camerons and Macdonalds are in arms, but there are no foreign forces, or councils among 'em; so that any commotion these mad-men occasion, must very soon be quashed. Sir Alexander Macdonald dined on Monday last with the Lord President and the laird of Macleod and gave all assurances, that neither he nor any of his people, shall aid or abett the invaders of our country." On the contrary, another letter says, "that a body of 24 of the rebels came lately into the country of Ranerch and would have carried along with them 100 men of the inhabitants, in order to make them accomplices, with the same ease as they use to drive off the cattle, and that a detachment of them have taken a captain of the army two miles from Fort Augustus. Their numbers are uncertain, as they stand dispersed for want of *vivres* in any one place. It were wished they were twice as numerous as they are, that they might be necessitated to eat up one another. However they must be starved to death with cold, having nothing to cover them but the canopy of heaven.

Another letter says, "the young chevalier is

certainly landed in the Highlands with about 40 men and is seemingly joined by 500 clans, commanded by General Macdonnel uncle to the Earl of *Antrim*; that a detachment of the last week come down to Ranerch, carried along with them several people to accompany them in their distracted purposes to the hills."

Two letters from Fort Augustus and Fort William, of the 14th and 10th inst. insinuate apprehensions of a speedy visit from the rebels. And that among the reports current one is, that they have erected a standard with the motto —'*Tandem Triumphans.*'

Extract of a letter from the north of Scotland dated August 22nd.

The report of the Highlanders having assembled in favour of the Pretender arose from this: Many of the Highlanders, in order to raise a new regiment of them, have been enlisted and some pressed, who are near relations to the principal clans; the pressed men sent to their friends, who in great numbers came to rescue them, whereby no small fray ensued; and since then 'tis said, the Highlanders are assembled in great numbers to repel force by force, if any farther attempt be made to impress any more of their countrymen.

———24th—A person arrived in Edinburgh this day from the Highlands, hath made affidavit before a magistrate, that he was five days in the camp of the rebels, near Fort William, that he could not form a certain judgement of their numbers, but that their encampment took up about a mile square and consisted of two divisions, one French, the other High-

landers; that there were many persons of figure and distinction among them, particularly the son of the Pretender, to whom they shewed the highest respect: they had plenty of money, provisions and warlike stores; that they had taken an officer coming out to observe them from Fort William and had likewise surprised two companies of St. Clair's regiment, killed five private men, shot Captain Scot, who commanded them, in the shoulder, and taken prisoners eighty odd men.

August 31st.—The Duke of Argyle arrived in town from Scotland, which occasioned many speculations. Arms were shipped for Scotland and Ireland to arm the militia.

Sir John Cope, general of the forces in Scotland was busy in drawing them together to oppose a rising, and had published an order for all officers to repair to their posts, also for all out-pensioners to repair to Edinburgh on fear of being struck off the list.

Hague, Aug. 27th.—On the 26th, his Britannic Majesty arrived at Utrecht, and next morning early continued his journey for Helvoetsluys by the ordinary route without being escorted by one troop of these provinces. At Helvoetsluys his Majesty was waited on by General Ligonier and Lord Petersham, from the Duke of Cumberland, also by Lord Harrington, who had received a courier from the Lords Regent, with advice that an express dispatched from Lord Glenorchy in Scotland that several persons of distinction had declared for the Pretender, whose son set up the grand standard on the 12th inst.

and published a manifesto in which he takes the title of *Car. Pr. Custos Regni.* They write from Paris that the Scot Lord Mareschall was going to the King, who 'twas expected would openly take the Pretender's part, or otherwise powerfully assist him.

Newcastle, Sept. 1.—A letter dated the 24th past, from a person of distinction in the north-west of Scotland, says, two companies of St. Clair's and Murray's, going between Fort Augustus and Fort William, were attacked by a body of Highlanders. It was a bloody battle: but the soldiers having spent all their ammunition, which was eleven charges, were attacked in front, flank and rear, and obliged to surrender prisoners, after the loss of a good number on each side. Captain Scot was wounded in the action. Captain Sweetman of Guise's regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Highlanders, went post through this place for London on Thursday sen'night. He was seized by eight persons at an inn in the Highland, where he went to call for a dram and carried to the Pretender's camp, who treated him very civilly, suffered him to go away on his parole, gave him a manifesto and a passport directed to all sheriffs, sheriffs deputies, constables, &c. in Scotland, and signed Charles *Pr. Custos Regni.* The captain said he supposed the rebels to be about 1,800 strong. That a nobleman's brother was standard bearer: that except the Macdonalds of *Clanronald*, of *Kappach* and *Glengarry* and of Lintochmoidart; the Camerons of Lochyell and the Stuarts of Appin, there are none of the clans in person with the young chevalier, but about 2,500 of their men, not all

armed: and that General Cope would be up with the rebels about the 27th ult.

One of the Pretender's printed manifestos is dated 1743, when the last invasion was intended; and the other in 1745, in which he declares his son Regent for Scotland; and makes large promises for securing the Scots in their rights and liberties, of dissolving the union and taking off the malt tax.

Sep. 4th.—A detachment of the rebels took possession of Perth, and proclaimed the Pretender the same evening, but the provost and magistrates had left the place before the proclamation began, and others were appointed in the room. *Gaz.*—The rebels were joined at Perth, by the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, brother to the Duke of Athol, the Hon. William Murray, Esq.; the Lord Nairn, Messrs. Oliphant, of Gask, elder and younger, and several other disaffected gentlemen. George Kelly, Esq., who was committed to the Tower with the late Bishop of Rochester, in 1721, and made his escape some time since, is made captain of a company of rebels. The young chevalier has granted passes to people who come from Perth, which runs in these terms—*Charles, Prince of Wales, and Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and of the dominions thereunto belonging.*

7.—The rebels proclaimed the chevalier at Dundee, searched the whole town for horses and arms, levied the public money, giving receipts for the same, and carried up the ship of Captain William Graham, of Perth, from the road of Dundee, to Perth, supposing her to have gunpowder on board.

Dublin, 17.—A proclamation was published by

the Lord Mayor, in which the city offers £6000 for apprehending the Pretender or his son, if either of them should attempt to land in Ireland. Several regiments of horse and foot are to be speedily raised in this kingdom.

Sep. 18.—John Blair, of Castlehill, in Scotland, Esq., who was brought to London with Sir Henry Maclean, was, after a long examination, committed to Newgate, for high treason.

Newcastle, 20th.—On advice at five this morning, that the rebels were in full march this way to the number of 5000, having left 2000 in Edinburgh—the Mayor summoned all the inhabitants to appear at Guildhall, where he made a speech to them, desiring all who were willing to stand by the town to subscribe their names to a paper, which 3000 did.—They are now under arms. All the town gates are built up with a stone wall two yards thick, except Newgate, Sandgate, and the Bridge. General Cope, who is about seven miles from the rebels, with 2000 regular foot, 900 Highlanders, and two regiments of dragoons.

From the London Gazette.

Whitehall, 21. — The rebels left Perth on the 11th, and marched that day to Dunblain, 20 miles; the next day they only marched two miles, to Down; and on Tuesday, the 13th, they passed the Forth, at the Forth at Trews, five miles above Stirling: they then seemed to direct their march towards Glasgow; but on the 14th, in the morning they turned eastward, and marched by Falkirk towards Edinburgh; and when the letters on the 16th came away, were

within a few miles of that city.—On the 16th, in the afternoon, Brigadier Fowkes marched to Preston-Pans, six miles east of Edinburgh, with two regiments of dragoons, in order to join Sir John Cope, who was just arrived from Aberdeen,* where he had embarked, and was then making a disposition to land the troops under his command at Dunbar, eighteen miles east of Edinburgh, the wind not being then fair to carry the transports up to Leith. By letters of the 18th, the rebels had taken possession of the town, and proclaimed the Pretender there on the 17th.—General Guest, who commanded at Edinburgh, had retired into the castle, where the public officers and inhabitants had secured their most valuable effects, and General Cope being joined by the two regiments of dragoons, was on his march the 18th, towards Edinburgh, so far the London Gazette, the Caledonian Mercury of the 16th printed at Edinburgh, gives the following account:

Edinburgh, Sep. 16.—Friday last, we learnt, that 300 of the Highland host having advanced up to near the bridge of Sterling, as if designed to force their passage. General Blakeney, at the head of [part of] Gardiner's dragoons fired several shots at them, which the Highlanders returned: that in the mean time their main body crossed the Forth at different fords above Sterling. Hereupon General Blakeney, to avoid being surrounded, marched his dragoons

* He was near the rebels on the 27th past, when their number was much less; but not choosing to enter the Highlands, he turned off for Inverness, and came to Aberdeen, on the 14th instant.

down to Falkirk.—The Lord Provost and magistrates of this city immediately convened, the cannon of the city arsenal were immediately brought out; the gentlemen volunteers mounted guard at the Exchequer, as did the new regiment in the Justiciary Hall; and the whole of the inhabitants were on the alert. On Saturday, we heard that the Highlanders had entered the town of Stirling, and that the young chevalier had been the first who put foot in the water, and waded through the Forth at the head of his detachment.—That day and yesterday were whole employed in completing the scaffolding upon the ramparts, erecting pallisades and barricades at the several gates. The cannon having been proved by a double charge and ball, in presence of the magistrates, were ordered to be directly planted on the bastions and proper places.—Yesterday morning the affair turned a little more serious upon our hand; we were assured that the Highlanders were arrived (at least their vanguard) at Linlithgow, twelve miles west of this metropolis: this being confirmed, and reports spreading that detachments of them were coming down as far as Kirkleston, Warnsburgh, and Gogan, five or six miles distant; and as Colonel Gardners' dragoons were then under arms at Corstorphine, two miles west of us:—at eleven o'clock the fire bell of this city was rung, in order to alarm and arm the inhabitants; and at twelve o'clock General Hamilton's regiment of dragoons decamped from Leith Links, in order to join Colonel Gardners' regiment at Corstorphine; they galloped through the city in most high spirits, brandishing their swords and huzzaing; the

gentleness of the association of this city received them under arms with loud huzzas, as did the city guard.—Immediately after, all the city guard, headed by four captains, &c. marched out of town, as did a body of the gentlemen volunteers, in order to flank or file with the dragoons as occasion should offer, for want of military foot.—At the same time the new city regiment was put under arms all day and night.—About nine o'clock yesternight, the above two regiments of dragoons returned to this side of the Coltbridge, and continued under arms all night, as did the city guard.—We were very quiet all night, and heard nothing certain of the march of the Highlanders.—It was indeed this morning said, that a body of them had entered Borostonress yesterday, carried off some barrels of powder, arms, and other things. That a detachment of them had come down to Kirkliston water, and that the main body was near the house of Hopton.—His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh's doers have sent into this place a great many of his grace's tenants and dependents, in order to defend this city; and yesterday Sir Robert Dickson, of Carberry ordered 200 of his people for the same purpose. The magistracy, especially the Lord Provost, are indefatigable in providing for the defence of the government and security of the city, and scarce get sleep or rest two hours of the twenty-four. All this night they were assembled in council, and the whole inhabitants were under arms.—Several suspected people who had come into town, have been taken up as suspected, and some as spies, particularly David Graham designated servant to Mr. Norwell, of Boghall,

and who has been seized on suspicion of high treason, as reconnoitring the troops here, and dispersing manifestos.

P. S.—We just now hear, that between six and seven this morning, a detachment of the Highlanders was seen marching down Dundas hill, and another crossing Kirkliston water making hither, so that we are apprehensive of a visit. Meantime this whole city is in arms, and ready to give them a warm reception.

The *Caledonian Mercury* of the 17th, relates that the night before the magistrates being met, a petition was presented, desiring them to consult the welfare of the city; and that a letter from the pretended regent was produced, informing them that he was come to enter his beloved metropolis of Scotland, upon which it was resolved, that as the King's dragoons were retired, and the President of the Sessions was absent, a deputation should be sent out, which was done; the agreement made was not known; but early in the morning 1000 Highlanders peaceably entered the city. Soon after their master came in a Highland habit, and went to Holyrood Palace, where he changed his dress, and the pursuivants being sent for, and clothed, they proclaimed the Pretender. The writer adds, that the arms delivered to the inhabitants were returned to the castle, that (only seizing the sentinels) their new guest behaved well, paying for what they wanted, all was quiet, the tradesmen went regularly on in their business; and that he was permitted to publish this much.

Whitehall, 24th.—By an express arrived this

morning, we are informed that Sir John Cope, with the troops under his command, were attacked by the rebels on the 21st instant at day-break, at Preston, near Seaton, 7 miles from Edinburgh; that the King's troops were defeated, and that Sir John Cope, with about 486 dragoons had retired to Lauder. Brigadier Fowles, and Colonel Lascelles, had got to Dunbar. The Earls of Loudon and Hume, and some of the gentlemen volunteers were at Lauder with Sir John Cope.

London Gazette.—Whitehall, Sep. 28.—The King has been pleased to send orders to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, to send over immediately eight battalions, and also nine squadrons of the British troops from the army under his Royal Highnesses' command, for the defence and security of his Majesty's kingdoms.—By letters from Berwick of the 23rd, and 24th, we are informed, that about 500 of the dragoons, under Sir John Cope were then there; that some of the foot had likewise got to that place, and others were gone to Carlisle, and that La Roque's regiment of Dutch troops landed there on the 23rd in the morning.—That the rebels after the late action, lay for some time at Dudingston and Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, and then returned to that city; since which there were no certain accounts of their motions. Here follows a list of the killed and wounded, which it is unnecessary to detail; further than to mention that among the principal officers killed is the name of Colonel Gardiner.

BATTLE OF GLADSMUIR.*

The Rebels' account of the battle, as published in the Caledonian Mercury, at Edinburgh, by authority.

Sep. 21.—*From the head-quarters of the Prince.*—The Grants of Glenmoriston joined this army yesterday. That morning the Prince put himself at the head of the army at Duddingston, and presenting his sword, said, "My friends, I have flung away the scabbard." This was answered by a cheerful huzza.—The army marched and drew up on Carberry-hill, where we learned that General Cope had fallen down into the low country, east of Preston-Pans. This directed our march along the brow of the hill, till we descried the enemy; upon which the Highlanders gave a shout by way of defiance, expressing such eagerness to run down upon them, that nothing less than authority could restrain them from coming to action directly.

Some gentlemen went out to observe their camp and reconnoitre the ground, while the army advanced,

* 'Tis computed above 500 of the enemy was killed; and that 900 are wounded; and that we have taken about 1400 prisoners. All their cannon, mortars, several colours, standards, abundance of horses and arms, were taken; as was all their baggage, equipage, &c. The Prince, as soon as victory declared for him, mounted his horse, and put a stop to the slaughter; and finding no surgeons amongst the enemy, dispatched an officer to Edinburgh, with orders to bring all the surgeons they could find to attend; which was accordingly done.

By statements on the opposite side, the Pretender's forces were computed at 5000 strong.

till it came opposite to, and at half a mile's distance from the enemy. These gentlemen returning, informed that they had got into a fastness, having a very broad and deep ditch in front, the town of Preston on the right, some houses and a small morass on the left, and the Firth or Forth on the rear. This made it impracticable to attack them in front, but at the greatest risk.

That evening Mr. Cope discharged several cannon at us. A gentleman who had seen their army that day advised us, that they were above 4000 strong, besides volunteers, seceders, &c. from Edinburgh, and several gentlemen at the head of their tenants; that General Hamilton's dragoons stood on their right, Colonel Gardiner's on their left; the regiments of Lascelles and Murray, five companies of Lee's, four of Guise's, three of the Earl of Loudon's, and a number of recruits for regiments abroad and at home formed the centre; and that they were all in top spirits.

About three in the morning of Saturday, the 21st, we got off the ground, and marched eastward; then turning north, formed a line to prevent the enemy's retreat through the east country, while another body of men were posted to provide against their stealing a march upon us towards Edinburgh.

The disposition of the attack being made, the prince made a short speech to his people; after which he marched to engage them thus: The right wing was commanded by the Duke of Perth, as lieutenant-general, and consisted of the battalions of Glengary, Clanronald, Keppoch, aud Glenco. The left by

Lieutenant-General Lord George Murray, consisting of the Camerons of Lochyel, the Duke of Perth's battalions, Ardshiel's, the Macgregors, &c. The right wing in the march extended itself so far towards the sea, that being arrived in a hollow they could not observe the enemy was drawn up, till our left was actually engaged, which exposed our left to the flank fire of the enemy; upon which also their artillery playing, but did no other mischief than carrying off the calf of a gentleman's leg.

The signal having been given to form and attack, nothing could parallel the celerity and dexterousness with which the Highlanders performed that motion, except the courage and ardour with which they afterwards fought; and pulling off their bonnets, looking up to heaven, made a short prayer, and ran forward. They received a very full fire from right to left of the enemy, which killed several; but advancing up, they discharged and threw down their muskets, and drawing their broad swords, gave a most frightful and hideous shout, rushing most furiously upon the enemy; so that in seven or eight minutes both horse and foot were totally routed and drove from the field of battle; though it must be owned that the enemy fought very gallantly; but they could not withstand the impetuosity, or rather fury of the Highlanders, and were forced to run when they could no longer resist.

Some dragoons formed soon after on a neighbouring eminence; but observing our men marching to attack them, fled to Dalkeith; others took shelter in the neighbouring villages; others got to Leith;

Major Crawfield rode up to the castle of Edinburgh; and was followed by a few dragoons. We know not what became of General Cope.

The second line, which was commanded by Lord Nairn, and consisted of the Athol men, Strowman's people, and Machlachlans, &c. could not come up to have a share of the honour.

We had killed on the foot in this battle of Gladsmuir, near Seaton-house, Captain Robert Stuart, of Ardshiel's battalion; Captain Archibald Macdonald, of Keppoch's; Leiutenant Allan Cameron, of Lindevra; and ensign James Cameron, of Lochyel's regiment.

Captain James Drummond, alias Macgregor, of the Duke of Perth's regiment, mortally wounded. About 30 private men killed, and 70 or 80 wounded.

The enemy had killed Colonel Gardiner, Captains John Stuart, of Phisgill, Rogers and Bishop, and ensign Forbes.

FROM SIR JOHN COPE'S JOURNAL.

From the journal of Sir John Cope, relative to the consequences and result of the Battle of Gladsmuir, we extract the following apologetical remarks for the conduct of his troops on this occasion.

We marched from Dunbar* on the 19th towards Edinburgh, we encamped that night upon the field western of Haddington, and set out from thence

* Cope, after encountering many hardships and difficulties got to Dunbar after the 16th September, and all the troops were landed there on the 17th and the artillery on the 18th, on the first and nearest place they could land on the south side of the Forth. Here they received the news of the city of Edinburgh having been given up to the rebels on the 17th.

early next morning. On this day's march we had frequent intelligence brought, that the rebels were advancing towards us with their whole body, with a quick pace. We could not therefore get to the ground it was intended we should, having still some miles to march though a country, some part of which was interlined with walls. The general therefore thought it proper to choose the first open ground he found, and a better spot could not have been chosen for the cavalry to act in. We got out of the defiles in our way, and came to this ground just in time before the enemy got up to us.

We had no sooner completed our dispositions and got our little army formed in excellent order when the rebels appeared upon the high ground south of us. We then formed a full front to their's, prepared either to wait their coming to us, or to take the first advantage for attacking them. During this interval we exchanged several huzzas with them, and probably from their not liking our disposition they began to alter their own. They made a large detachment to their left towards Preston (as we imagined) in order to take us in flank, their number being vastly superior to ours'.

Our general having upon this, with several of the officers, reconnoitred their design, immediately caused us to charge our front, forming us with our right to the sea, and our left where our front had been: this disposition disappointed their project of taking us in flank, and that part of their army immediately counter-marched back again.

From this change of theirs, we were again obliged to take new ground, which our people constantly

performed with great alacrity, and regular exactness, and in all outward appearance with a cheerful countenance and eager desires to engage.

The night coming on and the enemy so near, we could only content ourselves with a small train of six gallopers, to throw a few shot amongst an advanced party of theirs who had taken possession of the churchyard of Tranent, that lay between their front and ours.

Till about three in the morning, of a very dark night, our patroles could scarce perceive any motion they made, every thing seemed so quiet; but about this hour the patroles reported them to be in full march towards the east, at four they reported that they were continuing their march north-east. From this it appeared, that they designed to attack our left flank with their main body; and upon the general's being confirmed that this was their intention, he made a disposition in less time than one would think it possible, by which he brought our front to theirs, and secured our flanks by several dikes on our right, towards Tranent, with our left flank inclining to the sea.

The moment this disposition was completed, three large bodies in columns, of their picked out Highlanders, came in a-pace, though in a collected body, with great swiftness. And the column which was advancing towards our right, where our train was posted, after receiving the discharge of a few pieces, almost in an instant, and before day broke, seized the train and threw into the utmost confusion a body of about 100 foot of ours, who was posted there to guard it.

All remedies, in every shape, were tried by the general, brigadier Fowke, the earls Loudon and Hume, and the officers about them, to remedy this disorder, but in vain. This, unhappily, with the fire made (though a very irregular one) by the Highland column on our right, struck such a panic into the dragoons, that in a moment they fled and left Gardiner, their colonel (who was heard to call upon them to stand) to receive the wounds which left him on the field. His lieutenant-colonel, Woitney while within his horse's length of them, coming up with his squadron to attack them, received a shot which shattered his arm, and was left by his squadron too. And from this example, the whole body became possessed with the same fatal dread, so that it became utterly impossible for the general, or any one of the best intentioned of his officers, either to put an end to their fears, or stop their flight, though he and they did all that was in the power of men to do, and in doing it, exposed themselves in such a manner to the fire of the rebels, that I cannot account for their escaping in any other way, but that all of it was aimed at the run-away dragoons, who, in spite of all endeavours to stop them, ran away from the field, through the town of Preston; Gardiner's by the defile which passes by his house, which was in our rear on the right, and Hamilton's by one on our left, north of the house of Preston.

At the west end of the town of Preston, the general, with the earls Loudon and Hume stopped and endeavoured by all possible means to form and

bring them back to charge the enemy now in disorder on the pursuit but to no purpose. Upon which, he put himself at their head, and made a retreat leisurely, towards the road leading south from Edinburgh, to Gingle-Kirk, and thereby kept a body of about 450 of them together, and carried them into Berwick next day.

Brigadier Fowke, seeing things in this extremity with the dragoons, and hearing of several discharges in his rear, galloped towards it, believing that it came from a body of our foot, who might be still maintaining their ground, hoping by them to retrieve the fortune of the day; he was mistaken, it was the rebels, the smoke of their fire, and the little day-light prevented his discovering who they were, till he was close upon the right flank of their main body, and he must have fallen into their hands, if Captain Wedderburn, a foot officer of ours, had not called out aloud to him to apprize him of his danger.

I am told, that Colonel Lascelles behaved very gallantly. Being deserted by his men, he fell into the enemy's hands upon the field, but in the hurry they were in, he found means to make his escape eastward, and got safe to Berwick.

I do not mention the behaviour of the officers; I saw a good many of them exerting themselves to rally the dragoons, before they entered the defiles through which they fled from the field. In general, I have not heard one single suggestion against any one man, who had the honour to carry the King's commission either in the dragoons or foot, as if he had not

done his duty. Neither officers nor general can divest men of dread and panic when it seizes them; he only can do that who makes the heart of man. To their being struck with a most unreasonable panic, and to no one thing else, the disgraceful event was owing. The ground was to our wish, the disposition was unexceptionable, and we were fully formed.

I know you will expect that I should inform you what were the number on both sides in the action. —Of our side, I am convinced we were not above 1,500 men who should have fought. As to them, it was so dark when they came to attack us, that I could only perceive them like a black hedge moving towards us. Some people magnify their numbers, others endeavour to lessen them; but by the best accounts and the most to be depended upon (which I have been able to get) they were not less than 5,000 men.

DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER.

The following particulars transpired in a letter at the time, from a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, relative to the behaviour and fall of the brave Colonel Gardiner, who was universally esteemed. "He did all that could be expected from the most gallant and experienced officer to rally his dragoons; but finding his utmost efforts vain, and seeing the officer who commanded the foot, which his regiment was appointed to guard, the colonel immediately quitted his horse

and snatched up the half pike, and took upon him the command of the foot, at whose head he fought till he was brought down by three wounds,—one in his shoulder by a ball, another in his forehead by a broadsword, and the third, which was the mortal stroke, by a *Lochaber axe:* this wound was given him by a Highlander, who came behind while he was reaching a stroke at an officer with whom he was engaged. It is added that he is regretted not only by his friends and those of the present government, but even by those against whom he fought, who agree with all others, in acknowledging that he finished a worthy and exemplary life with a most honorable and heroic death, for he might very easily have escaped with the rest, if, like them he would have deserted his duty. He was decently interred on Tuesday, September 24th in the parish church at Tranent, where eight of his children lie. The fatal action happened almost by the walls of his own seat at Bankton; but Lady Frances Gardiner and her eldest daughter were left by him at Stirling Castle, and the younger children are also safe. It is said that Sir John Cope escaped in a boat, and that the young Chevalier kept himself at a prudent distance from danger."

The following particulars of the death of this good and great man are given somewhat differently by his affectionate biographer Dr. Doddridge* from the evidence of an eye witness:—"The army was alarmed

* Some remarkable passages in the life of Colonel James Gardiner, by P. Doddrige, D.D. London, p. 187.

by break of day, by noise of the rebels' approach, and the attack was made before sunrise, yet when it was light enough to discern what passed. As soon as the enemy came within gun shot they made a furious fire; and it is said that the dragoons which constituted the left wing, immediately fled. The colonel at the beginning of the onset, which in the whole lasted but a few minutes, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant who led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat, but he said it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. In the mean time it was discerned that some of the enemy fell by him, and particularly one man who had made him a treacherous visit but a few days before, with great profession of zeal for the present establishment.

Events of this kind pass in less time than the description of them can be written, or than it can be read. The colonel was for a few moments by his men, and particularly by that worthy person Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, who was shot through the arm here, and a few months after fell nobly at the battle of Falkirk, and by Lieutenant West, a man of distinguished bravery, as also by about fifteen dragoons, who stood by him to the last. But after a faint fire, the regiment in general was seized with a panic; and though their colonel and some other gallant officers did what they could to rally them once or twice, they at last took a precipitate flight. And just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to

be making a pause to deliberate what duty required him to do in such circumstances, an accident happened which must, I think, in the judgment of every worthy and generous man, be allowed a sufficient apology for exposing his life to so great hazard, when his regiment had left him. He saw a party of the foot, who were then fighting bravely near him, and when he was ordered to support, had no officer to head them; on which he said eagerly, in the hearing of the person from whom I had this account, 'These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for the want of a commander,' or words to that effect; and that while he was speaking, he rode up to them and cried out, 'fire on my lads, and fear nothing.' But just as the words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him so dreadful a wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about while he was thus cruelly entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off from his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander, who, if the king's evidence at Carlisle may be credited (as I know not why it should not, though the unhappy creature died denying it) was one Mc. Naught, who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke either with a broadsword or a Lochaber axe (for my informant could not exactly distinguish) on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw further at this time was that as his hat was falling off, he took it in his left hand and waved it as

a signal to him to retreat, and added what were the last words he ever heard him speak 'take care of yourself.'

MOTIONS OF THE REBELS.

From the Gazette, November 2.

Whitehall, Oct. 30. There are advices from Berwick of the 25th at night, that the carriages which the rebels had demanded from different places, all came into Edinburgh upon the 22d and 23d, but were immediately dismissed; and the people belonging to them were told, they should have some days' notice before their march to get them ready again. Upon the 22d they had a general review between Leith and Edinburgh. Upon the 26th Glenbucket's and the Athol men marched to Musselburgh, and gave out they were to stay there till further orders. The rebels seemed to be packing up their baggage upon that day, and their cannon, consisting of seven pieces, were sent to the Eastward. A detachment of 5 or 600 of their men was stationed at Alloway, at a narrow passage upon the Firth, where they were erecting a battery to secure a passage, and building flat-bottom'd boats for bringing over their arms, &c., landed at Montross and Stonehaven. The Ludlow and Fox men of war were in the road of Leith. It was reported, that the rebels had great differences amongst themselves. They had a small camp upon the plain between Inverosk and Dalkeith. Lord Loudon was at Inverness with a good number of men, and had, by those accounts, been joined by

the Sutherland people, the Monroes, &c, The Campbells of Argyleshire were said to be in arms for the king, and encamped at Inverary. Other letters mention, that John Campbell, Esq. Lieut. Col. to Lord Loudon's Highland regiment, had, with three companies thereof, attacked, disarmed and dispersed 700 of the Macleans, who were upon their march to join the rebels near Edinburgh. Gen. Blakeney and his men, in Stirling castle, were all well. Marshal Wade was at Newcastle upon the 29th, with all the troops from Doncaster, excepting those from Ireland, which are one day's march behind. He proposed halting at Newcastle a day or two, and then to march on towards Edinburgh. The seven battalions from Flanders were all safe arrived at Newcastle and Berwick, together with the seven companies of Brackel's regiment, Dutch, which had been left in Holland.

From the Gazette, November 8.

Whitehall, Nov. 4. By letters from the North of the 31st of last month there is an account, that the rebels continue to seize on all the horses, forage and provision, they can find between Berwick and Edinburgh, in order to distress his majesty's troops on their march. Their counsels are so various and fluctuating, that they frequently contradict and countermand the orders of the preceding day; they plunder the country, and raise all the ready money they can lay their hands on from the collectors of cess, customs and excise, in the distribution of which to their chiefs and superior, few or none are contented with

their proportion, and consequently there are great jealousies and ill blood amongst them. Marshal Wade proposed to march towards Berwick yesterday or to day. On Saturday, the 26th of last month, the main body of the rebels having almost entirely evacuated Edinburgh and Leith, pitched their tents to the west of Inverask church. They had seven or eight pieces of cannon pointed South-West, placed on the South-West of their camp. Their sick, and some of their baggage, were sent to the westward. They had ordered 100 light waggons, and a number of baskets for carrying on horseback, to be made; and from the gentlemen and farmers in the shire of East Lothian, had got between six and seven hundred of their best working horses. They had taken possession of a place on the Forth called Haigen's Nook, some miles below Stirling, and had placed a battery on both sides the Forth at that place, to keep off the men of war's boats that might hinder their crossing. One of these batteries consisted of six, the other of five pieces of cannon.

Nov. 5. The freshest intelligence from Scotland mentions the arrival of four ships in all, in the North ports of that kingdom, with arms, &c., for the use of the rebels, viz. one at Montrose, two at Stone Hyve, and the fourth at Dunatyr. That the cargo of the first was carried South in eighty-five carts; and that of two others in more than a hundred, drawn each by two horses. That they brought some brass cannon, and one piece of five-inch bore, with some gunners and officers. That the small arms of

the first cargo were carried part to Dunkeld, and part to Perth, being intended for the Athol men and Mac Donalds, and all the rest were gone forward towards Edinburgh. That half of Lord Oglivy's men had deserted; and that a party of the rebels in Angus was employed in forcing them to return, and Lord Strathmore's men to join them, threatening to burn their houses in case of refusal, whereupon many of the country people were gone out of the way. That the rebels had small parties in the passes upon the road to Inverness, who searched all passengers, and about forty men at Perth to guard the officers who are prisoners there; That the rebels, who remained encamped at Dalkeith the 31st past, had received 1000 recruits, being the most part Athol men, with some few of the Gordons: That the carts which went west from Edinburgh the week before with the sick and wounded, carried likewise some chests of arms, which were distributed amongst those recruits, upon their coming to the South side of the Forth: That late at night, on the 31st, about 400 of their men came to Dalkeith camp from Allowa, and brought with them six pieces of brass cannon, much of the same size with those they had taken at Preston: That they had with them above 100 carts loaded, partly with chests, and partly with biscuit, and 12 or 16 French engineers.

From the London Gazette, Nov. 9.

Whitehall, Nov. 5. By letters of the 3d inst. from Berwick there are accounts, that upon the 27th past a party of the rebels had been at Glasgow

to demand the old subsidy for the tobacco brought in seven ships, and just then landed at Greenock, which amounted to 10,000*l.* sterling. That they had also demanded three years excise upon the small beer, which likewise amounts to 10,000*l.* sterling. That upon the 31st past, two hundred small carts, in which were six field-pieces, ammunition, small arms, &c. lately landed at Montrose, and which came over the Firth at Haigen's Nook, passed by on the west side of Edinburgh, and went to Dalkeith, attended by two considerable bodies of the rebels: That the pretender's son left Edinburgh about six that evening, and came the length of Pinkie, about four miles to the east of that city, with those of the rebels called the life-guards, and lay there that night: That all their baggage, six pieces of six pounders, and one field piece, were to be sent off that night or the next day to Dalkeith, and their whole army to follow at the same time: That about one o'clock upon the 1st instant the pretender's son proceeded to Dalkeith, from which place a considerable body of the Highlanders, who called themselves the advanced guard, marched that evening to Pennycook, and another to Loan Head, both which places are at a small distance from Dalkeith, upon the road leading westward to Peebles, Moffat, Carlisle, &c., those advanced parties gave out, that their whole army was to follow them the next day: That the pretender's son was to set out from Dalkeith upon the 3d, and that they were to march through Annandale to Carlisle: That the better to disguise their motions,

billets for quarters had been sent to Musselburgh, Fisheraw, Inverask, Preston-Pans, Tranent, Haddington, and other villages upon the east road to Berwick, whilst considerable numbers were to march by night to the westward: That they had along with them above a hundred and fifty carts and waggons full of baggage, besides great numbers of baggage-horses, and that they gave out that their intention was to proceed directly into England, to endeavour to slip by the troops under Marshal Wade, and to get into Lancashire.

Nov. 8. By advices from the North of the 5th instant, there are accounts, that the rebels were marching southwards towards Longtown and Carlisle, as was supposed, in three different columns, the westermost of which was thought to be their main body by the pretender's son being with them, who was to take his quarters at Broughton near Peebles, being the house of Murray his secretary. The middle column marched by Lauder, Selkirk, and Hawick, and the eastermost column by Kelso. Marshal Wade was at Newcastle upon the 5th, and upon advice of the march of the rebels southwards, had countermanded the march of the army under him to Berwick. Several companies of foot, as also the baggage of several regiments landed at Berwick, had orders to march to Newcastle, and to join their corps. Lord Kilmarnock, who stiles himself colonel of a regiment of horse, had sent a summons upon the 3d inst. to the provost of Kelso, for furnishing quarters and provisions for 4000 foot and 1000 horse of the rebels, requiring him also to send the same or-

ders to the magistrates of Wooller. That on Saturday the 2d, General Guest had made a sally from the castle of Edinburgh, and seized about 2000 loaves, which had been provided for, and were to be sent after the rebels, who had with them, as it was said, only four days' provision when they marched. The two regiments of dragoons of Hamilton and Ligonier were posted at Wooller, Whittingham, &c. to observe their motions: they are under the command of Colonel Ligonier. The marshal had ordered the regiments, who had been quartered in Newcastle since their landing, to join and encamp with the other forces upon the 6th. The horse and dragoons continued at Durham. The left column of the rebels marched upon the 3rd inst. from Dalkeith and Newbottle to Lauder. The number of the rebels who were at Peebles upon the same day amounted to between 4 and 5000, with 150 cart loads of baggage and some artillery. Other letters mention, that the French arms, ammunition, and baggage, &c. landed some time since at Montrose, had been brought to Perth, from whence horses had been pressed to carry it to Allowa on the 27th past, under pain of military execution: That part of the said baggage had been ferried over that night, which continued the Monday and Tuesday after; but that General Blakeney having had notice that the rear of the men who conducted it was to pass over on Wednesday morning, had dispatched Captain Abercrombie with some soldiers and countrymen to attack them, which they accordingly did, wounded some, took several prisoners, some cows,

horses, and a great deal of baggage, arms, &c. with some money, and great quantities of letters: That all these were brought into Stirling castle between seven and eight that night: That it was reported that there were 24 French engineers along with the said baggage, &c. and that Glengyle, with 150 men and 7 pieces of cannon that had been mounted on the Highlanders' battery at Allowa, was gone to take possession of the castle of Down, five miles beyond Stirling, and that General Blakeney was preparing to attack them there.

Nov. 9.—By an express just arrived from the north there is an account, that a quarter-master from the rebel army, was come the 5th inst. to Moffat, to demand quarters to be ready that evening, for 2000 foot, and 600 horse.

From the Gazette, Nov. 12.

Whitehall, Nov. 10.—By letters from the north, of the 6th, there is advice, that that part of the rebel army which came to Kelso, continued there till nine that morning; their numbers were between 3 or 4000. At ten, they began to pass the Tweed, and continued passing till after it was dark; they took the road to Jedburgh, and by the motions of the other two columns, as well as by what they gave out themselves, they were marching towards Longtown for Carlisle. Marshal Wade was at Newcastle, upon the 7th, and it was thought would continue there till their designs could be more certainly known; the horse under him had been ordered to join the army at Newcastle the day before. The Pretender's son arrived at Kelso upon the 4th at night; the party with him is said

to consist of the best of their men, the Camerons and Macdonalds. They had no cannon, and no more baggage than what could be carried in thirty carts and upon twelve horses, and one covered waggon with the Pretender's son's baggage. All the cannon and heavy baggage had been sent towards Peebles, where the Duke of Perth commands, who is their general-in-chief; Lord George Murray acted as Lieutenant-General; Lord Elcho as Colonel, of what they called the life-guards, Lord Kilmarnock, as Colonel of Hussars, and Lord Pitsligo commanded the Angus horse. Advices from Berwick of the 7th inst. say, that that part of the rebel army which took the route to Peebles, were believed to be by that time near Carlisle; That the other part who were at Kelso, after having staid two nights there, marched on the 6th in the morning towards Jedburgh. Many of the rebels have deserted on their march from Edinburgh, and particularly at Kelso, and many stragglers with their arms have been seized, and delivered by the country people into the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, or to the commanders of his Majesty's ships.

Nov. 12.—By letters from Carlisle, dated the 9th inst. received late last night, there is advice, that part of the rebel army encamped that evening on a moor within two miles of that city.

By an express this morning from the north, there is an account, that upon the 9th, in the afternoon, about 50 or 60 of the rebels, well mounted, and thought to be officers, appeared on a hill, called Stanwix-Bank, close by Carlisle; that the castle of

Carlisle fired upon them, and that after some time they retreated: That there were accounts of different bodies appearing in different places near Carlisle: That their main army was at Ecclefechan, 16 miles from thence: That they could not get their artillery and baggage forward for want of horses; but that they were collecting all they could get every where, and that it was talked amongst them, that they were to push on southwards. The whole militia of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland were in garrison at Carlisle.

From the Gazette, Nov. 16.

Whitehall Nov. 15.—Letters of the 9th from Berwick mention that Lord Justice Clerk, and Mr. Dundas, his Majesty's Solicitor-general, with others of his Majesty's servants in Scotland, who had retired into place, intended to set out as next day upon their return to Edinburgh, in order to resume the functions of their several posts.

And letters of the 11th mention, that Lieutenant General Handasyd intended to begin his march the next day towards Edinburgh, and to take with him Price's and Ligonier's regiments of foot, and the two regiments of Hamilton's and Ligonier's dragoons.

The following account of the motions of the rebels from the 7th to the 10th inst. was received by the same express.

On Thursday, the 7th of November, the rebels marched from Hawick to Halyhaugh, where the Pretender's son lay that night. On Friday, the 8th, they marched part of the cavalry to Langholm, and infantry to Cannoby, on the Scotch side, and the rest

of the cavalry crossed the river, and lay at Longtown; and the Pretender's son lay at Mr. David Murray's at Ridding. On Saturday, the 9th, they marched towards Rowcliff, where they crossed the river within four miles of Carlisle, and thence pursued their march to Murray's, on Brough side, where they lay that night, about four miles southward of Carlisle; and that afternoon part of the corps which took the route by Moffat, with the artillery, joined them, and all their rest next day, except about 200, which could not join before the 11th. On Sunday, the 10th, part of their corps approached the walls of Carlisle, first bending towards the Irish gate, but afterwards marched round to the English gate, in order to reconnoitre the place as it was judged, during which motions they were fired at from both town and castle, and it was supposed they intended to make a vigorous attack in the night between the 10th and the 11th, the firing continuing till midnight. On the same day the two regiments commanded by Lord Ogilvy and Gordon, of Glenbucket, crossed the river, about two miles above Rowcliff, at which time they were counted, and found both together to make up but 400.

Nov. 15.—A letter, dated the 12th inst., from Mr. Thomas Pattenson, Mayor of Carlisle, brings advice, that on Saturday night, the 9th inst., that city was surrounded by about 9000 Highlanders; that at three o'clock that afternoon, he, the Mayor had received a message from them, to provide billets for 13,000 men, and to be ready that night, which he refused: That the next day, at three in the afternoon, he received a message in writing from the person stiling himself

Prince Charles, and subscribed Charles P. R. in the following words:

"*Charles, Prince of Wales, Regent of the Kingdom of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.*"

"Being come to recover the King our father's just rights, for which we are arrived with all his authority, we are sorry to find that you should prepare to obstruct our passage; We therefore, to avoid the effusion of English blood, hereby require you to open your gates, and let us enter, as we desire, in a peaceable manner; which if you do, we shall take care to preserve you from any insult, and set an example to all England of the exactness with which we intend to fulfil the King our father's declaration and our own: But if you shall refuse us entrance, we are fully resolved to force it by such means as Providence has put into our hands, and then it will not perhaps be in our power to prevent the dreadful consequences which usually attend a town's being taken by assault. Consider seriously of this, and let me have your answer within the space of two hours, for we shall take any farther delay as a peremptory refusal, and take our measures accordingly."

November 10, 1745,
Two in the afternoon,
For the Mayor of Carlisle.

That he, the Mayor, had returned no answer thereto but by firing the cannon upon them: That the said pretended Prince, the Duke of Perth, with several other gentlemen, lay within a mile or two of the city;

but that their whole army was, at the time of dispatching the above advice, marched for Brampton, seven miles on the high road to Newcastle.

Nov. 16.—By advices from the north of the 12th, at night, there are accounts, that the main body of the rebels marched upon the 11th to Brampton. The Pretender's son lodged on the 9th at night, at Murray's, at a little village, three miles west of Carlisle; on the 10th, at night, at Blackhall, three miles south of Carlisle, and was at Warwick Castle by ten o'clock on the 11th. A body of the rebels, which the garrison took for the rear guard, appeared the same day upon Stanwix Bank, but the guns firing upon them, they fled in great haste. The same night this body took up their quarters at Rickarby, and at several villages near it upon the north side of the river Eden; but receiving an express ordering them to march to Brampton without loss of time, they set out immediately from thence, but were not able to march above a mile and a half that night, their carriage-horses having failed them. Some stragglers had been brought into Carlisle, and two carriages laden with biscuit. Upon the 12th the rebels remained at Brampton, Warwick Bridge, and the villages between those two places. They gave out that their whole army was to join that night, and that they had orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at ten o'clock, upon the 13th. They had 16 field-pieces along with them, and seemed to be greatly surprised that the town of Carlisle had not surrendered upon their appearance before it the Sunday before.

Nov. 16.—The following intelligence was received

this morning from Penrith, in the county of Cumberland, dated the 13th inst.

The rebels who continued before Carlisle, from Saturday till Monday last, retreated with their carriages and 16 field-pieces to Brampton, eight miles east from thence. They have continued there, and have been collecting their forces till nine this morning. Two persons of good character came to Penrith at five this evening, and declared they saw a large body of the rebels, which they gave out to be 7000, moving from Brampton to Carlisle, and heard numbers of them declare they were going to besiege it in form. That the rebels forced four carpenters to go along with them from Brampton, in order (as they said) to assist in erecting batteries. The said two persons further added, that the guns of the garrison of Carlisle were firing very briskly, as they came on the road hither. Numbers of persons who have likewise been at Brampton from Penrith are returned, and all agree as to the march of the rebels and their artillery from Brampton towards Carlisle. The rebels have been felling wood all this day in Corby and Warwick Parks for the repairs of their carriages, as they give out, and making batteries and scaling-ladders.

From the Gazette, Nov. 19.

Whitehall, Nov. 18.—Letters from Marshal Wade of the 15th inst. mention, that upon the news received by him of the resolution of the rebels to return from Brampton, in order to make an attempt upon Carlisle, it had been determined in a council of war, held the same day thereupon, to march on

Saturday morning the 16th inst. by Hexham towards Carlisle.

Letters of the 14th inst. from Penrith mention, that it was affirmed by great numbers of persons who were come thither from the villages, on the south and west sides of Carlisle, that the whole rebel army were endeavouring to surround that city. That they shot at every body that fled from them, and that one person had been killed, and that they were actually putting the country under military execution: that they seized all able-bodied men, horses and carriages, and declared that they would force them to carry their ladders to the walls of Carlisle: That the cannon of Carlisle were firing that morning very briskly: That they had taken the four light horsemen upon their return to Newcastle, who had been sent to conduct the quarter-master of the rebels, taken prisoner near Carlisle, to Marshal Wade. Letters of the same date from Penrith at nine o'clock at night mention, that the rebels had approached so near Carlisle, that the garrison had thrown granadoes at them, and that the rebels had broke ground about 300 yards from the citadel, and at Spring-Garden, near the horse-race ground; and that they had been obliged to fetch provisions as far as Heckett, about five miles from Carlisle.

Nov. 18. Letters dated the 15th instant from Penrith, give an account, that a person sent from the governor of Carlisle to marshal Wade, reported, that it was agreed, that the town should be delivered up to the rebels, but did not know the conditions. The governor was determined to de-

fend the castle to the last extremity, and had prepared every thing for that purpose. It was supposed that he will be able to hold out eight days. Letters from Shap of the 15th instant at noon mention, that the city of Carlisle surrendered at ten o'clock that morning.

Nov. 19. By letters received this morning from Edinburgh, of the 15th instant there is an account of Lieutenant General Handasyd's arrival there the day before from Berwick, with Price's and Ligonier's regiments of foot, and Hamilton's and Ligonier's regiments of dragoons: That the magistrates had quarter'd the foot and part of the horse in that city: That the rebels in the shire of Perth were augmented to 700. Lieutenant General Handasyd had left Brigadier Fleming to command at Berwick.

From the Gazette November 23.

Whitehall Nov. 23. Letters from Penrith, dated the 16th, bring a confirmation of the surrender of Carlisle the day before to the rebels, and give the following account of the occasion of it, viz. that for seven days before, neither the officers nor common men of the garrison had had scarce an hour's rest, being perpetually alarmed by the rebels, and that many of them were so sick, through their great fatigue, that being out of all hopes of a speedy relief, they absolutely refused to hold out any longer, and multitudes went off every hour over the walls, some of which fell into the hands of the rebels, till the officers of many companies were at last left with not above three or four men, so that the mayor and corporation determined to hang out the white flag

(though contrary to the opinion and protestation of Colonel Durand) and made the best terms they could get for themselves; and that the colonel was thereupon obliged to abandon the castle, not having above 70 invalids to defend it, and most of them unfit for service, and the rebels threatening in case of refusal, to destroy the whole town by fire and sword. It is added in other letters of the 17th, that the garrison were permitted to go to their respective homes. Marshal Wade marched on Saturday last, at ten o'clock in the morning, and was to go the first night to Ovingham, and the second to Hexham.

Nov. 21. By letters of the 19th from Penrith there is an account, that at three o'clock in the afternoon of the day before, a quarter-master belonging to the rebels, came to that town, and demanded billets for two squadrons, making 250 horse, that were to be there that night: and for 8000 men more, who were to be there next day. The horse came in that evening, and were counted by several people, but did not exceed half the number they were said to be.

Nov. 23. Letters from the North of the 20th instant mention, that the rebels entered Penrith on the 19th instant. Letters from Marshal Wade, dated the 19th instant, at Hexham, bring advice of the arrival there, on the 17th at midnight, of the army under his command, in order to have proceeded to the relief of Carlisle, and to give battle to the rebels, but that having received advice, as well of the surrender of that city and castle on the 15th, as of the advance of the rebels to Penrith, and find-

ing the roads through the great quantity of snow that had fallen, in a manner impassable, it had been resolved in a council of war, to march the army back immediately to Newcastle.

Nov. 23. It appears by letters just received from Colonel Durand, commandant of Carlisle, that before the surrender of that place to the rebels, he had time to nail up ten pieces of cannon, from four to two pounders, that were placed upon the ramparts; that he had prevailed upon 400 men, (besides the two companies of invalids) to join with him in defending the castle, but that before eight the next morning they had changed their resolution, and had all left him to a man; so that upon calling a council of war, consisting of the officers of the invalids, it was unanimously agreed, that with the small force remaining under his orders, and which did not exceed eighty men, many of them extremely infirm, it was not possible to defend the castle.

Letters from Berwick mention, that an account had been received there from General Guest of the taking of Mac Donald of Kinloch, a few miles from Edinburgh: That he is the gentleman at whose house the pretender's son lodged, and who was with him for two months before any other joined him: That he was sent some time ago to Sir Alexander Mac Donald, and the Laird of Mac Cloud, from the pretender's son, in order to prevail upon those two to join him: That being utterly refused, he was returning back to the pretender's son, when taken. The same letters add, that there was a letter found in his pocket from Mr. Murray, the pretender's

son's secretary, telling him, that in case he did not succeed with Sir Alexander and Mac Cloud, he must be sure to give it out in the country, as he passed along, that Sir Alex. Mac Donald and Mr. Mac Cloud were upon their march to join the pretender's son with 2000 men, well armed: That otherwise they could not keep the army they had together, several of the chiefs having declared that if those two clans did not join him, they would march back again.

By some private men of General Cope's army, who were taken prisoners in the late action on Gladsmuir, but escaped and came in here on Tuesday last, we hear, that when they arrived at the Blair of Athol, where all the prisoners not wounded in the engagement were sent, and saw the dismal places they were to be confined in, with an allowance of only three halfpence a day to live on, out of about two hundred of them one hundred and twenty enlisted with the rebels, who gave them for advance a halfpenny-worth of bread, and a chopin (which is our wine quart) full of ale, with a promise, that when they arrive at St. James's, they should have five guineas a man, and to be new cloathed from head to foot. Those who did not enlist, had some little money to subsist on; and of those that did, sixty-six made their escape, and got into Stirling-castle, and on their march back to Edinburgh, all, except twenty-one, escaped likewise. We have about thirty-six of General Cope's foot here, eight of whom are wounded chiefly on the head, with the broad swords: they are all under very good care, and are

supplied with necessaries and apparel as they arrive. Several gentlemen also came in here on Tuesday, who left Edinburgh on Friday, and they give out, that, from all circumstances they are able to learn, notwithstanding their gasconading in the Caledonian Mercury, &c. the number of the rebels does not exceed six thousand; and all accounts agree, that one fourth part of them are made up of boys and old men, no way fit to stand an engagement.—This is the mighty hydra by which all Britain is so much alarmed; but what contributed most thereto, in my opinion, was the treachery of Edinburgh, and the late ill-conducted engagement; lucky for the nation, I hope, that it is roused out of its lethargy, though every Briton must be sorry it is at the expense of a few brave men's lives, and of the sufferings of the many innocent amongst a treacherous few.

Berwick, October 27. The men of war here are to join admiral Byng, who has orders to demand all the vessels out of every port in Scotland, or on refusal to burn them, and the towns that offer resistance, to prevent the pretender and his adherents from escaping by sea.

Kelso, October 29. The rebels please themselves with the expectation of 12,000 men landing in England under the pretender's younger son Henry, and 6000 landing in Scotland under the E. Marischall.

Edinburgh Evening Courant, November 1.

Major General Campbell is arrived at Inverary in Argyleshire from Liverpool, with arms, money, &c. and is forming a body in defence of the kingdom. The E. of Loudon has had great success at Inver-

ness, and is now at the head of a little complete army. This day a proclamation was read at the high cross, inviting all able-bodied men to enter into his majesty's service, with assurances of being discharged, as soon as the rebellion shall be extinguished. The officers of excise have been ordered to repair immediately to their divisions, and do their duty as formerly.

Tuesday 5.—The Lord Mayor went in state to St. Paul's, where he was met by the dukes of Bedford, Montagu, Richmond, Newcastle and Dorset. E. of Harrington, Lord Gower, R. hon. Pelham, Esq. and several other persons of distinction.—The evening was very remarkably observed, and the pope and pretender burnt in many places.

Saturday 9.—A proclamation was issued for a general fast, throughout Great Britain, on the 18th of December next. One Gordon a Scotch Romish priest, was taken into custody, and his papers seized, by which it appears that many thousand pounds had been transmitted through his hands to the rebels.

TAKING OF CARLISLE (BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

On Saturday the 9th, afternoon, about three o'clock, a body of the rebels appeared at Stanwix Bank, within a quarter of a mile of Carlisle; and, it being the market day there, they mixed with the country people returning home, so that it was not possible for the garrison to fire upon them for some time, without risque of injuring their neighbours along with their enemies; but in less than half an hour, the country people dispersed themselves, and then

the garrison of the castle fired a ten gun battery upon them which, it is believed, killed several; then, night coming on, they retreated to a greater distance from the city, and the garrison stood all the night under arms. At two in the morning a thick fog came on, which remained until twelve that day, when it cleared up for about an hour, and then the garrison discovered the rebels approaching to attack the city in three several parties, viz. one at Stanwix Bank, commanded by the Duke of Perth, a second, at Shading-gate-lane, commanded by the Marquis of Tullibardine, who also had the artillery, and the third in Blackwell-Fields, where the Pretender commanded the rest of their body, facing the English-gate.

Upon discovering these three parties approaching so near to the city, the garrison fired upon them, viz. the four-gun battery upon the Marquis of Tullibardine, who was heard to say, 'Gentlemen, we have not metal for them, retreat;' which they immediately did, and disappeared. The turret guns and the citadel guns were fired upon the Pretender's division, where the white flag was displayed, which was seen to fall; about the same time the ten-gun battery was fired upon the Duke of Perth's division, who also retired. Then the thick fog struck in again, and all the inhabitants of the city expected nothing but that a general assault would be made by the rebels, against which the walls were well lined with men; and Sir John Pennington, Dr. Waugh, chancellor Humphrey Senhouse, Joseph Daire Dalston, of Acorn-bank, Esqrs., with several other gentlemen of note, stood all night under arms, to encourage and assist them.

The militia was also drawn up at the foot of Castle-street, to be ready, in case of a forcible attack, to relieve and reinforce the men upon the walls. On Monday morning the fog still continuing thick, the garrison could not observe the situation of the rebels, but heard their pipers playing not far from the English gate. About ten o'clock a man was let down from the city walls, to reconnoitre the enemy, and he found they were retiring towards Warwick-bridge. After noon other spies were likewise detached to observe their motions, and discovered a great number remained about Warwick-bridge; but the Pretender, with his guard and attendants, were advanced to Brampton, where they lodged themselves that night; and on Tuesday they lay idle from all action, except feats of rapine and plunder; for they spent the day in hunting and destroying the sheep of Lord Carlisle's tenants, and bearing off the country people's geese and other poultry. They also seized upon all the horses they could lay hands on, without any question relating to value or property; notwithstanding they declare the design of their expedition is to redress grievances, and correct abuses. Tuesday night the rebels slept quietly with full bellies. On Wednesday morning about ten o'clock they displayed the white flag at Warwick Bridge-end, to which they were about three hours in repairing. About one o'clock the young Pretender, attended by Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, and several others, besides those called his guards, came to them; upon which they formed themselves, and began to march again to Carlisle, in the following order: first, two (named

hussars) in Highland dresses, and high rough red caps, like pioneers; next, about half a dozen of the chief leaders, followed by a kettle-drum; then the Pretender's son, at the head of about 100 horse, called his guards, two and two a-breast; after these a confused multitude of all sorts of mean people, to the number (as was supposed) of about 6000. In this order they advanced to the height of Warwick Moor, where they halted about half an hour, and took an attentive view of the city; From thence the foot took the lead, and so marched to Carlisle about three in the afternoon; when they began a fresh assault, and the city renewed their fire.—On Thursday it was discovered, that the rebels had thrown up a trench, which intimidated the town, and in a consultation it was resolved to capitulate, a deputation was sent to the Pretender at Brampton, and the town and castle delivered up on Friday morning.

Edinburgh.—Some gentlemen, by order of the Pretender, having visited the wounded English prisoners in the infirmaries, and told them that such as inclined to swear that they would not carry arms against the house of Stuart, before the 1st of January, 1747, should be set at liberty; 260 of them complied, some of whom got to the castle, others remain in the infirmary to be cured.—The rebels soon after retired from the city, and when they were at a distance, the mob rose on the stragglers left behind, drove them into the castle, and broke all the windows of the most noted Jacobites. Last Sunday divine service was performed in most of the churches of Edinburgh, and large collections were made for the poor.

Brough, in Cumberland, Nov. 11.—A person, who saw the rebels about Rowcliff, affirms that the whole number did not exceed 9000 men. As to arms, every man has a sword, target, musket, and dirk; their baggage is not very considerable, but they relieve the guard that marches with it every night. For provisions, they have live cattle, and keep a drove along with them; oatmeal they buy, or take it where they find it, carry it in a bag at their sides, and eat it morning and evening, with water. They march at a very great rate, and express a desire of getting into Lancashire. Their officers lodge in villages, but the men always encamp at night. About day-break they begin to move, or sooner if the moon shines, and push on as hard as possible. Whereas some of our regiments do not get ready to march till nine o'clock.

Extract of a letter from Kendal, Nov. 13.

Most of our militia are got home from Carlisle, who generally complained of very ill treatment in that place; and though perhaps some of them may exaggerate matters through resentment, yet, by all accounts, the conduct of that city fell much short of what was expected from a place of so much strength and reputed loyalty.—An officer in the said militia, who is a man of fortune and good credit, declares, that Carlisle merits no greater honour by its surrender to the rebels than Edinburgh did. The garrison wholly consisted of the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, together with a few volunteers, and two imperfect companies of invalids. There were besides some independent companies of the town, who would not assist the said garrison with more than two or

three men out of a company; so that last week they were obliged to be continually upon duty, and the week before one half relieved the other alternately. The militia were also put to several other great hardships; many of the inhabitants making them pay an exorbitant price for provisions; and they could not, for any money, procure a sufficient quantity of straw to lie upon on the walls. Captain Wilson, (son of Daniel Wilson, Esq., member of Parliament for Westmoreland) paid 1*l.* 10*s.* for the use of a cobler's stall under the walls. Upon the first approach of the rebels, the garrison gave out that themselves were 3000 strong; upon which the rebels durst not attempt the city immediately, but went forward towards Brampton; from whence they return on the 13th. The garrison kept continually firing upon them, till they were obliged, on the 14th, by the manager in the town, to desist, and come off from the walls, and continued so all that night; during which time it was supposed the terms of capitulation were settled. Next morning they observed that the rebels had entrenched themselves before the town: upon which the garrison renewed their fire with great spirit and bravery, but soon received orders again to desist, for the capitulation was agreed upon. The Duke of Perth with his division, were the first of the rebels that entered Carlisle, the Pretender being then six miles from the city. They made the garrison swear never to appear in arms any more against them; and Perth shaking the men by the hands, told them they were brave fellows, and offered them great sums to enlist with him. The rebels had taken above 200

good horses, and all the arms from the militia, besides 1000 stand lodged in the castle. They also found a rich booty in the castle; the people of the country round about having brought thither, for safety, the most valuable of their effects. The Marquess of Tullibardine was killed by the first fire from the walls on the 10th. The town capitulated on the 14th, in the evening: and on the 15th, at ten o'clock in the morning, it was given up. Several of the militia endeavoured to escape, without being obliged to take the oath, as also did some of Cope's men, who had deserted from the rebels, one of which they threatened should be shot, as an example to deter others.—

Notwithstanding the above account seems to throw some blame upon the citizens of Carlisle, we hope, in a short time, to have matters so cleared up, as sufficiently to vindicate both their prudence and loyalty.

Friday 24.—The rebels entered Doncaster at noon, and the commanding officer immediately demanded the public money.

From the London Gazette, Nov. 26.

Stirling, Nov. 18.—This town has raised 400 men, and put them under the command of General Blakeney, who armed and reviewed them last Saturday.

Edinburgh, Nov. 19.—Upon the application of Provost Cochran, and the magistrates of Glasgow, for 1000 arms, they are immediately to be sent thither; and the Earl of Hume, with two troops of dragoons, is going to Glasgow, in order to discipline and put in order the men which the city has in readiness. The accounts we had of Colonel Campbell defeating and dispersing a body of the rebels of about 130, who

came into Cowel, in Argyleshire, in order to raise men for the rebel army, is confirmed; and that the deputy lieutenants in that shire, in pursuance of his Majesty's orders, are endeavouring, with the utmost diligence, to raise a considerable number of men for the service of the government. The inhabitants of this city, who before the rebels came here had subscribed sums of money for raising and maintaining 1000 men for the support of his Majesty's government, and had obtained his royal approbation, are now putting the same in execution, under the direction of the commanding officer in Scotland.

Whitehall, Nov. 25.—Advices from Penrith of the 20th at night, mention, that the rebels to the amount of 3000 had been entering that place from four in the afternoon to nine, and that several thousand men were expected there the next day; that according to all appearance their intention was to march southwards, and that a party of them, consisting of 120 men, had gone that afternoon to Lowther-hill, Lord Lonsdale's seat.

Letters of the 21st from the same place say, the rebels had been coming in there all that day; that those which had arrived the day before were all gone the Lancashire road; that Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, Lord Nairn, Glenbucket, and the person styling himself Duke of Perth, were arrived at Penrith, and the Pretender's son was expected every minute.

Letters from Kendal of the 21st bring advice, that about 120 horse, belonging to the rebels, were come into that town, and that orders had been given for

preparing quarters for 2000 foot, which were to be there that evening under the command of Lord George Murray. Letters of the 22d from the same place say, thar the rebels were arrived there, and that they gave out that they proposed to be at Lancaster upon the 23d.

By advices of the 22d from Penrith, the Highland army which marched in there on the 21st, was to halt that day. The Pretender's son, with his household, came in at the head of a regiment of foot, about three that afternoon; that by the best reckoning that could be made at Emont and Fallowfield-bridge, the whole of their army did not exceed 7000 men; that the body of regular horse is very inconsiderable. There are not as yet above 30 hussars, besides those that marched with the van-guard yesterday to Kendal; that Carlisle was left with only about 100; that they talked of great numbers were gone to join them from Scotland, that old Glenbucket was gone forward with Lord Elcho; that their whole train of artillery did not amount to above 16 small field pieces; but their baggage waggons, which were about 20 in number, were very slenderly guarded, some of them being drawn by three, and others by two horses, and that it was expected that the whole body would march from Penrith upon the 24th.

Whitehall, Nov. 26.—By advices from Liverpool of the 24th, there is an account, that nine men belonging to the army of the rebels came into Burton about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d, and demanded quarters for 100 horse and 700 foot. Letters from Lancaster of the 24th, take notice, that

the van of the rebel army, consisting of the numbers above, arrived there that day; and that the young Pretender, with the main body, lay at Kendal the night before.

There are letters from the north which mention, that upon the 14th inst. about 40 carts belonging to the rebels, and loaded with arms, bread, Highland plaids and waistcoats, were seized and plundered by the country people in the county of Annandale, within ten miles of Dumfries.

An express just arrived from Marshal Wade, dated the 23d at Newcastle, brings advice, that the army under his command was returned thither the 22d, and was received and lodged by the magistrates and inhabitants in the public halls, glass-houses, malt-houses, and other empty buildings; and that, upon the news of the motions of the rebels, it had been resolved in a council of war, to march the whole army southward, on Sunday, the 24th inst. in pursuit of them.

His Majesty has been pleased to order a third battalion of the foot guards, and likewise the regiment of dragoons commanded by the Right Hon. the Lord Cobham, to march forthwith towards Lancashire, in order to join the army which is assembling under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

This day his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland set out from St. James's, to take upon him the command of the army, now on its march towards Lancashire.

Deal, Nov. 25.—This afternoon arrived here his

Majesty's ship Sheerness, Captain Bully, and brought in a French privateer, called the Soleil, which he took on the 22d off the dogger bank. She came from Dunkirk the 21st, and was bound to Montross, in Scotland, and has on board Mr. Ratcliff, (who styles himself Earl of Derwentwater) with 20 colonels, captains, &c. Irish, Scotch, and French, besides 60 other men.

So far from the Gazette.

Another account of the capture of the Soleil, says 'there was on board a million of livres, and that, besides Mr. Ratcliff, among the prisoners are the Duke of Richelieu, Count Clermont, Lord Nairn, Lord Drummond, sixteen other persons of distinction, and the Pretender's youngest son, who goes by the name of Manley.*—A letter from on board Admiral Vernon's ship, where the prisoners are, relates 'that Mr. Ratcliff pretends to be father of the young gentleman who is supposed to be the Pretender's youngest son, (see his age, vol. XI. pedigree of Princes, p. 435) but that, upon two beds being shown, he offered the best to his son, who is very sullen and spiritless; and every thing tends to confirm his being a young Pretender, which some are ready to swear, but they did not think he was six foot high, as this person is.'

From another letter, 'Our suspicion is further confirmed, by the young gentleman's keeping his left hand covered to hide his two middle fingers, which grow together; by his throwing his laced hat and coat into the sea, and putting on a leather cap and jacket;

* See Court Gossip, &c.

by the preference Mr. Ratcliff gives him on all occasions, and by the affirmation of a person who knew him at Rome.'

Extract of a letter from Stockport, Nov. 27.

We are all in the utmost confusion here, all the bridges on the river Mercy being ordered to be destroyed; that at Warrington was demolished on Sunday, and that at Barton last night; and last night, about 7 o'clock, a party of 500 of the Liverpool royal blues marched into this town, with order to destroy the bridge here; and just now, about 6 o'clock in the morning, they are beating up to assemble, to put the same in execution; so that our communication with Lancashire will be cut off. All the principal inhabitants are retired with their best effects from Manchester.

Saturday, 30.—The London Gazette of this day relates, 'that a French ship was arrived at Montrose, with two companies and a half of Lord John Drummond's regiment, which landed, though the ship run ashore and was lost; that she came from Dunkirk with three more, and that the rebels in Perthshire were considerably augmented.—It adds, that the rebels were at Preston on the 27th, when an advanced party went to Liverpool, to demand quarters for 2000 men; that on the 28th some few of them came to Warrington, and some were gone to Manchester.—That 200 disorderly persons on the 25th at night, proclaimed the pretender King in Ormskirk, and beat a drum for volunteers in his service; but the townsmen rose and fought them, and took ten or twelve prisoners, and dispersed the rest.—That his Royal Highness the

Duke of Cumberland arrived at Litchfield the 28th, the horse were advanced to Newcastle; that the town of Birmingham had generously provided 200 horses to help forward the foot, and that General Wade was at Persbridge on the 28th.'

Archibald Stewart, Esq., late mayor of Edinburgh, was taken into custody of two messengers.—*Gazette.*

Many subscriptions were promoted this month to buy necessaries for the army. The quakers sent down 10,000 woollen waistcoats, to keep them warm, and his Majesty from his Privy purse gave them shoes.

Sir William Yonge, by his Majesty's command, came and thanked the Lord Mayor and several citizens for their contributions of blankets, watch-coats, and other necessaries for the soldiers.

Whitehall, Dec. 2.—Letters from Inverness of the 14th of November bring advice, that Lord Loudon, having with him a considerable force consisting of part of his own regiment and several of the Monro's, Lord Sunderland's, Mr. Grant's and Lord Rae's people, and 400 of the Macleod's from the isle of Sky, and having received the arms and money brought by his Majesty's sloop the Saltash, was preparing to set out to quell the commotions in that neighbourhood, to supply the garrison with such necessaries as they might have occasion for, and to prevent Lord Lewis Gordon, who was lately come from the north, from giving any further disturbance. The said letters add, that besides the gentlemen above named, the greatest zeal had been shewn for the support of his Majesty's government, by the Lord Fortrose and Sir Alexander Macdonald.

Dec. 1.—By advices from Lancashire of the 29th, the main body of the rebels lay at Wigan and Leigh upon the 28th. That afternoon a party of them came into Manchester, beat up for volonteers for the Pretender, inlisted several papists and nonjurors, and offered* five guineas a man to any that would enter. Those who took the money had white cockades given them, and marched about the town with the drum and the serjeant. The party above ordered quarters to be prepared for 10,000 men, who were to come thither the next day. Upon the 29th the main body moved towards Manchester. A party of them arrived there at ten in the morning, examined the best houses, and fixed upon one for the Pretender's son's quarters. By their order the bellman went round the town to give notice to all persons belonging to the excise, inkeepers, &c. forthwith to appear, to bring their last acquittances and rolls, and all the ready cash they had in their hands belonging to government, upon pain of military execution. About two in the afternoon, another party arrived there with the Pretender's son, who marched on† foot in a Highland dress, surrounded by a body

* It was said elsewhere, that the five guineas were not paid but promised when they came to St James's.

† *His dress, &c. is further described in the following private letter.*—'*Butley Ashe*, (two miles north of Macclesfield) *Dec.* 1. About three this afternoon marched by the Pretender's son, at the head of two regiments of foot, one of which is called his; he marched all the way from Manchester, and forded the river above Stockport, which took him up to the middle. He was dressed in a light plaid, belted about with a blue sash; he wore a grey wig, with a

of Highlanders, and was proclaimed. The bellman went round the town again to order the houses to be illuminated. That night some of them gave out that their rout was for Chester, and others reported that they should march to Knotsford, through Middlewhich and Nantwich into Wales.† The three battalions of guards which went last from hence‡ notwithstanding the excessive badness of the roads, were expected at Litchfield upon the 30th, or this day at farthest.

Dec. 2.—By advices from Lancashire of the 30th past, the whole body of the rebels was in and about Manchester that day, and their artillery was expected. A report prevailed strongly there, as if they would endeavour to slip through Derbyshire or Nottinghamshire, to avoid the Duke of Cumberland's army. The first battalion of guards arrived at Litchfield that morning, without losing a man, either by sickness or any other accident, and the two other battalions were expected there the

blue bonnet and a white rose in it, and it was observed that he looked very dejected. The bulk of his people were very ordinary, only his own regiment seemed to be picked, and made a tolerable appearance. Their advanced guard got into Macclesfield before the main body passed this place. Their arms are very indifferent; some have only guns, and those but bad; some pistols and nothing else; the rest swords and targets; their train of artillery consists of 13 field pieces, some two, some four pounders; two carriages loaden with gunpowder and two sumpter-horses."

† The Paris Gazette relates, that he intended to go into Wales.

‡ The third battalion it means, which went from London the 26th of November; there were but three battalions in all, as the next paragraph explains.

next day. Handasyd's regiment was to be at Tamworth the same day. The Duke of Bedford's regiment marched into Litchfield, part on the 29th at night, and part the next morning. Letters from Leeke in Staffordshire of the 30th take notice, that they had not then heard of any advanced parties of the rebels being got on this side Manchester.

Dec. 3.—Letters received to-day, mention that the main body of the rebel army marched from Manchester on Sunday morning last: That one part of them had taken the road to Stockport, and the other that to Knotsford; but that it was supposed they would join and go altogether the latter road.

Dec. 1.—An express is arrived from Marshal Wade, with letters of the 28th from Persbridge* where his army was then encamped, with advice, that he was upon his march through Yorkshire into Lancashire, and would be on the 3rd at Wetherby.

The Gazette extraordinary, Dec. 5. *Published by Authority.*

Whitehall, Dec. 4.—Letters from Lancashire, Cheshire and Staffordshire, of the 30th past, bring accounts, that about 200 of the rebels had that day come to a pass three miles from Manchester,

* This article wants a little explanation.—On the 28th M. Wade's army was encamped at Persbridge in the Bishoprick of Durham, at the edge of Yorkshire, but he was at the same time on his march through Yorkshire into [for] Lancashire and would be at Wetherby in Yorkshire, on the 3rd, about 40 miles from Persbridge, which is proposed for a five days' march. On the 8th we find him at Ferrybridge, about ten miles from Wetherby, and on the 11th at Wakefield, which is but ten miles further.

leading to Knotsford, and had made a sort of bridge over the river by filling it up with trees that they had felled, and had advanced to Altringham: That 55 had the same day crossed the river at Gatley ford to Cheadle, two miles from Stockport, and had returned directly after to Manchester by Cheadle ford: That 10 had crossed the ford at Stockport that afternoon, staid there about an hour, gave out that they should bring a large body of forces to Stockport that night, and that they had inlisted great numbers of men at Manchester, to which place they returned. They had 16 pieces of cannon at Manchester, great numbers of covered waggons and near 100 horses laden. They talked differently about the route they intended to take; some giving out that they should march forthwith to Chester, and others into Derbyshire. The same day 200 were at Warrington; two of whom, who had crossed the river, were seized by the Liverpool soldiers, hand-cuffed and sent to Chester.

Letters of the 1st inst. say, that several parties of the rebels had crossed the Mersey at different places upon the 30th at night, and early in the morning of the 1st inst. and were marching by different routes towards Macclesfield. The horse and artillery passed at Cheadle ford. The bridges were made of trees (chiefly poplars) [he should say, over bridges, which were, &c.] felled for that purpose, and planks laid across; and all the country people that could be found, were compelled to assist them. They pressed or rather took away all the horses they could meet with about Manchester, before they

crossed the Mersey, and obliged several gentlemen, who had sent their horses out of the way, to send for them back. By break of day upon the 1st, a party of horse came to Altringham, bespoke quarters for a body of foot, which arrived there about ten, and then set out for Macclesfield with a guide. The party which lay at Altringham were very sollicitous to know what number of the king's forces there was at Knotsford. At 11 o'clock about 100 horse came into Macclesfield, and ordered the bellman to prepare quarters for 5000 men, who came in there about two o'clock, with the artillery and the pretender's son, who lay there that night. The vanguard, which consisted of about 200 men, and which had orders to be in readiness to march at 11 at night, was quartered at Broken Cross, on the Congleton side of Macclesfield. All that evening they were very busy scaling their pieces, firing them, and putting them into order. They had given out that they should call at Knotsford, and that they did not, seems to be owing to their having heard that there were 2000 of the king's troops in that place. In the middle of the night 40 of them were at Buckley hill in pursuit of two deserters.

By letters of the 2d there are advices that the party which lay at Altringham the night before, marched early that morning towards Macclesfield, from which place about 2000 foot passed by Gawsworth at ten; that 2000 horse and foot came into Congleton between three and four in the afternoon, who gave out that the pretender, with the remainder of the troops, would be there that evening. A small

party of about 30 were detached to a place called Ashbury, two or three miles on the Newcastle side of Congleton. Their horses are very small, lean, and of different colours.

Stafford, Monday, Dec. 2, past eleven at night. By the freshest advices from our most advanced post, which is at Newcastle, a large party of the rebels were at Congleton, within nine miles of that place; and their whole army, with all their artillery and baggage, was to be there this night. His royal highness the duke had before ordered the cavalry at that post to be alert, and the two battalions of infantry to retire to Stone, which is six miles on this side of it*, in case of the enemy's approach. The Duke marched himself from hence this night at about 11, with the three battalions of guards, to the same† place, where the army, consisting of eleven old battalions of foot, six regiments of horse and dragoons, will be formed to-morrow morning. If they‡ are disposed to fight, there may be an action to-morrow.

Derby, Dec. 3. A party of the rebels are at Ashbourn, 15 miles from hence, and the remainder at Leek. The former demanded billets for 3000 men. An express is sent to give notice to the Duke of Cumberland.

Whitehall, Dec. 5. Letters from Edinburgh of the 30th past and 1st inst. mention, that 800 Irish and Scotch, with Lord John Drummond, in six

* Newcastle. † Stone.
‡ The rebels, not the old battalions, sure.

transports, from Dunkirk, had landed at Montrose, Stonehive, and Peterhead: That the rebels in and near Perth, by this reinforcement, were 3000 strong; and that having advice that they intended to force a passage near Sterling, Lieut. Gen. Handasyd had ordered a considerable force to march thither. Admiral Byng, with some of his majesty's ships, was since arrived, and cruizing off the said harbour.

The Gazette extraordinary, Dec. 6.

Stafford, Dec. 4. His royal highness the Duke of Cumberland is returned hither with the army under his command, which was assembled at Stone by four in the morning*, yesterday, upon positive advices of the rebels marching by Congleton towards North Wales. His royal highness's van guard was in motion towards Newcastle, when advice came, that the rebels were gone for Leek and Ashbourn; and it was thereupon resolved to march the army as soon as possible to Northampton, in order to intercept them in their march towards the South. The van guard will be at Northampton on Friday night.

We have advice, that at four this morning, the pretender's son entered Derby with 450 horse, and 2,300 foot†. The rest, with the artillery and baggage, were then at Ashbourn, but set forward this evening for Derby.

Mansfield, Dec. 4. The rebels were this morning upon their march from Ashbourn to Derby. By one that saw them we hear, they appeared to be a

* On the 3d.

† They probably left Ashbourn at 4, in the morning, but they did not enter Derby till noon.

good deal fatigued, their yesterday's march having been a very great one.

Whitehall, Dec. 6. This day their graces the duke and duchess of Norfolk, being just arrived in town from their house in Nottinghamshire, waited upon his majesty at St. James', and were very graciously received.

From the London Gazette, Dec. 7.

Whitehall, Dec. 7. By advices from Litchfield, his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived there with the army on Thursday last, and having received advice, that the rebels had taken possession of Swarkston-bridge,* before the orders for breaking it down could be put in execution, it was resolved to encamp the 6th on Meriden common, between Coleshill and Coventry, and this day near† Northampton, by which means the army would be again before the rebels. The men, who have been a good deal harrassed, bear the fatigue of marching, and all others, with great cheerfulness, and seem to have no other wish, than to come to an engagement with the rebels.

Whitehall, Dec. 7. There are letters from the camp at Wetherby of the 5th instant, with advice, that upon hearing of the march of the rebels into Derbyshire, marshal Wade had directed the cavalry to begin their march that morning towards Doncaster, and the foot to follow the next day.

The army halted on the 5th at Wetherby, to re-

* They came not within a mile of this bridge.

† They stopped at Coventry, on the rebels' return.

ceive their bread from Leeds, and their shoes, stockings, and flannel waistcoats from London, which met them at that place.

Marshal Wade's whole army will be at Doncaster to-night.

The Gazette extraordinary, Dec. 9.

Nottingham, Dec. 5. Yesterday in the afternoon the rebel army began to come into the town of Derby, and continued coming in till late at night. They marched in such a manner as to make their numbers appear as great as possible, and to render it extremely difficult to take an exact account of them. They gave out, that they should march this day to Leicester; but we have advices, that they have continued at Derby till late this evening, with their artillery in the market place. Some of them talked as if they should make a sudden march in order to slip the Duke of Cumberland's army, whilst others said, that they should stay to see whether the Duke would come and give them battle. They levied the excise there.

Nottingham, Dec. 6. This morning early several parties of the Highland horse were in motion in the roads about Derby. Some of them seemed to be moving towards Loughbourough, others kept on the Ashbourn side. At ten the whole returned to Derby, and then set out for Ashbourn. The horse moved first, soon after passed their artillery, consisting of 13 pieces of cannon, and then their main body of foot. They marched about a mile from Derby, and then halted, when about 11 or 12 of their officers came back thither, ordered a very large

sum of money to be raised instantly for the use of their army, which they carried off with them, and threatened destruction to the whole town, if they did not raise more. They seemed to be extremely out of humour, and stripped some persons of their clothes, &c.

Whitehall, Dec. 9. Letters of the 6th inst. from the army under the command of his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland, mention, that the whole cavalry, with two battalions of foot, marched that day into Coventry, and that the rest of the infantry was encamped on Meriden common: That the flannel waistcoats for the troops were arrived at Coventry: That his royal highness had received several concurrent advices of the rebels having left Derby on Friday morning, and marched towards Ashbourn, after having levied a great sum upon the former town, under pain of military execution.

Letters from Leicester of the 7th mention, that the rebels marched that day from Ashbourn towards Leek, and that it was thought their route was for Wales.

From the London Gazette, Dec. 10.

Doncaster, Dec. 8. The horse and dragoons of marshal Wade's army are in this town, and the foot at Ferrybridge.

Meriden, Dec. 9. *Six in the morning.* Yesterday his royal highness put himself at the head of all the horse and dragoons, and a thousand volunteers, to endeavour to stop the rebels, and give the foot time to come up; but we hear that they are retiring Northward with great precipitation.

Sir John Ligonier is this moment marching from hence with the brigade of guards, and Sempil's regiment to Litchfield.

Litchfield, Dec. 9. Our freshest accounts concerning the progress of the rebels are of last night. By them we learn, that an advanced party had reached Manchester at eleven at night, and that the main body of them marched out of Leek yesterday morning. Some small parties of them had raised alarms at Newcastle; and we hear that they do more mischief now in the country, than when they came.

His royal highness is here with all the cavalry, and a body of foot mounted, and preparing to continue his march in pursuit of the rebels.

The Gazette extraordinary, Dec. 12.

Derby, Dec. 8. The rebels behaved tolerably well in their march southwards, but have plundered the country in their retreat. Many of the best houses here have suffered. Two of them were taken with their arms, between Ashbourn and Derby, by a farmer and two boys, and were sent to the camp at Meriden common. In this town they demanded billets for 10,000 men; but those who computed their numbers as exactly as possible assure us, that they did not exceed 6,300 horse and foot. The horses were extremely jaded, and in a bad condition. In the number above were many old men, and boys of 15 and 16 years of age, all without shoes and stockings.

Coventry, Dec. 9. The rebels were at Ashbourn on Saturday morning, and went to Leek that night.

Before they left Ashbourn, they shot two men, one of whom died on the spot. They have taken all the horses they could lay their hands upon, and have plundered and done great damage. They had 15 pieces of cannon, and one mortar.

Mansfield, Dec. 9. By an express just arrived from Leek, there is an account, that 1000 of the rebels marched last night from thence for Macclesfield; and that at six this morning the main body began to march the same way, and their artillery at eight.

Stafford, Dec. 9. The van guard of the rebels was in Manchester yesterday, and their main body at Macclesfield.

Warrington, Dec. 10.—By a messenger sent out of this town to observe the motions of the rebels, we hear, that their foot and baggage passed by Pendleton Pole, which is one mile from Manchester, this morning, and took the road which leads to Leigh, Wigan, and Preston. The same messenger informs us, that he was told the horse designed to stay in Manchester all night; but we have since heard, that their whole body have left Manchester, and taken the above road.

Litchfield, Dec. 11.—We have advices here, that the rebels left Manchester yesterday, marching northwards; and that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland had made two forced* marches after them, and continued in pursuit of them.

* To enable his Royal Highness to make these marches, the public has been informed that most of the gentlemen of Staffordshire, assisted in furnishing, or procuring horses to

From the London Gazette, Dec. 14.

Macclesfield, Dec. 11.—Late last night his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived here with two regiments of dragoons, having marched from Litchfield hither in two days, through terrible roads:* the 1000 foot were within an hour's march of that place, and the Duke of Richmond was expected there that evening with the remainder of the cavalry. Upon hearing of the arrival of the Duke's advanced guard with the quarter-masters at its place, the rebels quitted Manchester with the utmost hurry and confusion, and went on towards Wigan. His Royal Highness sent an order by express to the magistrates of Manchester to enjoin them to seize all stragglers of the rebel army, or such as had abetted them, and to keep them in custody till further orders: and this morning his Royal Highness sent on Major Wheatly with a body of dragoons. Last night orders were

mount the foot soldiers on; in particular, the town of Birmingham; and Sir Lister Holt, of Aston Hall, near Birmingham, Bart. one of the members of parliament for Litchfield, is mentioned to have furnished 250 from his own stables and parks; that his Royal Highness was pleased to signify his great satisfaction for this service; also for the ready assistance given by the town of Newcastle, among others; that there was scarce a man of influence in the whole county, who did not exert himself on this occasion; and that if there was one such, it will puzzle his friends, and the friends of the constitution, to find any other excuse but his solicitude to get himself away to a place of less danger. It was added that some Papists in the neighbourhood were also taken notice of for sending out their servants more than once by night, well mounted, 'tis not improbable, to give intelligence of the motions of the Duke.

* By Uttoxeter and Cheadle.

sent to Bligh's battalion,* to march hither, and to the Liverpool battalion to retake their former post at Warrington. The greatest zeal and affection were expressed upon the arrival of the King's troops in these parts.† Excepting at Manchester, where the rebels were joined by about 60 persons,‡ they have met with no success in their expeditions. Fifteen or sixteen stragglers have been picked up, who are sent to different jails.

Whitehall, Dec. 13.—By letters of the 11th inst. from Marshal Wade at Wakefield, there is an account, that it had been resolved in a council of war held at Ferry-bridge, upon the 8th, that the army should march by the way of Wakefield and Halifax, into Lancashire, in order to intercept the return of the rebels northwards; but upon their arrival at the first mentioned place upon the 10th at night, advice having been received that the main body of the rebels was then at Manchester, and their advanced guard gone towards Wigan, on their way to Preston, by which they had got three or four days'§ march of the army

* Then at Chester.

† The people at Manchester taking exception at this expression, (which is a severe reflection, if the period at parts is not well notified in the reading) published an account of their sufferings from the resentment of the rebels, who were roughly treated by the mob of this town.—As we have not room for this account now, we intend to do justice to them in our supplement.

‡ It is not clear whether these 60 persons joined them now, or when they came first to Manchester.—Other accounts say only 30, but in the same indistinct way.

§ Wakefield is but about ten miles further from Lancaster, and about four from Kendal further than Manchester is—so that the rebels must in one day have go three or four days'

under the Marshal, it was resolved to send a detachment of cavalry under the command of Major-Gen. Oglethorpe, to pursue them with all possible expedition, and that the rest of the army should march towards Newcastle, and both the army, and the said detachment of cavalry, were to march the 11th.

Dec. 14.—By letters which came in this morning by express from his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, dated at Macclesfield the 12th inst. there is advice, that his Royal Highness had just received intelligence, that General Oglethorpe with his detachment of cavalry would be that day at Wigan; and being at the same time informed, by several advices from Lancashire, that the rebels were continuing their flight in the utmost disorder and confusion, and with such a panic, that many of them threw away their arms upon the road, his Royal Highness* had thereupon resolved to pursue them with all possible expedition, and would be with his whole cavalry, as yesterday, at Wigan; and that as the rebels had been forced to halt on Thursday, the 12th, at Preston, his Royal Highness hoped to be able to come up with them in two or three days' march.

There are also letters that mention, that the people

march of his army's marches.—Could the Duke of Cumberland, who was 30 miles behind the rebels, and though he unhappily lost a day by an express, yet came at last up with the rebels—could he have been with both armies, it is believed not; a man of the rebels would have escaped.

* His Royal Highness, as every one knows, had resolved to pursue the rebels with all possible expedition, having made two great day marches after them; but the reason here given is very unluckily assigned by the writer of the Gazette.

of the country had for three days past had some smart skirmishes with the rebels, and destroyed several of them.

Edinburgh, Dec. 9.—The French troops that landed some time ago, brought with them a train of artillery of 18 pounders. They are now busy bringing it from Montrose to Perth, by Brechin, but meet with great difficulties; one of their cannon requires 20 of their country horses to draw it. They give out that they shall cross the Forth, and talk of besieging both Edinburgh and Stirling Castles. The spirit of the country to resist the rebels, and to prevent their crossing the Forth, is very strong; and it is hoped, that before the rebels can bring all their cannon to Stirling, a large body of well-affected people will be brought together to support the King's troops there.

From the London Gazette, Dec. 17.

Preston, Dec. 13.—This day at one arrived here the Georgie rangers, and soon after a party of the Duke of Kingston's horse, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Mordaunt, and the Captains, Lord Robert Manners, and Lord Byron. General Oglethorpe came in likewise with a detachment from the Duke of Montagu's, and Marshal Wade's regiment of horse, commanded by Major Otway, and St. George's regiment of dragoons, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Arabin. These troops have marched from Doncaster without a halt, and in the last three days made about one hundred measured miles over snow and ice. They have taken a captain of the rebel army, named Mackenzie, and two men prisoners, The General has already

detached the Georgie rangers after the rebels, and follows himself to-morrow with the horse.

Stone, Dec. 14.—We have just now an account, that the rebels left Preston yesterday, at nine in the morning, and that his Royal Highness the Duke marched into Preston about four hours after; and that General Oglethorpe had joined the Duke with the detachment from Marshal Wade's army.

Litchfield, Dec. 14.—General Anstruther will set out to-morrow morning from Coventry for London, with the first division of the foot, consisting of Sowle's and Skelton's regiments; and will be followed by the other regiments successively.

From the London Gazette extraordinary.

Whitehall, Dec. 18.—By advice from Preston of the 14th, Major General Oglethorpe, with his cavalry, was at Garstang that morning, and was to advance that night with his whole corps, and post his regulars on Elhibmoore, which begins about three miles on this side Lancaster, and extends beyond the town, and his irregulars were to be detached in small patroles, supported by parties of the regulars, with orders to attack any patroles of the rebels, which they might fall in with. If the rebels marched off, General Oglethorpe was to pursue them, and fall upon their rear, giving notice immediately to Major Wheatly, who was posted at Garstang with a considerable body of dragoons to support him, and the Major was to be supported by the troops from Preston. The Liverpool companies were ordered to march from Warrington, and would arrive at Preston on the 16th.

The person called Duke of Perth, with about 150 horse, left the rebel army upon the 11th at Lancaster, and took the road towards Carlisle, giving out, that he was going to fetch a reinforcement. Notice thereof has been sent to all the towns through which he was to pass, and it was hoped the country people would intercept him.* About twenty rebel stragglers have been picked up in different places. The town of Liverpool had sent four persons to attend his Royal Highness, with offers to supply the troops with whatever they stood in need of.

By advices from Preston of the 15th, the rebels began to march out of Lancaster at eight o'clock the night before, in a very great hurry; the baggage proceeded first. They were marching out in different bodies all night. The last of them left that town at

* Accordingly, as other letters add, the people fell upon this party at Kendal, took three men and two women, and some horses, but three of the town were killed. This was on the 14th at noon.—They marched to Shap that night, and lay there; and next day, believing they would be treated in the same manner at Penrith, they endeavoured to miss it, but were met by the country people on Lazenby-moor, on which they turned off to Temple Sowerby, and were hunted all day by the people, who took one of them, and were driven into Orton, at 6 in the evening; here they only staid to feed their horses in the street, and then set forward (having pressed a guide) to join their main body at Kendal, being pursued by the people from Appleby and Brough, who ('tis said) took the Duke of Perth's mistress and another gentlewoman, and two horses, their chaise wheels being broken down.—All the towns which they passed, after this, felt their resentment to a very high degree, not only by plundering their houses and shops, but by destroying their goods, and by stripping many men of their shoes, stockings, and breeches; sometimes also of their other clothes.

eight o'clock in the morning of the 15th.* They took the road to Kendal.

Letters of the 16th from Preston mention, that General Oglethorpe had received orders to push beyond Lancaster; that his Royal Highness the Duke proposed to be there with the whole corps that day; that Brigadier Bligh was to be at Preston the same day; and that Lord Semple, with the two regiments of Scotch fuzileers, was to follow him thither with the utmost expedition.

Some prisoners that have been taken and examined, make the number of the rebels amount to 8000, including women and boys, and say, that amongst them there are about 2000 of the men of the clans, well armed with guns and broad swords, the rest consisting chiefly of Athol men and Lowlanders, who are but indifferently armed; that they have 15 pieces of cannon of 3 or 4 pounders; that one Sullivan (who has been in the French service) has the care of their artillery; that from their first entering England, till they came to Derby, they seemed resolved upon marching directly to London; but that at Derby, having heard how the Duke of Cumberland's army was posted, a council of war was called, in which it was resolved to return by Carlisle into Scotland; that

* Letters from Lancaster say, that as the rear of the rebels were marching out at one end of that town on the 25th General Oglethorpe's horse entered the other, and was to refresh in the street, and then proceed; but he was called back to Garstang that night, upon receipt of an express of the French being landed, which was afterwards contradicted. and the next day he was ordered to push on again.

there was a person with the rebels who stiled himself the French ambassador; and that great numbers of the men had often declared, that if they could get back into Scotland, they would leave the army, and return to their respective abodes.

Appleby, December 14. In obedience to a letter sent to the deputy-lieutenants of Westmorland and Cumberland, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, requiring them, by all means, to retard and obstruct the march of the rebels through those two counties, a resolution has been just taken to raise part of the country to demolish Wastel bridge, to make the road from Kendal to Shap impassable for the artillery of the rebels, or any wheel-carriages; and for the same reason to break up the road down Graridge-Hawse; whereby it is hoped their march may be so far retarded, as to give time to his Royal Highness's army to come up with them, before they can get clear of these counties. About ten this morning the van-guard of the rebels, consisting of 110 men, equipp'd and accoutred like Hussars, entred Kendal on horseback, with a chaise, in which was a person in woman's dress, rode up the town quietly, and turned thro' the fish-market down to the bridge leading to Penrith; but as they were pursuing their route through the town, without stopping, and were almost got out of it, a gun was fired out of a house, and one of the rebels killed; whereupon the town's people closed in, and took two more prisoners. The rest of them galloped on towards the bridge, where a halt was made on a sudden, and a few muskets discharged at the people,

and an ostler and shoemaker thereby killed upon the spot. They then made a general volley, but without doing any more mischief, and after that pursued their way as fast as they could towards Shap. Their horses seemed very much harrassed and jaded.

Lancaster, December 17. A party of rebel horse (about 100) amongst whom was the Duke of Perth, so called, passed through Kendal on Saturday morning about ten; the country and town's people mobbed their rear, which fired and killed two or three, and proceeded forward towards Penrith. On Sunday after dinner a party of the horse came into Kendal, amongst whom was their commissary; and an hour afterwards came the rest, horse and foot, and were coming in till after dark. Their artillery, consisting of 12 to 13 small pieces, was about the middle of the corps, with several covered carts. The duke of Perth, so called, after the scuffle above mentioned at Kendal, proceeded on to Shap, and intended for Penrith; but seeing the beacons on fire, and hearing it was done to call in the country, sent a small party to the round table, which is a mile on this side Penrith, and five from Shap to make enquiries; and finding it true, he returned for safety to Kendal about two in the morning of the 16th. Between four and five the drums began to beat, and the men marched out from day-break till near ten, in the same order as they entered, Lord George Murray being with the last company.

On Sunday night mischief was apprehended at Kendal, but the magistrates pacified the heads of the rebels in some measure; but on Monday morning,

after the alarm, they behaved very rudely, and exacted a sum of money; and the last of them plundered some houses for liquors, stripped those they met of their shoes, and attempted to fire a house.

Whitehall, December 19. By an express just arrived from his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, dated at Lancaster the 17th, there is advice, that General Oglethorpe with the avant-guard was to be at Shap that day, and the rest of his royal highness's forces were on their march for Kendal, and were to rest there that night. That on the 16th in the morning, the rebels marched from Kendal, but not being able to reach Penrith as they intended, were forced to lie at Shap.

From the London Gazette, December 21.

Edinburgh, December 14.—The Earl of Loudon marched on the third from Inverness to Fort Augustus with 600 men, and reached that place without any opposition.

The rebels at Perth have begun to make a ditch round the town, which it is given out they intend to fortify.

Whitehall, December 21.—Letters received this morning from the Duke of Cumberland, by a messenger who left his royal highness on Thursday morning last, bring an account, that he came up with the rebels on Wednesday night with his cavalry, after ten hours' march, just beyond Lowther-Hall, which the rebels abandoned on our approach, and threw themselves into a village called Clifton, within three miles of Penrith, which village his royal high-

ness immediately attacked with the dragoons dismounted, who behaved extremely well, and drove the rebels out of it in an hour's time, though a very strong and defensible post. The loss of the rebels could not be known, as it was quite dark before the skirmish was over: That of the king's forces amounted to about 40 men killed and wounded, and 4 officers wounded, but not mortally, viz. Colonel Honywood, Captain East, and the two cornets Owen and Hamilton. A captain Hamilton of the rebels was taken prisoner much wounded. After this action, the rebels retired to four miles' distance, and [illegible]oyal highness intended to pursue them as soon as [illegible]sible.

From the London Gazette, December 24.

Penrith, December 20.—The rebels having carried [illegible]ir killed and wounded, when they were driven [illegible]the village of Clifton by the king's forces, it [illegible] not been possible to ascertain their loss; but [illegible]e that affair about 70 of their people have been taken prisoners.

Of the king's forces, the regiment that suffered most was his majesty's own regiment of dragoons, some officers of which being wounded, the rebels cried: No quarter,—murder them.—And they received several wounds after they were down.

About ten o'clock on Wednesday night that corps of the rebels which was at Penrith, and had ordered their cannon and baggage to advance during the skirmish, retired with the utmost precipitation to Carlisle, where they arrived yesterday morning

about ten. It was so dark, and the country so covered, that it was not possible to pursue them that night, and the troops being fatigued with the forced marches they had made through very bad roads, they halted at Penrith yesterday, and were joined last night by the greatest part of the foot, and by the remainder this morning.

By the best accounts the rebels are still at Carlisle, but it is thought their intention is to go off to-morrow, if the rivers and floods will permit them. If they continue there, his royal highness proposes to invest the town to-morrow with the troops now here, and the detachment from Marshal Wade's army, and a train of battering cannon from Whitehaven, which is to be this day at Cokermouth, and has orders to move with the whole posse comitatus, which will be assembled to-morrow at Wigtoun.

Newcastle, December 21.—Marshal Wade arrived here yesterday, and gave orders for the immediate march of 8000 foot, and 50 horse, to join his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. Those troops marched accordingly from hence this morning, and will be to-morrow night at Haltwesel.

From the Gazette extraordinary, December, 26.

Whitehall, December 26.—Letters received yesterday by express from Blichall near Carlisle give an account, that upon the march from Penrith thither, his royal highness the Duke had received the news of the rebel army having quitted that place, and left in it only 3 or 4 hundred men, who, according to

the best intelligence, consisting chiefly of their English recruits, and Gordon of Glenbuchet's men, commanded by one Hamilton. The king's forces arrived within sight of the town the 21st about noon, and Major General Bland had invested it on the Scotch side with St. George's dragoons, and 300 men of Bligh's regiment, with orders to prevent any passage over the bridge upon the river Eden, which leads directly to the Scotch gate. Major Adams, with 200 foot, was posted in the suburbs of the English gate, to prevent any of the garrison's escaping that way; Major Meirac at the Irish gate with the same orders, and Sir Andrew Agnew at the Sally port with 300. All the horse, and the foot-guards, were cantoned round the town, at a mile or two distance. The rebels, who were left, made a shew of intending to defend the place, firing their cannon upon every body who appeared in sight of it. The artillery from Whitehaven was expected to arrive in a day or two at the army, and it was proposed to have a battery erected by the morning of the 24th; after which it was not doubted but his royal highness would be master of the town in 24 hours, in which he intended to leave a sufficient garrison. The rebels left their cannon behind them in Carlisle, excepting 3 pieces; and Major General Bland had taken 16 carts laden with tents.

NAVAL *Articles from the* London Gazette, *with* REMARKS.

Whitehall, November 29.—By advices from Deal of the 28th, the crew of the ship brought in thither

by the Sheerness, were all sent to Dover castle, and the remaining prisoners distributed in the several men of war in admiral Vernon's squadron. By the accounts that some amongst them give, they sailed from Dunkirk, bound for Scotland with two more transports in company, but were separated by bad weather: that the prize came on the coast of Scotland, but being chased by a man of war put to sea, and was taken by the Sheerness some days after. Amongst the prisoners there appear to be some English, who were taken prisoners the last campaign in Flanders, and were afterwards inveigled into the French service. There are also some deserters from the Scotch regiments in the Dutch service, and several Scotch and Irish men, and also some Frenchmen.

List of the principal prisoners, as their names were given in by themselves.

Men's names.	*Quality.*	*Regiments.*
Mr. Radcliffe, called Earl of Derwentwater.	Captain,	Dillon's.
Mr. Radcliffe, said to be son of the former.	Captain,	Dillon's.
Robert Cameron,	Captain ref.	Rooth's.
Thomas Nairn, son to Lord Nairn.	First lieut.	Lord John Drummond's.
Samuel Cameron,	Second lieut.	
Patrick Fitzgerald,	Captain,	Buckley's.
James Ohanlow,	Captain,	Barwick's

Men's Names,	*Quality.*	*Regiment.*
William Fitzgerald	Second lieut.	Buckley's.
Curn. Mac Carty,	Ensign.	Buckley's.
Alexander Baillie,	Captain,	Lord John Drummond's.
Alex. Mac Donald,	Captain,	
Adam Urquhart,	Lieut.	
Lewis Shee,	Captain,	Ruthe's.
Thomas Renally,	Lieutenant,	Lawley's.
John Riley,	Lieutenant.	Buckley's.
Murdock Gennis,	Captain,	Dillon's.
James Seaton,	Captain.	Ruthe's.
Edward Dunn,	Lieutenant,	Ruthe's.
Merseiel Devant,	Lieutenant,	Saintouge's.
Edmund Riley,	Lieutenant,	Dillon's.
Robert Grace,	Captain ref.	Lally's.

Clement Mac Dermet, Equerry to the person called Lord Derwentwater.

N. B. The ship taken by the Sheerness Privateer, was formerly called the Soleil, but now Espérance.

Whitehall, Dec. 1.—By letters from Newcastle of the 28th past there is advice, that Capt. Pittmann, commander of his Majesty's sloop the Saltash, who was arrived there from Inverness, having seen a large ship off Buccaness on Tuesday last, had come so near her, that he fired a broadside at her, and drove her among the rocks at Peterhead, but could not fallow her, the wind blowing very hard. That he had next morning spoke with a fishing boat with four men, who had been on board the said ship, who told him that she had four companies of Lord John Drummond's regiment on board, all dressed

in red, and spoke English; and that nine* sail more all from France, with soldiers landed at Stonehive and Montrose upon the 22nd.

Whitehall, Dec. 3.—Letters from Edinburgh of the 30th past mention, that the rebels at Montrose had got possession of his Majesty's sloop the Hazard, and imprisoned Captain Hill and his crew: That with the cannon taken out of the said sloop, and a French ship, they had erected batteries at the mouth of that harbour: That there was also an account of the landing of 800 Irish and Scotch, with Lord John Drummond, in six transports, from Dunkirk at Montrose, Stonehive and Peterhead.

An account of the Highland Army, as they were levied, or brought out of their respective counties: Without regard to those that after were killed or wounded, or went off with Plunder.

CLANS.

	Men.
The Stewarts of Ardshall	200
The Camerons of Locheil	650
The Macdonalds of Clanrold	205
Ditto of Glenguter and Glenmosten	500
Ditto of Neporch	250
Ditto of Glenco	100
The Mackenzies	80
The Maclouchlins	62
The Macphersons	380
Total.	2425

* This report should not have been reported here, as it alarmed the nation and did not prove true.

Mostly pressed or forced out.

The Marquis of Tullibardine's . . .	300
Sir George Stewart's	200
Sir Robert Minze's	50
The Logemen's	50
The Aishuntully	60
Total.	660

About a third pressed men.

The Duke of Perth's	200
St. Romen Robertson's	150

All from the shire of Angus and Ormis. Aberdeen, of which one third only are Highlanders, and many pressed

Gordon of Glenbucket, factor to the Duke .	400
Lord Pitsligo	250
Lord Oglevie	230
Sir James Kimloch's	50
Wallace of Abroth	30
Gordon of Aberlower	30
Moise of Strongwood	60
Elphinstone, writer of Aberdeen . . .	40
Stewart of Lismundee	30

In Down castle. Came to it about the time the Highlanders left Edinburgh, Nov. 23.

The Macgregors of Glengyle . . .	120
Shaw Mackintosh's	150
Earl of Cromarty	140
Earl of Kelly	30
The Macleods of Raza	100
Bamorrels, Farquharsons	110

Minco's company of volonteers, about Edinburgh	1500
The Frazers under young Lovat	700
Mackenzies under Lord Fores's brother	100
Lord Lewis Gordon's number not known.	
The Stewarts under Invercahell	150
Lord Cromarty's	450
Chisholm's	100
The Macleods of Raza	150
The Grants, Glanmorison, Urquhart	100
The Mackenzies by Fairborn	300
Ross of Pitcairn	300
Ludorick Cameron, Lochiel's uncle	200
French landed at Montross, and near Dundee, said to be	800
Total.	10055

N.B. Those raised lately were in and near Perth on the 29th of November, and were 2,450 men, besides the French.

List of rebels under Lord Strathallan.

Mac Kenzies, under the Earl of Cromarty	300
Meckintoshes	300
Farquharsons with a few of the Clan of Guns	120
Frasers under Fraser of Fiars	400
French at Aberdeen, Peterhead and Montrose	500
Under Lord Lewes Gordon	350
Total.	1870

List of forces under the command of the Earl of Loudon.

Mac Leods, under young Mac Leod	450
Grants under Rothemercus	120
Monroes, under Culcairn	200

Sutherlands	200
Mac Kenzies	250
Guns under their chief Mac Kemish	120
Lord Loudon's regiment	500
Total.	1840

A LIST OF PRINCE CHARLES'S OFFICERS AND TROOPS.

REGIMENTS.	COLONELS.	MEN.
Lochyel	Cameron of Loch	740
Appin	Stewart of Ardshiel	360
Athol	Lord George Murray	1000
Clanronald	Clanronald of Clanronald, jun.	200
Keppoch	Macdonald of Keppoch	400
Glenco	Macdonald of Glenco	200
Ogilvie	Lord Ogilvie	500
Glenbucket	Gordon of Glenbucket	427
Perth	Duke of Perth (and Pitsligo's foot)	750
Strowan	Robertson of Strowan	200
Maclauchlan	Maclauchlan of Maclauchlan	260
Glencarnick	Macgregor	300
Glengeary	Macdonald of Glengeary, jun.	300
Nairn	Lord Nairn	200
Edinburgh	J. Roy Stuard (and Lord Kelly's)	450
		6287
	In several small corps	1000
Horse	Lord Elcho, Lord Kilmarnock	160
	Lord Pitsligo's horse	140
	Total	7587

A LIST OF THE FORCES AND COMMANDERS MARCHING DOWN TOWARDS LANCASHIRE.

Sir John Ligonier, Commander-in-chief under the Duke of Cumberland.

Lieut. Gens. { Richmond, St. Clair

Major Gens. { Skelton, Bland

Brigadiers { Sempill, Bligh, Douglas

Artillery { Leslie, Barnard, Roper, brigade majors, 30 pieces of cannon, 6 and 3 pounders.

Old foot { Howard, Major Gen. of the foot, Sowle, Johnson, Douglas, Sempill, Bligh, Skelton

Bland's dragoons; and it is supposed 4 troops of Ligonier's horse.

New foot { Gower's, Montagu, Halifax, Granby, Cholmondely

New horse { Montagu's, Kingston's

Amounting to 8,250 foot and 2,200 horse, besides Cobham's dragoons, and 3 battalions of foot guards since ordered.

From the London Gazette, Dec. 28.

Annan, in Scotland, Dec. 21.—Eleven at night. The rebels, in number about 3000, came here last night, and staid till ten of the clock this forenoon, except about 4 or 500, who proceeded forward to Dumfries last night. Amongst those who staid here were the young Pretender, the persons stiling themselves Duke of Perth, and the French ambassador, as also Lochiel, Clanronald, Glengarrie, and Keppoch. Lord Elcho went last night with the 400 to Dumfries, as did the rest this day, intending, as they gave out, to stay there till Monday next.

Another body of the rebels, of about 2000, marched yesternight from the Esk* to Ecclefechan, and staid there all night. The Mac Phersons were of this party, and Lord Ogilvy was with them.

It is thought that those of them who went to Dumfries, will march towards the Forth, by Sancqhair, Douglas, &c. and those who were at Ecclefechan will march by Moffat, and join the others before they get to the Forth.

Annan, Dec. 23.—The rebels remained at Dumfries till eleven of the clock this morning, at which time they began to march, and had all left the town before eight. They demanded two thousand pounds contribution at Dumfries, one thousand whereof was immediately paid, and as a security for the other, they have taken along with them two gentlemen as prisoners. They also insisted on one thousand pair of shoes, paid nothing for quarters, and did a prodigious deal of mis-

* This river it is said, was breast high when they crossed it.

chief every where. It is said they marched from Dumfries this morning in great precipitation, being alarmed by a report that a party of the army under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland was at Annan. We hear, that the rebels who went to Moffat, and were computed about 2000 in number, had orders not to march from that place till this day; and it is said the whole rebel army was to march north by way of Douglas. The young Pretender, the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, Lord Pitsligo, Lochiel, and Keppoch, went by Dumfries; Lord Tullibardine, Lord George Murray, Lords Ogilvy and Nairn, went by Moffat.

Penrith, Dec. 23.—The main body of the rebels was in this town upon Wednesday the 18th inst, when their rear-guard, which consisted of about 1000 of their best men, was driven out of the village of Clifton, by about 300 dismounted dragoons, twelve of whom were killed, and twenty-four wounded. As soon as the news arrived here, orders were given by the rebels to prepare for a march forthwith, and about eight that evening they set out from hence, and continued marching towards Carlisle, where they arrived at nine of the clock the next morning. The same morning St. George's dragoons came into this town, where they continued all that night, and on Friday the 20th. His Royal Highness the Duke halted here with the rest of the army on Friday. At four of the clock on Saturday morning, our whole army marched in three columns towards Carlisle, his Royal Highness with the infantry making the centre along the post-road, and the horse and dragoons in two columns, one

on his right by Armathwate, and the other on his left by Hutton-hall. They joined on Carlton moor, and took their quarters in the villages round Carlisle, which place the rebels left on Friday, having staid there but one night to change the garrison. Whilst the Highlanders were in this town, they were guilty of great excesses; they broke open several houses and shops, took away great quantities of the goods, and threw into the streets, and spoiled or destroyed what they could not carry off.

Blichall, near Carlisle, Dec. 24.—Only four pieces of cannon, of those expected from Whitehaven, being as yet arrived, it has been necessary to defer erecting the battery against the walls of Carlisle, which was proposed to have been done this morning, if the artillery had come up in time. In the mean while it is just now reported here, that the garrison of the rebels is retired into the castle.

Tuesday, 31.—The rebels in Carlisle have burnt part of the suburbs, and hanged three of the inhabitants. The Duke's cannon was to play against them on the 28th.

We shall here add the address on this occasion of

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFS TO THEIR PRINCE.

After the battle of Falkirk, which proved so disastrous to the rebel army, the chiefs addressed Prince Charles advising a retreat to the north, to the following effect:*—

* See the Appendix to Mr. Homes' History of the Rebellion.

"We think it our duty, in this critical juncture, to lay our opinions, in the most respectful manner, before your Royal Highness.

"We are certain that a vast number of the soldiers of your Royal Highness's army are gone home since the battle of Falkirk; and notwithstanding all the endeavours of the commanders of the different corps, they find that this evil is encreasing hourly, and not in their power to prevent; and as we are afraid Stirling Castle cannot be taken so soon as was expected, if the enemy should march before it fall into your Royal Highness's hands, we can see nothing but utter destruction to the few that will remain, considering the inequality of our numbers to that of the enemy. For these reasons we are humbly of opinion, that there is no way to extricate your Royal Highness, and those who remain with you, out of the most eminent danger, but by retiring immediately to the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed the remainder of the winter, by taking and mustering the forts in the north; and we are morally sure we can keep as many men together as will answer that end, and hinder the enemy from following us in the mountains at this season of the year; and in spring we doubt not that an army of 10,000 effective Highlanders can be brought together, and follow your Royal Highness wherever you think proper. This will certainly disconcert your enemies, and cannot but be approved of by your Royal Highness's friends, both at home and abroad. If a landing should happen in the mean time, the Highlanders would immediately rise, either to join them, or to make a powerful diversion elsewhere.

"The hard marches which your enemy has undergone, the winter season, and now the inclemency of the weather, cannot fail of making this measure approved of by your Royal Highness's allies abroad, as well as your faithful adherents at home. The greatest difficulty that occurs to us, is the saving of the artillery, particularly the heavy cannon; but better some of these were thrown into the river Forth, as that your Royal Highness, besides the danger of your own person, should risk the flower of your army, which we apprehend, must inevitably be the case, if this retreat be not agreed to, and gone about without the loss of one moment, and we think it would be the greatest imprudence to risk the whole on so unequal a chance, when there are such hopes of succour from abroad, besides the resources your Royal Highness will have from your faithful and dutiful followers at home. It is but just now we are apprised of the numbers of our own people that are going off, besides the many sick that are in no condition to fight. And we offer this our opinion with the more freedom, that we are persuaded that your Royal Highness can never doubt of the uprightness of our intention. Nobody is privy to this address to your Royal Highness, except your subscribers; and we beg leave to assure your Royal Highness, that it is with great concern and reluctance, we find ourselves obliged to declare our sentiments in so dangerous a situation, which nothing could have prevailed with us to have done, but the unhappy going off of so many men.

(Signed by)

LORD GEORGE MURRAY

LOCHIEL
KEPPOCH
CLANRONALD
ARDSHIEL
LOCHGARY
SCOTHOUSE
SIMON FRAZER, Master of Lovat.

Falkirk, 29th, Jan. 1746.

BEHAVIOUR OF THE REBELS AT MANCHESTER ON THEIR RETREAT.

Dec. 8.—The bellman had been about the town this day, to order all persons to provide pickaxes, &c. to spoil the roads, and again, to arm themselves with such weapons as they could get, and there were, it is believed, of the country and town's folks about 10,000 soon collected, who seemed very hearty to have a brush, but the bellman went about the town to order them to disperse. At night four rebels came hither; one of them, supposed to be Thomas Siddal, the barber, narrowly escaped being seized at the upper end of Market-street-lane. He was forced to gallop down the street, and through the Acker's gate, and in the square he quitted his mare.

Dec. 9.—About 40 of the rebels came here about noon, and several stones were thrown at them by the mob as they came through Hanging ditch. They threatened to fire, but did not, and sat on horseback, some with pistols. others with guns in their hands, all ready cocked, till the main body came in. They

billeted themselves most at their old quarters. They behaved worse than they did before. About seven o'clock, the constables sent for several of the principal inhabitants to meet them at the old coffee-house, and there shewed them a warrant from the Pretender, to raise from the town 5000*l.* against the next day by four o'clock, on pain of military execution. It was thought impossible to do this, considering the sums they had extorted from the town before, which amounted to near 3000*l.*

Dec. 10.—A considerable number of the inhabitants met this morning, some of whom waited on the Pretender, to acquaint him with the impossibility of raising the money, and to endeavour to have the payment excused. Upon this he mitigated it to 2,500*l.* and sent a warrant for that sum to be levied on Manchester and Salford by one o'clock, and while methods were contriving how to procure it, three or four of the rebels seized Mr. James Bailey, sen., took him to Secretary Murray, at the Pretender's lodgings, and told him he must be a prisoner till it was paid; and if it was not paid, he must go with them. Mr. Bayley endeavoured to excuse himself, by saying he was betwixt 70 and 80 years old, and, to his remembrance, had not lain a night out of his own bed, for two years, nor could bear to travel. He was told, if he could not ride, they would endeavour to get him a wheel-carriage. Mr. Bayley said his confinement was an obstruction to the raising the money, and if he was at liberty he might borrow some. The secretary brought an answer, that the prince, in consideration of his age, if he would give him his word

and honour to fetch him 2500*l.* in two hours, or surrender himself a prisoner, consented he should have his liberty so long. This Mr. Bayley agreed to, and went to the coffee-house, where a great number of the inhabitants were; and it being proposed that Mr. Bayley and Mr. John Dickenson should give promissory notes, payable in three months, to such as would lend any money, it was agreed to, and the money being thereby procured, was paid about two o'clock. Their main body marched this morning for Wigan, and the remainder this afternoon. They could not hide their dejection, though they drank plentifully of spirituous liquors, nor forbear expressing their disappointment at Manchester; and several who when here before believed the illuminations to be voluntary, said, they thought the devil had been amongst the people, they were so altered.

BEHAVIOUR OF THE REBELS AT DERBY.

On Wednesday, Dec. 4, about 11 o'clock, two of the rebels' van-guard entered this town, and at their entrance gave a specimen of what we were to expect from such villains, by seizing a very good horse, belonging to young Mr. Stamford; after which they rode up to the George, and there enquiring for the magistrates, demanded billets for 9000 men, or more. In a short time after the van-guard rode into town, consisting of about 30 men, clothed in blue, faced with red; most of them had on scarlet waistcoats with gold lace, and being likely men made a good appearance. They were drawn up in the market-

place, and sat on horseback two or three hours; at the same time the bells were rung, and several bonfires made, to prevent any resentment from them, that might ensue on our shewing a dislike of their coming among us. About three in the afternoon Lord Elcho, with the life-guards, and many of their chiefs also arrived on horseback, to the number of about 150, most of them clothed as above; these made a fine show, being the flower of the army: soon after their main body also marched into town, in tolerable order, six or eight a-breast, with about eight standards, most of them white flags and a red cross. They had several bag-pipers, who played as they marched along; they appeared in general to answer the description we have all along had of them, viz. most of their main body a parcel of shabby, lousy, pitiful-looked fellows, mixed up with old men and boys; dressed in dirty plaids, and as dirty shirts, without breeches, and wore their stockings made of plaid, not much above half way up their legs, and some without shoes, or next to none, and numbers of them so fatigued with their long march, that they really commanded our pity more than fear. Whilst the market-place was filled with them, they ordered their pretended Prince, before he arrived, to be publicly proclaimed, which was accordingly done by the common crier; they then insisted upon the magistrates appearing in their gowns, but being told they had sent them out of town, were content to have that ceremony excused. Their Prince (as they called him) did not arrive till the dusk of the evening; he walked on foot, being attended by a great body of his men, who conducted him to

his lodgings (the Lord Exeter's) where he had guards placed all round the house. Every house almost by this time was pretty well filled, (though they kept driving in till 10 or 11 at night) and we thought we should never have seen the last of them. The Duke of Athol had his lodgings at Thomas Gisborne's, Esq; the Duke of Perth, at Mrs. Rivett's, Lord Elcho, at Mr. Storer's, Lord George Murray, at Mr. Heathcote's, Lord Pitsligo, at Mr. Meynell's, old Gordon, of Glenbucket, at Mr. Alderman Smith's, Lord Nairn, at Mr. John Bingham's, Lady Ogilvie, Mrs. Murray, and some other persons of distinction, at Mr. Francey's; and their other chiefs and great officers were lodged at the best gentlemen's houses. Many common ordinary houses, both public and private, had 40 and 50 men each, and some gentlemen near 100. At their coming in they were generally treated with bread, cheese, beer, and ale, whilst all hands were aloft getting their suppers ready; after supper, being weary with their long march, they went to rest, most upon straw, and others in beds.

Being refreshed with a night's rest, they were very alert the next day, running about from one shop to another, to buy, or rather steal, tradesmen's goods, viz. gloves, buckles, powder-flasks, buttons, handkerchiefs, &c. if they liked a person's shoes better than their own, demanding them off their feet, without pay. The longer they staid the more insolent and outrageous they grew, demanding every thing by threats, drawn swords, and pistols clapped to the breasts of many persons, not only by the common men, but their officers; so that several persons were

obliged to abscond to preserve their lives. They appointed prayers to be read about six this evening at the Great Church, which was performed by one of their priests, (young Cappock of Manchester, since taken at Carlisle.) They ordered the crier to make public proclamation about the town for all persons that paid any excise, to pay what was due, by five o'clock the same evening, on pain of military execution; by which means they collected a considerable sum of money. They also demanded what money the gentlemen had lately subscribed and paid, towards raising men in this town and county, which many gentlemen were obliged to pay. They also made a demand of 100*l.* upon the post-office, and afterwards insisted upon 50*l.* which not being complied with, they took the post-chaise along with them. They broke open closets, chests, boxes, &c. at several gentlemen's houses, took away all the guns, pistols, swords, and all other arms they could find, in every house; pilfered and stole linen, stockings, shoes, and any thing they laid their hands on. We esteemed them very civil fellows, who did not threaten us, but went away quietly without paying. They beat up for volunteers, offering five shillings advance, and five guineas when they came to London, but met with very little success; only two or three loose fellows entered, who served their master but a short time, two being taken the next day, viz. one Cooke, a journeyman blacksmith, who, we hear, is in Nottingham jail; the other is one Sparks, of this town, who was taken plundering at Squire Meynell's, at Bradley, and brought here last Saturday night, and being examined

before our Justices, was the same night committed to goal. The other is one Hewitt, a butcher, who we hear is still with them. These, and such fellows, it is thought, were our greatest enemies, by informing the rebels of many particulars concerning the gentlemen in this town and neighbourhood.

Early on Friday morning their drums beat to arms, and their bag-pipers played about the town: no one then knowing their route, but most people imagined they would march to Loughborough for London, their advance-guard having secured the pass at Swarkston bridge, (though several had asserted the contrary): however, we were soon undeceived, by their precipitate retreat the same road they came, marching off about 7 o'clock in the morning. The reason for their return back was not known, but thought to proceed from their fear of being surprised by the Duke of Cumberland's army; their chiefs seeming much confused, and all in a great hurry; some of their men left their horses, swords, pistols, targets, shot, powder, bullets and other odd things behind them, where they quartered; a plain proof of their confusion. Their pretended prince mounted upon a black horse, (said to be the brave Colonel Gardner's) left his lodgings about 9 o'clock.

We were rid of all of them (except a few stragglers) by 11 o'clock. Their hussars were a parcel of fierce and desperate ruffians, and were the last body that quitted the town; they ransacked the neighbouring villages, for arms and horses, of which they got a great number.

P.S. *Their artillery was at Nun's Green, not in our Market-place, nor did the officers who came back raise any money, as asserted in the Nottingham letters in the Gazette.*

An exact account of the Rebels quartered in the several parishes of this town.

Parishes.	*First night.*	*Second night.*
St. Warburgh's,	1590	1641
All Saints,	2979	3027
St Peter's,	1091	1001
St Michael's,	724	724
St Alcmund's,	714	755
	7008	7148

The subsequent discomfiture of Prince Charles and his adherents after the battle of Falkirk are sufficiently known.

MACPHERSON AND CAMERON.

The following account of Macpherson of Cluny and Cameron of Lochiel, after the battles of Culloden; of their meeting with Prince Charles; and of the extraordinary habitation called the Cage, where the Prince lived with them till he received notice that two French frigates were arrived at Lochrameagh, was taken from the original dictated by Cluny himself, which was written by one who had a very bad hand, and has several words which are not legible; but when the author of the work whence this is taken had caused a fair copy of it to be made and fairly written, he was sensible that he had mistaken the sense of the original; particularly in that part of it where Cluny says, that after the battle of Culloden, the Highlanders meant to make head again about Auchmearry. As Mr. Home had obtained from the present Macpherson of Cluny,

many of his father's papers and letters, concerning the rebellion, he had recourse to that collection, and found there an account of a plan, formed by certain chiefs and heads of clans to take arms after the battle of Culloden; with several letters containing an account of this design, and the manner in which it was defeated.

After the last fatal catastrophe of the Highland army at Culloden, upon the 16th of April 1746, they meant to make head again about Auchmearry, till, upon Lord Loudon's approach with an army, the few that had got together were made to disperse. Lochiel being bad of his wounds, was obliged to shift from his own country to the Braes of Rannoch; near which, about the 20th of June, in a hill called Benouschk, Cluny Macpherson met him and Sir Steward Threipland, physician, who attended him in the cure of his wounds. Cluny brought them from thence to Benalder, a hill of great circumference in that part of Badenoch next to Rannoch, and his own ordinary grassings; where they remained together, without ever getting certain notice of what had become of the Prince for near three months, when they received the agreeable news of his being safe at Locherkaik, from one John Macpherson, a tenant of Lochiel's, who was sent by Cameron of Cluns, to find out Lochiel and Cluny, in order to acquaint them that his Royal Highness was safe, and where he was to be found.

Upon Macpherson's return to Cluns, the Prince being informed where Lochiel and Cluny were, he sent Lochgary and Dr. Archibald Cameron, with a message to them. When these gentlemen met with

Lochiel and Cluny, it was concerted among them, that the Prince should come to their asylum, as the safest place for him to pass for some time; on which Lochgary and Dr. Cameron immediately returned to his Royal Highness, to acquaint him of the resolution taken by his friends; and that Cluny would on a certain day meet his Royal Highness at Auchmearry, in order to conduct him to Badenoch. Upon the return of Lochgary and Dr. Cameron to the Prince, they having set off a day or two before Cluny, his Royal Highness was so impatient to be with his two friends, whom he had not for a long time seen that he would not wait for Clunie's coming to Auchmearry; but expecting to meet Cluny on the way, set out with guides for Badenoch; where he arrived on the 29th of August, having, in the mean time missed Cluny, who went on to Auchmearry, where he was acquainted of the turn his Royal Highness had taken; on which he made all the dispatch possible to join him, but did not come up with his Royal Highness till a day or two after his arrival at Badenoch.

The Prince lay the first night at Corineuir, after his coming to Badenoch, from which he was conducted next day to Mellanuir, a sheiling of very narrow compass, where Locheil with Macpherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron his principal servant, and two servants of Cluny, were at the time.

It cannot but be remarked that when Locheil saw five men approaching under arms, being the Prince, Lochgary, Dr. Cameron, and two servants, taking the five men to be of the army, or militia, who lay

encamped not above four or five miles from them, and very probably in search of them; as it was in vain to think of plying, Locheil at the time being quite lame, and not in any condition to travel, much less to run away; it was resolved that the enemy as they judged them to be, should be received with a general discharge of all the arms, in number twelve firelocks and some pistols; which they had in the small sheiling house, or bothie (as such small huts are commonly called) in which they at the time lodged; whereupon all was made ready, the pieces planted and levelled; and, in short, they flattered themselves of getting the better of the searchers, there being no more than their own number; and likewise considering the great advantage they had of firing at them without being at all observed, and the convenience of so many spare arms. But the auspicious hand of Almighty God, and his providence, so apparent at all times in the preservation of his Royal Highness, prevented those within from firing upon the Prince and his four attendants, for they came so near that they were recognized by those within.

Locheil upon making this discovery, made the best of his way, though lame, to meet his Royal Highness, who received him very graciously. The joy at this meeting is much easier to be conceived than expressed; and when Locheil would have kneeled, on coming up to the Prince.—"Oh! no, my dear Locheil (said his Royal Highness, clapping him on the shoulder) we do not know who may be looking from the top of yonder hills, and if they see any

such motions, they'll immediately conclude that I am here."—Locheil then ushered him into his habitation, which was indeed but a very poor one. The Prince was gay, and in better spirits than it was possible to think he could have been, considering the many disasters, disappointments, fatigues and difficulties he had undergone. His Royal Highness with his retinue, went into the hut, and there was more meat and drink provided for him than he expected. There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whisky containing twenty Scots pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, with plenty of butter and cheese, besides a large well-cured bacon ham. Upon his entry the Prince took a hearty dram, which he sometimes called for thereafter, to drink the health of his friends. When some minced collops were dressed with butter in a large saucepan, which Locheil and Cluny carried always about with them, being the only fire-vessel they had, his Royal Highness ate heartily, and said with a cheerful countenance, "Now, gentlemen, I live like a Prince," though at the same time he was no otherwise entertained, than eating his collops out of the pan with a silver spoon. After dinner he asked Locheil if he had always lived here, during his skulking, in such a good way? Yes, sir," answered Locheil, "for near three months that I have been hereabouts with my cousin Cluny, he has provided for me so well, that I have had plenty such as you now see; and I thank heaven your Royal Highness has got through so many dangers to take a part."

In two days after, his Royal Highness went and

lodged with Lockert at Mellamuir, to which Clunie came to them from Auchmearry. Upon his entering the hut, when he would have kneeled, his Royal Highness prevented him, and kissed him as if he had been an equal, saying: I am sorry, Clunie; you and your regiment were not at Culloden: I did not hear, till very lately, that you were so near us that day."

The day after Clunie arrived he thought it time to remove from Mellamuir, and took the Prince about two miles farther into Benalder, to a little sheil called Uischebra, where the hut, or bothie was superlatively bad and smoky; yet his Royal Highness put up with every thing. Here he remained for two or three nights, and then removed to a very romantic habitation, made for him by Clunie, two miles further into Benalder, called the Cage; which was a great curiosity, and can scarcely be described to perfection. It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bust of wood. There were, first, some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists, or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally in their mere roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with

the trees were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched or rather covered over with fog. This whole fabric being, as it were, supported by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage, and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking.

Here his Royal Highness remained till the 13th of September, when he was informed, that the vessels for receiving and carrying him to France, were arrived at Lochnamragh. The Prince set out immediately; and travelling only by night, arrived at Boradale, near Lochnamragh, on the 19th of September, and embarked there on the 20th.

The following historiette has been told of the young Prince:

In a long march which he made in *Lancashire*, thro' very bad roads, he wore a hole in one of his shoes. Upon his arrival at a small village, he sent for a *blacksmith*, and ordered him to make a thin plate of iron, which was fastened to the bottom of

the sole. Then paying him for the labour, said, *My lad, thou art the first blacksmith that ever shoed the son of a king.*—This young gentleman having in his last declaration expressed some surprize that his cause was not better seconded, considering the late grumblings of the people at some former ministerial measures, a lady of quality applied the known fable of the Nurse and Wolf on this occasion. 'As a wolf 'was hunting up and down for his supper, he passed 'a door where a little child was bawling, and an 'old woman chiding it; *leave your vixen-tricks,*' says the old woman, '*or I'll throw you to the wolf.*' 'The wolf overheard her, and waited a pretty while, 'in hopes the woman would be as good as her word; 'but no child coming, away goes the wolf for that 'bout. He took his walk the same way again 'towards the evening, and the nurse, he found, had 'changed her note; for she was then nuzzling and 'coaxing of it. *That's a good dear,*' says she, '*if* '*the wolf comes for my child, we'll e'en beat his brains* '*out.* The wolf went muttering away upon it. '*There's no meddling with people,*' says he, '*that say* '*one thing and mean another.*'—The application by the lady is much more ingenious than the elaborate comment of Sir *Roger Lestrange,* who has really mistaken the true meaning of the fable.

§

A SHORT DISPLAY OF POPERY.*

Among the many pieces and squibs, published during the rebellion, in order to create in the minds of Englishmen an abhorrence of Popery, and a dread of returning under a yoke which our fore-fathers, in those dark and superstitious times, were never able to bear without great struggles and uneasiness, we select the following:

I here send you such a display of popery, as may serve to rouse the most stupid and lukewarm protestants, and undeceive papists, who are kept by their priests from the true knowledge of it.

According to the popish historians, and even by the testimony of the best and ablest popish writers, no throne, no pagan throne, was ever filled with such monsters of immorality as the *Papal* throne: monsters most detestably wicked in themselves, and the constant authors of universal wickedness, imposture, delusion, oppression, robbery, tyranny, murder and massacre; pestilent enemies to all good men, and to whatever was good in the world.

Of this popes even bear testimony against one another: *Stephen*, the 7th, thought his predecessor *Formosus* so horrid a criminal, that he had him pulled out of his grave, and his body thrown into the *Tyber*. *Stephen* himself was strangled, as a criminal equally horrible.

Baronius, that great advocate for popery, to which he often sacrifices truth and history, declares *Pope*

* From the General Evening Post, October 5, 1745.

Sergius to have been the most abominable of men, living in a brothel, particularly with two celebrated harlots, mother and daughter, who governed the pope, and the Roman church, and made the most of both. By one of these harlots he had a son, who came to be pope by the name of *John* the 11th, a pope who lived in incest with his own mother. Her name was *Marozia*, a lady of uncommon fortune, mistress to two popes, one of them her son.

John the 12th possessed the black art, and paid divine worship to *Venus* and *Jupiter*: he debauched ladies on the steps of the altar, and was famous for all diabolical excesses. This infernal father of Christendom was deposed by a council, summoned and supported by the Emperor *Otho*. A deposition, which the same keen churchman *Baronius* is not ashamed to censure as an act of presumption, as passing judgment upon one whom no man on earth had a right to judge. So that he was accounted a regular and genuine pope; and if he was, why may not the worst and most accursed being be one?

Boniface the 7th murdered *Benedict* the 6th, in order to succeed him; and they were commonly expelling and butchering one another.—Cardinal *Benno* mentions one *Gerard Brazut*, who was appointed and paid as *poisoner general* to the *holy see*, and who poisoned seven or eight popes, at the instigation of such as wanted to be popes. These popes were in truth such sons of perdition, that even *Baronius* owns, 'the end of the world to have been then 'thought at hand, as no time had produced such 'monsters, and so many scenes of horror.'

The famous *Hildebrand*, *Gregory* the 7th, filled all *Germany* with blood, and fire, and famine, and carried every curse of human tyranny, and diabolical pride as far as they could go. *Matthew Paris*, a papist and ecclesiastic, calls *Innocent* the 3rd, a lion in cruelty, and a blood-sucker in avarice. Observe, that this was the pope who oppressed and plundered this poor nation so long and so unmercifully, during the miserable reign of *Henry* 3d. *Benedict* the 12th purchased a lady of condition and beauty from her family for so much ready money. She was sister to the celebrated *Petrarch*. *Lucretia* daughter to *Alexander* the 6th, was likewise his mistress, and mistress to his son *Cæsar Borgia*, as also wife to another of his sons,

——*Pontificis filia sponsa, nurus.*

Innocent the 8th left sixteen children; I need not say, all spurious, for no pope can marry. *Leo* the 10th boasted "what treasure the church had derived "from the fable of *Christ*." *Paul* the 3d, not only lay with his daughter, but, to have her all to himself, poisoned her husband.

Can that be the church of God, which hath such heads? Does it become the champions of that church to reproach the reformation as derived from the lewdness of *Harry* 8th? And can the humble and merciful *Jesus* own such polluted, such bloody successors? Have such carnal, such worldly, and such devilish abominations, any thing to do with religion, or spiritual character, but to disgrace and extirpate both?

of butter, to please his nurse: St. *Anthony* preaching to the fishes, St. *Francis* to the beasts, and neither congregation willing to depart, 'till the saints had blessed them: the wet habits of friars hung upon the sun-beams: the monks entertained in heaven under the blessed virgin's robes: a nun sweetening a vessel of sour wine, and her image upon an empty tub filling it with oil, and continuing it full for some months, for the use of the convent: St. *Dominic* forcing the devil, in the shape of a monkey, to hold his candle, till *Satan's* fingers were burnt to the bone: a ship carrying the body of a dead saint, piloted by a raven for many leagues: the blessed virgin's successful dispute with some devils in behalf of a lewd priest, who had been assiduous in his devotions to her.

These strange dreams, full of nonsense and blasphemy, are the great proofs that the *Roman* church is the true church. But these fooleries and frauds, however subversive of religion, and the genuine marks of imposture, are pardonable, in comparison of her bloody and persecuting spirit, the consequence of her cruel want of *charity*, the most signal christian virtue. She damns all who are not of her horrid communion, and murders, or would murder, all that she damns; witness her universal practice, and constant massacres, at *Paris*, in *Ireland*, her crusades against the best christians, the daily fires of the inquisition, and the burnings in *Smithfield*, *Oxford*, &c. especially under Queen *Mary*.

Be warned, O protestants! continue what you are,

christians and freemen; your all is at stake, liberty, property, conscience; abhor the harlot, and oppose the tool of the harlot.

Extract from the preface to a book, entitled, "The conformity between ancient and modern ceremonies, or between ancient paganism, and modern christianity, as possessed and practised in the court of Rome."

"Before the reformation our history is full of tragical accounts of the miseries derived upon this kingdom by the practices of the see of Rome. By enjoining the clergy celibacy, by introducing several orders of monks, by usurping the disposal of benefices, by oaths of fidelity to the pope, exacted upon every collation, by removing causes to their own courts by appeals, and by the extravagant powers granted by the popes to their legates, they created a separate interest between the ecclesiastics and their fellow subjects, and consequently detached them in a great measure from any dependence either upon their prince or their neighbours. By peter-pence, first fruits, or annates, investitures, masses for the dead, and the like means, they drew a large share of the national wealth into the pope's coffers abroad, or those of his creatures here; and by such steps as these, gradually erected within this kingdom an authority nearly equal to the civil power, both in its legislative and executive capacity, and almost independent of it. This was the source of much distraction and misery to the subject, highly ignominous to the crown, and in many instances gave a total

obstruction to common justice. As this was an unnatural and monstrous form of polity, it constantly produced intestine struggles between the regal and hierarchical powers, one of which terminated in the surrender of the crown into the pope's hands, to be thenceforward held of him and his successors in fee, on the annual payment of a thousand marks.—After this, the usurpations and exactions of the papacy continually increased. Our annals are full of disputes relating to collations to benefices, and appeals and citations to the court of Rome. By these, and the oaths taken by all persons who received any office from the pope, the papal power was maintained and extended, and the land exhausted of its money: insomuch that in the year 1252, the clergy complained that, besides the annual tribute of 1000 marks, the pope received yearly out of the kingdom 50,000 marks, for grants of benefices only; an immense sum, when besides the scarcity of gold and silver in those days, the mark was nearly treble to what it is now.—The parliaments of England, indeed, generally acted with a spirit of true patriotism, in endeavouring to put a stop to these abuses and encroachments. The statutes of provisions, by which they thought to cut off all dependence upon Rome for preferments, and to preserve the cognizance of causes in the proper courts here; and the several acts of mortmain, designed to preserve the lands of the kingdom from being wholly monopolised by the clergy, whom they considered as a people under a foreign influence, were wisely calculated for these purposes. To counterbalance these acts, the ecclesiastics obtained of Henry

IV., whose weak title needed their support, an act for burning heretics. This was a strong barrier; for as heresy was a crime purely religious, the cognisance thereof belonged to ecclesiastical courts, and by this law they could declare any opponent an heretic at pleasure. And, what was more, this act was severely executed; whereas the statutes of provisos and mortmain, like many other laws, were almost useless for want of being vigourously put in execution. When a bishoprick became vacant, and the crown was desirous of filling it with a person who might be of service to the regal dignity, a license was granted by the King, permitting the party to apply to Rome for a provision, with a *non obstante quovis statuto*. The pope was sure to comply with every application of this kind, because by granting it, he in some measure kept alive his own claim. The statutes of mortmain were likewise eluded by various artifices. One, which was invented by the chicane of the lawyers, was very frequently practised. When a monk had so far worked upon a man's superstition, as to make him desirous of passing over a fat glebe to a monastery for the good of his soul, and deeds, wills, and such like conveyances were invalidated by these statutes, and a license from the crown was too difficult to be obtained, or else too expensive, the usual practice was for the monastery to bring a sham action upon a forged title, to which the defendant either did not appear, or made but a weak defence; so that judgment went of course for the claimants, who took possession as quietly, and enjoyed the premises as securely, as if none of these statutes had ever been

made, or they had obtained a *non obstante* against them. Thus we see the papal authority rode triumphant in spite of all these statutes, insomuch that we find in Henry the Seventh's time, that Innocent VIII had the arrogance to approve and confirm an act of parliament, made for the security of the crown, by a bull, as if the authority of the king, lords, and commons of England, was of no validity in a matter purely temporal, unless supported by his holiness' sanction. From this imperfect representation of the effects of popery as to temporals, it is obvious to infer that the introduction of it cannot but be fatal to our present constitution, since its natural influence is to affect all the civil rights of mankind, property, liberty, and even life itself.

Extract of the Taxa Cameræ, a book printed in the last century, by the authority of the pope; it being a table or list of the fees paid him for absolutions, dispensations, licences, indulgences, &c. as they are reduced to our sterling.

ABSOLUTIONS.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For sacrilege committed by a layman . .	0	10	6
For a priest who detains the holy things he has taken from the church	0	10	6
For him who reveals another man's confession	0	10	6
For him who lies with a woman in the church	0	9	0

For wilful perjury	0	9	0
For a layman guilty of simony . .	0	9	0
For a priest guilty of that vice . .	0	10	6
For a layman murdering a layman . .	0	7	6
For him that hath killed his father or mother, or wife, or sister, or any other kinswoman	0	10	6

But if the party killed be a priest or clergyman, the murderer is obliged to go to Rome, and visit the apostolic see.

For the husband or wife, who in the morning find the infant in bed with them dead	0	9	0
For a woman with child, that by any medicinal drink destroys it in her womb.	0	7	6
For a layman or clergyman that keeps a concubine	0	10	6
For him who hath defiled a virgin . .	0	9	0
For him who lies with his mother, sister, godmother, or any kinswoman . .	0	7	6
For a robbery, or setting fire to a house	0	12	0
For forging letters, testimonial, or witnessing such forgery	0	10	6
For forging letters of privilege . .	1	4	0
For forging the pope's hand, or letters apostolical	1	7	0
For him that gets a benefice by a feigned title, and a false oath to bind it . .	2	9	6

Our readers will find the rest in Mr. Steele's Romish ecclesiastical history; together with the fees paid to the pope only, exclusive of what is received

by the officers of his chancery, for dispensations to marry within the degrees of consanguinity; for cohabiting with a second wife, during the life of the former, that was reported to be dead; for holding a benefice obtained by simony; for eating flesh and white meats in Lent, and other fast days; besides many other licenses; among which I shall only take notice, that a queen for adopting a child, is rated at 300l. which sum I have heard, was actually paid for the adoption of the infant, whose son is now in Scotland, plundering the subjects, to pave the way for his father to the throne of Great Britain.

A ROYAL SAINT.

The body of the late King James II lies in the monastery of the English Benedictine friars at Paris, having a little altar near it: 'Tis above ground, after the manner of that of Lewis XIV, in St. Denis, and in a corner of the church of the house in question. Over it is spread a large black velvet pall, stuck full of escutcheons of the British arms, with which the ceiling and the walls are likewise covered. 'Tis now railed in; because numbers used to come and cut away small pieces of the pall, &c. to keep them preciously by way of relic. Many offer up their devotions before this coffin.

In the parlour I was shewn the portraits of King James and of the Pretender, as likewise a mask of the King's face, taken off immediately after he was dead, together with the fine laced night-cap he died in. One of the friars said, very complaisantly, that he

would fetch a piece of the King's flesh, in order for me to handle and survey it; but I begged to be excused.

In the sacristy, or vestry, I was assured by a lay-brother, that King James would be canonized, on account of the many miracles wrought by his intercession; he adding, that twenty such properly vouched, (the original testimonials whereof were lodged in that convent) would be published in due time. He then pointed to a pair of crutches hanging up, and affirmed to me, with a most solemn countenance, that they had been deposited there by a person, who, being brought exceedingly lame, and kneeling before this coffin, started up instantly after, quite sound in all his limbs. He next shewed me a picture, given by another man, for his having been cured of a grievous malady; and also some rich sacerdotal vestments, presented by a bishop of Autun, for the like blessing. I listened with all the seriousness in my power, to these several fine things; and for the truth I appeal to multitudes of our countrymen who have been at Paris; and present you now with them, for the sake of the two queries following:

First, What idea ought we to entertain of a Church which will canonize, or rank among the holy saints in heaven, a prince, who, instead of being the father of his people, committed numberless illegal actions and barbarities during his short reign; and strove, with all his might, to dissolve the frame of our excellent constitution, after having taken a solemn oath to guard and protect it?

Secondly, What may we naturally expect from any

descendant, or supposed descendant of that prince, brought up from his infancy in the bosom of that church, and in or about Rome, the centre of tyranny, idolatry, and every thing destructive to the felicity of mankind?

The following parody, equal to any of more recent date, affords a striking illustration of the ante-jacobinism of the time it refers to:

A NEW PROTESTANT LITANY.

From unnatural rebellion, that direful curse,
From changing a true king, and taking a worse,
Where popery and slavery follow of course,
For ever, good Lord, deliver us.

From that damnable doctrine, that makes it no sin,
To dispose, or to murder a protestant king,
And when much blood they spill, a Te Deum to sing,
For ever, &c.

From jesuits, friars, and monks in their hoods,
Who will save all our souls, and seize all our goods,
And with fire and faggot will purge all our bloods,
For ever, &c.

May Spaniard, or French, all who join with a Highland,
In disturbing the peace of this our blessed island,
Meet tempests on sea, and halters on dry land,
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

May we join hand and heart with our faith's great defender,
Until he shall make those vile traitors surrender,
And drive hence all popery, with their pretender,
We beseech, &c.

May Britannia still flourish, and raise high her head,
And brave George, with her arms, be once more the dread
Of the great house of Bourbon, strike tyranny dead.
We beseech, &c.

FLORA MACDONALD.

The following is the account given by Mr. Home, of the interviews of Flora Macdonald with Charles, and the manner in which she conducted him to the isle of Sky.

"Mrs. Macdonald first saw Prince Charles in South Uist, she then resided in the family of Angus Macdonald, of Milton, her brother. Mrs. Macdonald, (then Miss Macdonald) being upon a visit in Clanronald's family, saw one Colonel O'Neale there, a native of Ireland, a French officer, and constant attendant of Prince Charles in his distressed state. Miss Macdonald expressed an earnest inclination to see the Prince, and said that, provided she could in any degree prove serviceable in saving him from his enemies, she would with all her heart. Colonel O'Neale then proposed to Miss Macdonald to take the Prince as her maid dressed in women's clothes, and conduct her to Sky. This undertaking appeared to her so fantastical and dangerous, that she positively declined it. A Macdonald, a Macleod, and a Campbell militia were then in quest of the Prince: a guard was posted at every ferry; every boat was seized; no person could travel out of the country without a passport; and the channel between Uist and Skye was covered with ships of war. Soon after this conversation, the colonel introduced the Prince to Miss Macdonald at a farm belonging to her brother. The Prince was at this time in a state of bad health, of a thin and weak habit of body, and greatly exhausted

with fatigue, and want of proper accommodation. Under these calamities he possessed a cheerfulness, magnanimity, and fortitude, remarkably great, and incredible to all but such as saw him there. Miss Macdonald was so strongly impressed with his critical and forlorn state, that she instantly consented to conduct him to Skye.

"Leaving the Prince and his conductor at the farm, Miss Macdonald, without loss of time, repaired to Clanronald's family, to provide the necessary requisites for the voyage to Skye. She procured a passport from Captain Hugh Macdonald, who commanded the Macdonald militia in South Uist. Captain Macdonald was father-in-law to Miss Macdonald. The Prince, denominated Betty Burke in the passport, was recommended by Captain Macdonald to his wife at Armadale in Skye, as an excellent spinner of flax, and a faithful servant.

"The night before the Prince left South Uist, he very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Miss Macdonald having procured an open boat with six hands, and every other necessary, walked along the shore to the distance of a mile from Clanronald's house, where, according to appointment, the Prince (dressed in female apparel) and the Colonel met her. As the Prince along with Lady Clanronald, Miss Macdonald, and the Colonel, were in the evening taking supper upon the sea-side, a messenger came to Lady Clanronald, informing her that General Campbell, and Captain Ferguson were in her house in quest of Prince Charles. She instantly repaired home; soon after her departure, four armed cutters appeared on

the coast. They were so close to the shore, that they could not get away unobserved by the soldiers on board, and therefore skulked among the rocks till the cutters passed them.

"The day following being calm and serene, the Prince, Miss Macdonald, and the six boatmen set out in the morning for Skye. As the boat was passing the point of Naternich, in Skye, a party of the Macleod militia, stationed there observing it, ran to the shore with their guns, and levelled them at the boat. The tide being out, the boat got out of their reach before they could get so near as to force them to land, or launch out a boat to pursue them. The boat landed at Mugstole, the family seat of Macdonald. Miss Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret Macdonald, and after dinner, she, and the Prince, (still disguised as her maid) set out for Kingsbrough, where they arrived in the evening, and lodged that night. Next day the Prince went to a hill, near the house of Kingsburgh, and put on a Highland dress. Miss Macdonald accompanied them to Portree, and left him there. He was then greatly restored to health, had recovered much strength, and was in good spirits. Miss Macdonald went to Armadale, to her step-father's house.

"The men who ferried the Prince and Miss Macdonald to Skye, were after their return, suspected of what they had done, and being apprehended, were forced to make a confession.

"Captain Macleod, of Talisker, (afterwards Colonel Macleod) who commanded the militia in Skye, ordered a party to go to Armadale, and apprehend Miss Macdonald. They took her prisoner, and gave her

up to a body of fuzileers, who delivered her to General Campbell, at that time on board of Captain Ferguson's ship, which lay between Sconcer and Rasay. She was on board this ship twenty two days. General Campbell treated her with much humanity and politeness, and afterwards consigned her to Admiral Smith, on the coast of Lorn in Argyleshire. This most worthy gentleman treated her, not as a stranger or a prisoner, but with the affection of a parent."

§

SEIZURE AND IMPRISONMENT OF PRINCE CHARLES AT PARIS, DECEMBER 10, 1748.*

The troubles and persecutions of this ill-fated Prince, as appears by the following letter, addressed to a lady in Scotland, did not terminate with the adventures and miraculous escapes which he encountered with such courage and fortitude, accompanied with a few faithful friends among his native mountains. He was still reserved for other trials, and in which his courage never forsook him: surprised on his way to the opera, bound, and conducted to the Castle of Vincennes, two years after he had landed in France, safe from the pursuit of his pursuers, an occurrence so sudden and so little expected, in a mind less inured to hardships and reverses of fortune, might have produced the most dreadful forebodings as to the ultimate consequences of such procedure. The chateau de Vincennes has proved

* From the MS. collections of the Earl of Buchan.

an ominous receptacle to more princes than one. Our adventurer, however, was more fortunate, thanks to the moderation of the times, than the ill-fated Duc d'Enghien who was unhesitatingly sacrificed to the desperate and inhuman policy of the wily usurper of the throne of his ancestors. A man so destitute of magnanimity as to imagine himself secure only in the total annihilation of every thing that stood in the way to the completion of his ambitious projects.

"The prince having dined at home with about thirty at his table, mostly of his own people, was never seen more gay and easy, and proposed, after dinner, to walk in the Tuileries, where several of his company followed him, particularly two of his Scots Chieftains, one of which spoke to him in the morning concerning the reports that were going, that certainly he was to be taken up one of these days. And as the report went, that it was to be at his own house, or in the public gardens, begged of him to give him and the rest of his subjects orders; but added, he believed there was nothing in them. It coming on rain while they were walking, he left the Tuileries, and as stepping into his coach, the two chieftains spoke to him again, and told him, "if he had a mind to make a Bender of it, as the King of Sweden did, he would not want assistance;" at which he thanked them, but bid them not be uneasy. He returned home, where he stayed about half an hour, and then took his coach and went to the opera, attended by Sir James Harrington and Colonel Goring, two Englishmen, and Mr. Sheridan

an Irishman. When the coach came to the cul-de-sac, the prince alighted as usual, was seized in a moment by a number of the serjeants of the French Blue Guards, who shut the opera door before him, and the barrier behind them, while one insolently broke his sword in the scabbard, two others took the little pistols out of his side pockets; then carrying him without his feet touching the ground, to a room in the Palais Royal, when the major of the French guards, Marquis de Vaudreuil, told him, "he had the King of France's orders." All who took him were disguised in whitish coloured clothes, such as footmen out of livery wear. The prince was, in the Palais Royal, bound like a common criminal, and put into a remise coach, the major and two captains going with them, and French soldiers mounted behind with screwed bayonets. The prince then said, "Gentlemen, this is but a dirty office you are employed in; I suppose I'm straight on my way to Hanover;" they told him he was going to Vincennes Castle, where as soon as he arrived, he said to the Governor, Marquis de Chattel, "I used to come as your friend, governor, but now I come your prisoner. I hope you will salute me though I cannot come to you." The governor who was his very great friend, stormed like a lion, and ran and unbound him, but was obliged to obey orders, and put him in that part of the castle called the Dungeon, a little dark hole of a place in the flight tower, two Captains guards within his room, and four sentries at the door.

"When he came into this miserable place," he

said, " it was not quite so good as his brother's in the Highland Hills." He threw himself in the bed, and would not be prevailed upon to throw off his clothes, nor eat or drink any thing that night, and was frequently heard to say to himself, " Oh! my faithful mountains!" Next day he eat nothing but a little soup, but on Thursday he dined, and took ill after it, with a violent vomiting and purging, but was perfectly well next day: he made the captains always eat with him, and spoke to them about the wars, &c. and behaved with such a noble and manly courage, that he so charmed the hearts of his guards, that they were ready to cry when they spoke of him, and several swore that they would rather give up their commission than mount guard there any more. He parted from Vincennes on Sunday morning about day break, where is not yet known, but it is said the musqueteers have orders to guard him to Pont de Beauvoisin on the frontiers, a place belonging half to Savoy, half to France, where it is said he will be left to go where he pleases.

" The gentlemen, who were in the coach with the prince going to the Opera, were put in separate hackney coaches, and carried to the Bastille; his footmen went the same road, one of which, Angus Mc Donald, the only Scotsman there, fired a pistol at one of the men that took the prince. Mr. Alexander Mc. Cleod and Stewart of Ardsheill were playing at backgammon in the prince's house, Sir David Murray was looking on, when the guards came to the house, and they were seized also and sent to the Bastille, as was the cook, washerwoman,

and every body within that door, Mr. Strafford, an Irish gentleman, had dined abroad, and knowing nothing of the matter, was by the guards let into the court, and sent the same road with the rest. It would have appeared, they feared the mob, for there were guards from the prince's house to the Pont Royal, and about 2000 men in arms there and about the Opera, and six regiments at a call; a great many French gentlemen were put in the Bastille that night, and next day for speaking of it. The people got up in the Opera to come out, but the doors were shut; every body, high and low, were in tears, and I could not imagine that the French were so fond of any king but their own king.

"The Count de Biron went from the Palais Royal to court that night, and when the news were told the Queen the Dauphin, and Dauphiness, and all the Madames, they threw down their knives, and then was not one word spoken.

"You may depend on the truth of this paper, because I had it from the Governor of Vincennes, and others of absolute credit, thought it is treason now to say he was tied or ill-used."

§

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

1815. On the 4th of January, died Alexander Macdonald, Esq., who is no other way remarkable, than for a chivalrous devotion to the family Stuart. He raised a monument in the vale of Glenfinnyn, at the head of Lochshiel, in the county of Inverness,

with a Latin, Gaelic, and English inscription, to commemorate the last open efforts of that family, for the recovery of a crown they had forfeited by innumerable breaches of the laws, and whose aggressions on life and property being suffered, till

"*Non resistance* could no further go,"

they were excluded from the throne of the people, by the aristocracy and commonality of England in parliament assembled. As evidence of the spirit that dictated such a memorial, and of the proper feeling which permits that spirit to be expressed, in spite of its hostility to the principles that deposited and continued the diadem of the commonwealth in the custody of the house of Hanover, the inscription on the monument is placed in the next column. It stands in English in these words:

On the spot where
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD
First raised his Standard,
On the 19th day of August, MDCCXLV,
When he made the daring and romantic attempt
To recover a throne lost by the imprudence of his Ancestors,
This Column was erected by
ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Esq., of Glenaladale,
To commemorate the generous zeal
The undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity,
Of his forefathers, and the rest of those
Who fought and bled in that
Arduous and unfortunate enterprise.

This pillar is now,
'Alas!
Also become the Monument
Of its amiable and accomplished Founder,
Who,
Before it was finished,
Died in Edinburgh on the 4th day of January,
MDCCCXV.

The "right line" of the Stuart race terminated in the late cardinal York. He was the second son of "the Pretender," and was born at Rome on the 26th of March, 1725; where he was baptized by the name of Henry Benedict Maria Clemens: he died there in 1807, in the 83d year of his age. In 1745 he went to France to head an army of fifteen thousand men, assembled at Dunkirk for the invasion of England. The battle of Culloden settled "the arduous and unfortunate enterprise," which the "amiable and accomplished founder" of the monument commemorates, and not a single transport left Dunkirk roads. As soon as Henry Benedict heard of the affair at Culloden, he returned to Rome, entered into priest's orders, and in 1747 was made a cardinal by pope Benedict XIV. It was taunted by a former pope upon James II, that he "lost his kingdom for a mass;" and it is certain that Henry Benedict was better qualified to take a red-hat and pull on and off red stockings, than to attempt the conquest of a free protestant nation.

After the expulsion of pope Pius VI from "the chair of St. Peter," by the French, he fled from his

splendid residences at Rome and Frascati to Venice, infirm in health, distressed in circumstances, and at the age of seventy-five. He subsisted for awhile on the produce of some silver plate, which he had saved from the ruin of his property. By the friendly interference of Sir John Cox Hippisley, the cardinal's situation was made known to George III, and Lord Minto had orders to remit him a present of 2000*l.*, which he received in February 1800, with an intimation that he might draw for the same amount in the July following; and Sir J. C. Hippisley communicated to him, that an annuity of 4000*l.* would be at his service, so long as his circumstances might require it. This liberality was received and acknowledged by the cardinal in terms of gratitude, and made a considerable impression on the reigning pope and his court. These facts are extracted from the Gentleman's Magazine, (vols. 74 and 77), which also observes, that "from the time he devoted himself to ecclesiastical functions he seemed to have laid aside all worldly views, till his father's death in 1788, when he had medals struck, bearing on their face his head, with 'HENRICUS NONUS ANGLIÆ REX;' on the reverse, a city, with 'GRATIA DEI, SED NON VOLUNTATE HOMINUM:' if we are not misinformed, one of these medals was in the possession of George IV.

§

MISFORTUNES OF A LADY.

The extraordinary case of Mrs. Erskine, known by the title of Lady Grange, excited great curiosity about ninety years ago; and it is yet very interesting on account of the mystery which attends it, and its apparent connexion with the plots of those who were concerned in the rebellions which broke out in the years 1715 and 1745.

Mrs. Erskine's maiden name was Rachel Chersly. She was a daughter of Chersly of Dalry, who shot the Lord President Sir George Lockart, in revenge for deciding against him a law-suit, which had been referred to his lordship and another of the judges as arbiters. She was a beautiful woman, but of a very violent temper. It was reported that Erskine of Grange (a brother of the Earl of Mar), had seduced her, and that she compelled him to marry her, by threatening his life, and reminding him that she was Chersly's daughter.

Mr. Erskine's character is represented as having been by no means amiable. He was dissipated, restless, and intriguing; and was supposed to be concerned in some of the measures preparatory and subsequent to the rebellion in 1715, of which his wife was in the secret. His frequent journeys to London, and some of his amours there, gave her so much uneasiness, that she threatened to inform government of all she knew, unless he consented to give up plotting, and live quietly at home. He did

not choose to comply with these terms; and he formed a plan, by which she was violently seized in her own house and dragged away. It is a remarkable circumstance, that, notwithstanding the noise which this barbarous and tyrannical act occasioned, no means were taken to bring the perpetrators to justice, though some of them were well-known.

Grange had the address to persuade the public and his connexions, that his wife was a mad-woman, who had frequently attempted his life, and that confinement was absolutely necessary. He used to show a razor, which he said, he had taken from under her pillow. She had two sons grown to manhood at the time she was carried off, and it was suspected that either one or both consented to it. Her daughter, by Mr. Erskine of Grange, was married to the Earl of Kintore. None of her relatives ever made the smallest stir about the matter. The fate of Lady Grange after her seizure, has hitherto remained uncertain, except that it was known she had been carried to St. Kilda. There is, however, a MS. which throws much light on this transaction. This manuscript is a copy of another, partly written for Lady Grange, by the minister of St. Kilda, and partly by herself. It was found among the papers of a gentleman who flourished at the time of the transaction to which it refers, and who never would have put into his repository any thing of the kind which was not authentic. Indeed, the internal evidence it bears, proves the authenticity of the narrative almost beyond question. During my

inquiries in regard to this extraordinary transaction, I learned the existence of several documents which confirmed the story as narrated in the manuscript; and also that some original letters of Lady Grange, which had found their way from St. Kilda, had been recently in the hands of a bookseller in Edinburgh, from whom they had been purchased for the purpose of destroying them. It is not surprising that the descendants of the parties concerned should feel a desire to bury the story in oblivion, on account of the conduct which the narrative displays. But in matters of history, especially when the dispositions and manners of a people become interesting, private feelings must be disregarded. Nothing has yet appeared which exhibits in a stronger light than the following narrative, the ferocity not only of the Highland clans, but of a portion of their southern neighbours; and it is valuable in so far as it proves the long duration of barbarism, and assists us to appreciate the astonishing rapidity with which civilization has proceeded in Scotland, and more particularly in the highlands. Being myself a member of a numerous highland clan, I am not ashamed to avow, while I lament, the savage state in which the highlands were suffered to remain, till a Chatham arose to demonstrate the value of that lofty spirit of freedom, and of attachment to each other, which, while under no regulation but the caprice of a few chieftains, naturally resolved into hatred of their southern neighbours. Many of my name were concerned in the rebellions which agitated Scotland during the first half of the 18th century; and many

may have been guilty of actions equally atrocious with that of which I now give you the details; yet I have no other feeling in connexion with the part than thankfulness for having lived to see the effects of the enlightened policy of Chatham, and that policy followed up by the liberality of the government towards the most remote districts of the empire, in opening up a country hitherto inaccessible, by roads and bridges, executed under the direction of the most able engineers."* Now for the narrative.

"*January* 21*st*, 1741.

"I, the unfortunate wife of Mr. James Erskine, of Grange. That after I had lived twenty-five years in great love and peace, he all of a sudden took a dislike to my person, and such a hatred that he could not live with me, nor so much as to stay in his house; and desired me to subscribe a separation during his pleasure, which I thought was contrary to my vows before God; and that I dearly loved my husband. Both his friends and mine own were at a great deal of pains to persuade me, but I absolutely refused to subscribe it. At last, after much threatening, he got me out of the house; and I designed at that time to go straight to London; but some of my friends thought his temper might alter, and gave me your house to stay in, it being a little without the town, I desiring to live retired. After having lived some months there, I came into Edinburgh, and I took a chamber in a private house near to my Lord's lodgings, that I

* See Edinburgh Miscell. for 1817.—Article signed Gael, p. 334.

might have the pleasure to see the house he was in, and to see him and my children when going out, and I made his relations and mine own speak to him, and was always in hopes that God would shew him his sin of putting away his wife contrary to the laws of God and man; and this was no secret, for the President of the Session and some of the Lords, the solicitor, and some of the advocates and ministers of Edinburgh, know all this to be truth. When I lost all hopes, then I resolved to go to London and live with some of my friends, and make myself as easy as I could without. Having paid a part of my coach hire, and taken leave of my friends and the ministers, two days before I should have gone away, upon the 22d, 1732, after eleven o'clock at night, it being the Saturday evening, the house belonging to one Margaret McLean, a highland woman, she put the few she had in her house to bed, which were two highland women, and a little servant maid, an hour and half before ordinary. I had no servant with me in that house but a chamber-maid, and whether she was upon that plot, or whether the mistress put her out of the way, I know not, there came two men to the door, saying they had a letter for my lady, and the mistress of the house brought them to my room door, and then rushed in some highlandmen, whom I had seen frequently attending my Lord Lovat, and, if I well remember, had his livery upon them, who threw me down upon the floor in a most barbarous manner, and I cried out murder, murder. Then they stopt my mouth, and dang out several of my teeth, and I bled; and abused my face in the most pitifully with their hard rude

hands, till there was no skin left on my face all below my eyes; for I was always putting out the clothes as fast as they put in, being on the floor at the time, and I defended myself with my hands, and beat with my heels upon the loft, in hopes the people below would hear me. And then a near cousin of my Lord Lovat's looked in at the door, and gave directions to cover my head, and tye down my hands with a cloath; they had wrestled so long with me, that it was all that I could breathe, and then they carried me down stairs as if they had a corpse. I heard many voices about me; being blind-folded I could not discover who they were. They had a chair at the stair foot, which they put me in; and there was a man in the chair who took me on his knee, and I made all the struggle I could; but he held me fast in his arms, and hindered me to put my hands to my mouth, which I attempted to do, being tied down. The chair carried me off very fast, and took me without the ports; and when they opened the chair, and taken the cloath off my head to let me get air, I perceived, it being clear moonlight, that I was a little way from the Mutters hill,* and that the man on whose knee I sat was one Alexander Foster, of Carssbonny, who had there six or seven horses and men with him, who said all these were his servants though I knew some of them to be my Lord Lovat's servants who rode along, one of them was called Alexander Frazer, and the other James Frazer, and his groom, whose name I know not. These were the names they gave them; but whether they were their proper names I know not.

* Where St. James's-square now is.

"Another that rode along was Andrew Leishman, a tenant in West Pomeise, which belongs to Mr. Stewart, and had been tenant there these twenty-six years. I heard another of the horse was a young gentleman, my Lord Lovat's cousin; I heard so, but did not see him, for he kept out of my sight. Before they set me on horse, I shewed him all the linens about my face were covered with blood, and that they had torn all the clothes upon my head, and torn out some of my hair, and blind-folded me; but the joggling of the horse shuffled up the cloathes off my eyes, so that I saw what way they rode with me, straight by the long way. I saw that I was at the back of the castle. They took me the straightest way to Lithgow; and it was a very frosty cold and bitter night. I took stitches in my side, sitting in a constrained posture, and I begged Mr. Foster to allow me to light a little till I was eased of my pains. Mr. Foster cried to Sandy Frazer to stop my mouth again, for it was he that stopt my mouth when I was in my own room, and called me a damned bitch, that he would break my neck if I did not hold my peace, was he venturing his life for me. He took me a little beyond Lithgow. When he saw that day was approaching, he took me into a house which belongs to John Macleod, who is an advocate, whose servant had known of my coming, and met me with candles in their hands at the far end of the entry, and brought me into a very good room and fire in, so that they knew of my coming. I saw no servants in the house but two men and a woman, and told them whose wife I was, and that I was stolen; and he presently took me up stairs to a very good bed-room, which had a fire in, and good linings

in the bed, which I looked to, and found Mr. Macleod's name on them. They kept me there all day, and would not allow a woman to come up into the room, but set Sandy Frazer with me all day; for which reason I would not throw off my cloathes, for as wearied and cold as I was, Frazer was barbarous and cruel.

"When it was night, about seven, he told me I had some more miles to ride; and he took me down stairs by force, and tied me on the horse as I was the night before. He rode straight to Falkirk, and we met none on the way, it being the Sabbath-night which I thought very misfortunate, or else I would have cried out for help. He rode away by the south side of Falkirk, and through the Tore-wood, which way I knew all, having travelled it before. Some little after we left the Tore-wood, he rode a way which I knew not; and I was very weary it being a bitter night. He said he was taking me to his own house, but did not tell me its name, and thought all along I did not know whom he was, a cloth being tied to his face, that I might not perceive it; and he brought me straight to Wester Pomeise, where he was a factor for Mr. Stewart, who married to Brisbane of Bishopstown's sister. He took me in through a large vault, and then into a room of the vault, the windows of the room being nailed with thick boards, and no light in the room; but in a little closet, a little slit where a man could scarcely put in his hand, less than the thieves' hole in Edinburgh, and a very old ugly bed without a roof, a timber chair, with the half of the bottom in it; and there I was kept a close

prisoner for thirteen or fourteen weeks, not having liberty as much to go without doors; and two doors locked on me, cross bars on the outside. The servant that waited on me there was an old gardener and his wife that he had provided, who had a meal garden in Stirling. His name is George Ross, and his wife's name Agnes Watt. He lived in Stirling many years, and had two sons and a daughter, who was frequently with their father and saw me.

"Andrew Leishman, mentioned before, brought what meal and drink I needed, and all other provisions, such as coal and candle. He went always to Mr. Foster, got directions about it. His wife served me in what things she could do about me. They have three daughters which his wife had born, and his eldest son William Leishman. They kept me so long close prisoner that it endangered my health, and I grew sick, and Andrew told Mr. Foster that they would allow me to go out, and that he would not have a hand in my death; and then I was allowed to go to the high-rooms, and to go to the court to get the air, much against Mr. Foster's will.

"The gardener was kept there for a scoury to dress the garden and the trees. Sandy Frazer was left with me the first three days, and then James Frazer was sent out to wait of me; for he would not trust me to the gardener; and he kept the key in his own custody day and night. My Lord Lovat came frequently through Stirling to Mr. Foster, his house being within a mile of it: and Mr. Foster went our and met him, to concert matters about me, and James Frazer, who waited of me, went with him. I

was kept prisoner there till the 12th of August, and then Peter Frazer, my lord's page, came and staid till the 13th. Mr. Frazer came up then, and three highlandmen with him, and took me out of the room by force; James and Peter Frazer carried me out, and set me on a horse behind the Captain. It was about ten o'clock at night, and carried me along by Stirlingbridge, and after that I knew no more of the way. It was moonlight and they rode till it was near day, and then took me into ———— house. The Captain, Mr. Foster, went to the room with me, and sat a little with me, and never came near me after that. He gave the charge of me to one who called himself Alexander Grant, but I believe he feigned his name; he rode with me out of Pomeise that night's journey; Andrew Leiseman and Peter and James Frazer, were the rest of the company that rode, and a man who was our guide, called himself Macdonald, and told me he was born at Glengary's. Always when they took me out of any place, they did by force, and I bad them consider what they were doing in taking me away against my will. Whenever it was night they sat me on a horse behind Grant, who was nothing but a silly fellow, and he could ride before me; and then they set my Lord Lovat's footman, James Frazer, before me, and tied me to him, that I might not leap off; and rode all night with me, and brought me into General Wade's new way, I knew not how far in the highlands. Whenever it was day they took me to a house, and kept me there all day, and when it was night set me on a horse by force. And always when we came by houses, I attempted to speak, then they

offered to stop my mouth. We rode all night, and again morning, with great difficulty, they found a barn to put me in; there they kept me all day, and it being far in the highlands, by four in the afternoon, they set me on a horse again, and rode all night.

"Again, Saturday, they brought me to a ——. Mr. Foster, though he came not near me, always rode behind or before, and lodged always in the same place I lodged. Upon Saturday I saw him take horse, and his man with him. I lookt out of a hole and saw him. Again night, they set me on a horse again, and carried me amongst the highland hills, and rode till it was near morning, and laid me down on the grass being very weary, and they rode all the sabbath; the side of a hill and the way was so bad, that it was not rideable, for they carried me in their arms, we were as an open ship all that night, and the next day, the waters were so high, that we could not cross till it was near night, then they got me on horse, and carried me to a place called Miltown, when preparations were made for me, that being the 28th day of the month. I was never in bed all the time since we came from Pomeise. With their rude hands they had hurt one of my breasts. I was kept there sixteen days, and all the company left me, but James Watson's lad. This was on my Lord Lovat's ground. They called the man of the house Andrew Frazer. Grant came on the —— of September, and set me on horse by force, at night, and put me in a boat, which was in a loch about a mile from Miltown. They crossed the loch with me, and James Frazer left me there, some nights without, and some nights in byres.

"After we crossed the loch, and again the ninth of the month, at the evening, we came to a loch-side on Glengaries' ground. I should have been taken to Scot's house,* brother to the Laird of Glengary, but they altered their minds, and ordered him to come to Lochnirr,† and wait for me on the tenth of the month, on the break of day, for fear of their being seen, for they were always in terror. They dragged me by force, and I cried bitterly out; they were all highlanders, and nobody understood me; and took me into a shop of which Alexander Macdonald was master, who is a tenant in an island called Hesker, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald, who told me he had been at Scot's house, and seen my Lord Lovat's cousin, formerly mentioned; he was ordered to take me home to his own isle, and keep me there till further orders. I told him I was stolen out of Edinburgh, and brought there by force, and that it was contrary to the laws what they were doing. He answered that he would not keep me or any other against their will, except Sir Alexander Macdonald were in the affair. How far Sir Alexander is concerned in this I am not certain; but the man being poor and greedy of money, made him go beyond his own light. We lay long in the loch for want of wind, and young Scot's son and his father's brother, came into the sloop, the time that the sloop lay in the loch. They came with design to see me, but not to relieve me. We came not out of the loch till the 19th day of the month, and

* Macdonald of Scot house.

† Probably Lochbourn.

the —— Macdonald, another son of Scot's, came with the sloop, and had a long conversation with Alexander Macdonald. We were storm-stayed by the way, and we were in hazard of being lost before we came to Hesker, which was a poor miserable island. Upon the 30th day of the month we came there. That day we came out of the loch, there came in a son of Dornick's, called John Macleod, and William Toling, who lives on Macleod's ground, who before was merchant at Inverness, and Rory Macdonald, brother to Castletown, and they all understanding the language, I told them all my misfortunes; and William Toling said he was at Edinburgh the time I was stolen, and promised me he would tell Renkiller where I was to be taken. I was in the island of Hesker ten months before I got bread, and suffered much cold and hunger, and many hardships and barbarous usage. I was in that strait almost, I wanted stockings, shoes, and many other necessaries. And Macdonald said he had no orders to give me any meat but what they eated themselves: but had no orders for clothes. After I was near a year in his custody, he said he would go and tell them from whom he got me, that he thought it was a sin to keep me, and that he would let me away, and that he had writ twice or thrice about what necessaries I wanted, but got no answer. When he came back, he said he had seen Sir Alexander Macdonald, and said to him it was a sin and shame to keep me, for that he would keep me no longer. Sir Alexander said, that he was sorry that he had meddled in such an affair, and did not know how to get out of it, but discharged him to

let me go till further orders. Alexander said he was bidden treat me harshly, and do nothing butwhat was his pleasure, and to cross me in every thing. Though he got me bread, yet I was much more hardly dealt with than he had done the first year; and I thought it hard enough when he was in Skye, at Sir Alexander's, he told me he saw Alexander Mackenzie, of Delvin's two brothers. I well remember they are called Kenneth and John Mackenzies; and he pretended he told them that he had me in custody, for he made it no secret. I often begged him to allow me to write to my friends the time I was with him, and that then I would be relieved, for he said he was discharged to let me write, or tell me the place of the world I was in. I was many months there before I knew whose ground I was on. I often begged him to tell the minister, who was one Mr. John Maclean, and the name of his parish is the Weist, which is in the middle of the long island, and bordering on Clanronald's ground. I desired him to come and see me, and pray for this distress of my family. Mr. Macdonald told me he answered, it was his duty to pray for every body in distress; but if he could not come and see me, he had but an eight mile ferry to cross. But whether Alexander told him I was there, cannot be positive or sure.

"In May, 1734, Sir Alexander Macdonald came to the Weist, to set his land, and sent word to Alexander, I was to be taken away from him very soon, and that he would allow no more board for me, therefore, he should let me go with the first that came for me. It was but a small island, none in it but cottars

and his servants. Upon the 14th day of June, there came a sloop to the Heaker, with John Macleod, tenant to the Laird of Macleod, in a place which they call Northtown, in the parish of Harrioch, and brought a letter to Alexander. He showed me the letter to give up the cargo that was in his hands. The day before he got the letter he had been at the captain of Clanronald's house, and had met with my Lord Lovat's cousin there, the captain being married to his sister. William and his man were very rude to me, and hurt me very sore in the taking me away. Alexander Macdonald told me he knew not where I was going to, and John Macleod said he was taking me to the Orkney islands. The galley belonged to himself, but his brother Norman Macleod was manager of it. He was in such terror that it should be known that I was in his custody, that he———————now all his men. When I came to the island, I found it as I heard of it, a very desolate island, but nobody in it but natives of the place. John and his brother stayed a few days in the place, and by no means would confess from whom he got me, but I found out; what hand the Laird of Macleod had in it I am not sure. He left me in a very miserable condition, but had no provision for me but what the island afforded, and nobody to wait on me, that understood me, but one ill-natured man, who understood a little English, and explained to others what I wanted; and he was not only ill-natured, but half-witted, and one day drew out his dirk to kill me.

"After being some time in this island, God in his good providence, who in all my distress has taken

care of me, for which I have great reason to bless and praise him, where I found God much present with me for as desolate it is, comforting me, and supporting me in my long and heavy trial, a minister and his wife came to the island, to whom I am exceeding much obliged; and if it had not been for the care that he and she took, I had died of want of meat, for there were no provisions sent me, but two pecks of flower, and what the place can afford, such as milk and a little barley knocked, and that forced from them by threatenings; for the people is very poor and much oppressed. I have nobody to serve me but a little highland girl;* and the minister and his wife must explain to her. He is a sincere and a devout man, and very painfull, and what time he can spare from his business, he is so good as to come to see me. I am not sure whose hands this may come to, but if I be dead, I beg my friends may be kind to reward this minister and his wife, for he hath helped to preserve my life, and made it comfortable the time I lived. John Macleod, above named, is tenant of this island.† I got the minister persuaded to write the account of the way I was stolen, and by whom, that he might acquaint my friends. He would not give me a pen to write to any of them, but said that he would do all for me in his power. When he went from this island, he resolved to go to Edinburgh, but he would not ven-

* This person was alive in North Uist, in 1817, at the advanced age of 90 years. She was seen by Mr. Campbell, author of Albyn's Anthology, who lately travelled into the remote parts of Scotland in search of ancient music.

† Mrs. Erskine's own hand begins at "I got."

ture to carry this paper with him. But I gave him a bill on you and two other of my friends, that they might know where I was; but his life being threatened he left this island, and he was after hindered either to go to Edinburgh, or to write to any body about me. Since he came back to this island, he sent me word by his wife, that he had burnt the bills I had given him; he is in such fear of his life and his uncles. Some other of the ministers were angry at him for the care and concern he had taken of me. He bade his wife get this paper from me that he might destroy it, that it might never come to light as written by him. Since I could not get paper to write so full an account as this, I thought it no sin to deceive her, and I burnt two papers before her, and bade her tell the minister now to be easy, I am not sure who of my kin and friends is dead, or who is alive; but I beg whosoever hands this comes first to, to cause write it once in a fair hand, and to shew it to all my friends."

The following notices are written at the end of the narrative.

"Grant had his felows.

"Scoto's wife, aunt to Roderick Macleod, his father's sister.

"There sprang a leek in the sloop, we were in great danger.

"One of Lord Lovat's lyes which he said to John Macleod, the young man of Dynwick, that I was going to kill my husband—you know that a lye.

"Sir Alexander Macdonald, at any time he wrote about me, the name he gave me was Carup.

"I hear that Alexander Macdonald in the Hesker, is dead. His wife is since married to Logan Macdonald, her tenant to Clanranold. She knows it was Lord Lovat and Roderick Macleod that stole me.

"The Minister's dame saw me taken out of Mrs. Margaret Macleod's house, by Roderick Macleod—and he told Lady Macleod, he said"——

This Roderick Macleod was Macleod of Muiravonside, who, it was well known, acted the principal part in the barbarous scene described by the sufferer.

From the above curious document it appears that Lady Grange was at St. Kilda's nine years after she was taken from Edinburgh. When the author of the notice which precedes the narrative, was at St. Kilda, in the year 1800, he was informed by an old man, who remembered having seen Lady Grange, that she had been seven or eight years in that island. On making inquiry respecting what happened afterwards to this ill-fated woman, he was informed by a gentleman in Skye, that, in consequence of a dread of discovery, she had been removed to Assint, (the western district of Sutherland) and from thence to Skye, where she died.

Return we now to some more direct illustrations of those novels, the interesting features of which rivet our mind to the scenes they originated from.

§

MID-LOTHIAN.

MOBS AND EXECUTIONS.*

Many are the exemplary instances of the daring and intrepidity of a Scottish mob from the days of Porteus down to the present time. Previous to any detail of these plights of popular fury, we shall allude to a few inaccuracies of the account given of the Porteus' mob "in The Heart of Mid Lothian," assigning at the same time precise dates to all the incidents connected therewith.

It was on the morning of the 11th of April, 1736, that Wilson and Robertson were conducted to the Tolbooth church, for the purpose of hearing their last sermon, their execution being appointed for the Wednesday following. The custom of taking criminals, under sentence of death, to a place of public worship, and suffering them to mix again with their fellow-men from whom they were so shortly to be cut off for ever, was a beautiful trait of the devotional and merciful feelings of the people of Scotland, which has since this incident been unhappily disused. In the tale, the escape of Robertson is said to have happened after the sermon; but this statement, evidently made by the novelist for the sake of effect, is incorrect. The criminals had scarcely seated themselves in the pew, when Wilson committed the daring deed. Robertson tripped up the fourth soldier himself, and jumped out of the pew with incredible celerity and agility. In hurrying out of the door of the church, he tumbled

* Tales of my Landlord, 2d Series.

over the collection money, by which he was probably hurt, for in running across the Parliament-square he was observed to stagger much, and in going down the stairs which led to the Cowgate he actually fell. In this dangerous predicament he was protected by the minister, who was coming up the stairs on his way to church at the moment. This kind-hearted gentleman is said to have set him again on his feet, and to have favoured his retreat, as much as possible from the pursuit of the guard. Robertson passed to the Cowgate, run up the Horse Wynd, and out at Patterrow Port, the crowd all the way closing behind him, so that his pursuers could not by any means overtake him. In the Wynd he made up to a saddled horse, and would have mounted him, but was prevented by the owner. Passing the cross causeway, he got into the king's park and made the way for Duddingston, under the Bassatic rocks, which hang over the path to that village. On jumping a dike near Clearburn, he fainted away, but was revived by a refreshment which he there received. Upon the escape of Robertson, Wilson was immediately taken back to prison, and put in close custody. He was executed under the dreadful circumstances so well known, on the 14th of April. The story of "a young fellow with a sailor's cap slouched over his face," having cut him down from the gibbet, on the rising of the mob, is perfectly unfounded. The executioner was at the top of the ladder performing that part of his office, at the time that Porteous fired. Although the distinguished author has selected Robertson for the hero of the tales, and invested him with many attri-

butes worthy of that high character, historical necessity obliges us to record that he was merely a stabler. He kept an inn in Burton-street, and was a man of rather dissipated habits. He is supposed to have gone abroad subsequent to his escape, for he was never heard of after this event.

The most flagrant deviation from the truth, committed by the author of the novel, is, that in the opening of the tale where the crowds are represented as awaiting the execution of Captain Porteous, in the Grass-market, the day appointed for his execution, namely, the 7th of September. This day fell, in 1736, on a Tuesday; and it was on the evening of that day that the Porteous mob took place, before the appointed Wednesday, on which day all criminals in Edinburgh are executed. Porteous's reprieve was previously known, consequently no preparations were made for his execution. But the conspirators, apparently, being resolved that the object of their vindictive feeling should not live longer than the day originally set apart for his execution by the just execution of the law, chose the night before the Wednesday.

The fictitious incidents of the abortive preparations for the execution, and the expressions of the disappointed multitude on the occasion are handled in the author's usual masterly style and description; and doubtless he has heightened the effect of thought, critically viewed, we nevertheless conceive that the probability of the narrative is lessened, by allowing too short a space between the provocation of the mob and its vengeance. It would seem barely possible

that a conspiracy of such a deep and well planned nature as the Porteous mob, could have been laid and brought to issue in the course of a single afternoon. Many of its delegates were supposed to have come from such a distance in the country, that even the intelligence of the reprieve of Porteous, could hardly have reached them in the time.

The incidents connected with this riot from the time of the mob entering the city at the west port to that of Butler's desertion, of the scene at mid-night, are all amazingly correct. It is an absolute truth that they seized and detained a person of Butler's profession, for the purpose related in the novel. This, however, happened when they had arrived half-way to the gallows, at the head of the West Bow. Porteous was twice drawn up and let down again before the deed was accomplished: first for the purpose of tying his hands, and next, to put something over his face. The public functionaries found his body hanging in the morning; and it was interred on the same day in the neighbouring church-yard of Grey-Friars. It was on the south side of the Grass-market that Porteous was hanged.

It is observed by Arnot, after relating the incidents of the "Porteous mob," in his history of Edinburgh, that though it was then forty years after the occurrence, no person had ever been found out upon whom an accession to the murder could be charged. It has been reported, however, by a very old man, who was an apprentice in the Flesh-market of Edinburgh nearly sixty years since, that in his younger days he was well known among the butchers, though only

whispered secretly amongst themselves, that the leaders of this singular riot were two brothers of the name of Cumming, who were for a number of years after the event fleskers in the Cow-market, and that they died unmolested at advanced ages. They were tall, powerful, and exceedingly handsome men; and for the occasion had dressed themselves in women's clothes; and they are reported to have been the first to jump through the flames that burnt down the prison door, in eagerness to seize their unfortunate victim.

The following scraps and private information have been communicated by one who was instrumental and active in the riot. We take them on the authority of the "Beauties of Scotland."

"On the day preceding that of Porteous's death, a whisper went through the country, upon what information or authority this person knew not, that an attempt would be made on the succeeding evening, to put Captain Porteous to death. To avenge the blood of a relative who had been killed at the execution of Wilson, he conceived himself bound in duty to share the risk of the attempt. Wherefore, upon the following day, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and towards the evening, stopped at Petersburgh, which he found crowded with country people; all of whom, however, kept aloof from each other, so that there was no conversation about the purpose of their assembling. At a later hour, he found the inferior sort of inn in the Grass-market full of people, and saw many persons, apparently strangers, lurking in the different houses. About eleven at night the streets became crowded

with men, who having in some measure organized their body, by beating a drum and marching in order, immediately proceeded to secure the gates and make for the prison."

* * * * * *

"As the multitude proceeded with Porteous down the West Bow, some of their number knocked at the door of a shop and demanded ropes. A woman, apparently a maid servant, thurst a coil of ropes out of a window, without opening the door, and a person wearing a white apron, which seemed to be assumed for disguise, gave in return a piece of gold as the price."

The mob of Edinburgh has ever been celebrated as the truest in Europe. The one which accomplished the death of Porteous was a most surprising instance of popular vengeance, almost surpassing the bounds of belief; though it must sink considerably in our admiration, when we reflect upon the power and ferocity which at all periods have characterised the actions of this monstrous and danger-fraught collective. The time has been when, in the words of the old song, "All Edinburgh," would "rise by thousands three," and present such a strength to the legal authorities that all opposition to their capricious will would be in vain. In the younger days of many now living, even the boys of the High School and of Herriot's Hospital, could erect themselves into a formidable body, equally resistless and indomitable. It is a fact, ludicrous enough too, that when the lads of these different schools were engaged in any of those squabbles, formerly so frequent and fatal between

them, they always showed a singular degree of political sagacity when assailed by the town guard,* in

* The city guard of which so much mention is made in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, was originally instituted in 1648. Previous to that period the city of Edinburgh had been watched in the night-time by the inhabitants in person, a certain number of whom were obliged to undertake the office in turns. To relieve the inconveniency of this service, a body of sixty men was first appointed, with a captain, two lieutenants, two sergeants, and three corporals; but no regular funds being provided for the support of the establishment, it was speedily dissolved. About thirty years after this affair, the necessity of a regular police was again felt; and forty men were again raised. These in 1682, were augmented, at the instance of the Duke of York, to 108 men; and to defray the expense of the company, a tax was imposed upon the citizens. At the revolution, the town-council represented to the estates of Parliament, that the burden was a grievance to the city; and the request to have it removed was acceded to. They very shortly, however, had reason to regret this second dismissal of the police, for the very next year they addressed Parliament to allow them to raise a body of no fewer than 120 men. Since that time the number of the town guard had been very fluctuating, and before its late final dissolution, amounted only to about seventy-five men. For a number of years previous to this event, they had been found inadequate to the protection of the city. Riots seemed to be in some measure encouraged by the ridicule in which the venerable corps was held; and from their infirmities and other circumstances, as well as from their scantiness, the more distant parts of the rapidly increasing capital, were left defenceless and exposed to the attacks of nocturnal depredations. Their language, their manners, and their tempers so uncongenial with those of the citizens whom they protected, were also found to be almost inapplicable to the purposes for which they served, and of course operated as causes of their

immediately joining their strengths, and combining against the common foe, when for the most part they succeeded in driving them from the scene of action. When such was the power of boys and striplings in this ill-protected city, and such the disorderliness of holiday assemblies, there is little left for wonder at the ravages committed by a mob formed of adults, actuated by violent feelings of jealousy, bigotry, and revenge. Of this uncontrolable omnipotence of the populace, the annals of Edinburgh present many fearful records. At the various periods of the reformation and the revolution, the chapel of Roslin was destroyed by a mob, whose purpose neither cooled

being disbanded. Besides, a few years before their dismissal, a regular police, similar to that of London as it then stood, had been established in Edinburgh, which soon completely set aside all necessity for their services. The town guard was consequently called together for the last time, we believe, in February 1817; and after receiving some small gratuity from the magistrates, and having a pension settled upon them still more trifling than their pay, proportioned to the rank they held in the corps, were finally disbanded. The police of Edinburgh is now upon a much better footing, and is highly spoken of for its vigilance and activity—how different from the unruly and spirit-stirring times when the magisterial authority could be set at defiance with impunity, when mobs could assemble under such a system of cooperation, as even to beard royalty itself, when (in 1812) a scene of violence could be exhibited that would not have disgraced the middle ages, and when, still more to be lamented, the protection of property was so uncertain, that alluding to the motto of the city arms, it was but too strictly true that,

> "Unless the Lord the city watched,
> The watchman watched in vain."

nor evaporated in traversing a distance of eight miles. James VI was besieged and threatened in his courts, and in the midst of his parliaments by a rabble of mechanics, who, but for the stout walls of the Tolbooth might perhaps have taken his life. The fine chapel of Holyrood House was pillaged of not only its furniture and other valuables, but also of the still more sacred bones which lay within its precincts, by a mob which rose at the revolution, and did such deeds of violence and rapine as fanaticism and ignorance alone could have excited. At the unfortunate issue of the Dover expedition, at the execution of Captain Green, at the Union, and at many other events of less importance, the populace of Edinburgh distinguished themselves by insurrection and acts of outrage, such as have alone found parallels, perhaps, in the various transactions of the French revolution. Even so late as 1812, there happened a foray of a most appalling nature; the sports of an occasion of rejoicing were converted into scenes of frightful riot, unexampled as they were unlooked for. The fatal melancholy catastrophe of this event, had, however, the good effect of quenching the spirit of licentiousness and blackguardism in the Edinburgh youth, and finally undermined that *system* of unity and promptitude, in action, and in council, by which its mobs had so often triumphed in their terrible resolutions. "In this fierce democracy," (we quote from a little work printed in 1822) there once arose a mighty Pyrrhus, who contrived by means of great boldness, sagacity, and other personal merits, to subject the rabble to his will, and to elect himself dictator of all its motives

and exploits. The person who thus found means to collect all the monstrous heads of the hydra within the grand grasp of his command, was a little decrepit being, about four feet high, almost deprived of legs, and otherwise deformed. His name was

JOSEPH SMITH, *vulgo* "BOWED JOSEPH;"

he lived in Leith Wynd, and his trade as a private citizen, was a "*Buff-Belt-Maker.*" This singular being, low, miserable, and contemptible as he appeared, might be said to have had at one time the complete command of the metropolis of Scotland. Bowed Joseph was one, solitary, uncontrouled despot of the government of Edinburgh. There were engulphed in his individual person, at once the grand monarchy of the Provost, the bloated and big-bellied aristocracy of the Baillies, and the Polyglot democracy of the people. Joseph was the single absolute monarch of all. Whenever any transaction took place in the town council which Joseph considered to be of very improper tendency; whenever meal rose to whatever Joseph considered to be an improper price; whenever any affair in the city which did not exactly accord with Joseph's idea of right and wrong —in short, to use the simple but expressive words of Mrs. Harden, in the tale before us, "*When they were no gude bairns,*" this hero could in the course of an hour collect a mob of ten thousand persons, all alike ready to execute his commands, or to disperse at his bidding. For this purpose he is said to have employed a drum; and never surely had "Fiery cross," of the highland chieftain such an effect upon

the warlike devotion of his clan, as "Bowed Joseph's drum" had upon the *tinder* spirits of the Edinburgh rabble. The "*Lazy corner*" was a lazy corner no longer as he marched along,— the *town rats* as they peeped forth like old cautious snails, from their Patmos in the high streets, drew in their horns and shut their door, as he approached,—the West Bow ceased to clink as he descended. It seemed to be their enthusiasm to obey him in every order,—whether to seek a granary, break the windows of an offensive magistrate, or to besiege the town council in their chamber. With all this absolute dominion over the affections and obedience of the mob, it is to be recorded to the honour of Bowed Joseph, that however irregular the nature of his authority, he never in any of his actions could be said to have transgressed the bounds of propriety. With great natural sagacity, he possessed a clear and quick-sighted faculty of judgment. And the real philanthropy of his disposition was not less remarkable than his other singular qualities. He was, in short, an advocate for *fair play*, as he called it in every thing. Fair play alone was the object of his government, and nothing else.

The following interesting anecdote is handed down concerning Bowed Joseph, which proves his strong love of justice, as well as the humanity of his heart. A poor man in the Pleasance, from certain untoward circumstances, found it impossible to pay his rent at Martinmass; and his hard-hearted landlord, refusing a portion of the same with a forlorn promise of the remainder being soon paid, sold off the whole effects of the tenant, and threw him with a family of six

children, in the most miserable condition upon the wide world. The unfortunate man, in a fit of despair, immediately put an end to his existence, by which the family were only rendered still more destitute. Bowed Joseph, however, did not long remain ignorant of the case. As soon as the affair became generally known throughout the city, he shouldered on his drum, and after half an hour's beating through the streets, found himself followed by a mob of ten thousand people. With this enormous army he marched to an open space of ground, now almost covered by Eldin-street, named in former times Thompson's Park; where, mounted on the shoulders of six of his lieutenant-generals, he harangued them in the true "Cambyses vein," concerning the flagrant and fatal proceeding for the redress of which they were assembled. He concluded by directing his men to seek the premises of the cruel landlord; and as his house lay directly opposite the spot in the Pleasance, there was no time lost in executing his orders. The mob entered and seized upon every article of furniture that could be found; and in ten minutes the whole was packed in the park. Joseph set fire to them with his own hands, though the magistrates stood by with a guard of soldiers and entreated him to desist. The eight-day clock is said to have struck twelve just as it was consigned to the flames. When such was the strength and organization of an Edinburgh mob so late as the year 1780, we need scarcely be surprised at the instance on which the tale of "the Heart of Mid-Lothian is founded," happening as it did, at a much earlier period, and when the peo-

ple were prompted to their terrible purpose by sternest feelings of personal revenge.

In the exercise of his perilous office, it does not appear that Bowed Joseph ever drew down the vengeance of the more lawfully constituted authorities of the land. He was, on the contrary, in some degree, countenanced by the magistrates of the city, who frequently sent for him to the council chamber, in cases of emergency, to consult him on the best means to be adopted for appeasing and dispersing the mob. On an occasion of this moment, he was accustomed to look very large and consequential. With one hand carelessly applied to his side, and the other banged resolutely down upon the table, and with as much majesty as four feet, and a head of as many weeks old could assume, and with as much turbulence in his fiery little eye, as if he was himself a mob; he would stand before them pleading the cause of his compeers or directing the trembling council to the most expedient method of assuaging their fury. The dismissal of a mob, on these occasions, was usually accomplished at the expense of a few hogsheads of ale, broached on the Calton hill, and by the subsequent order of their bowed general, expressed in the simple word "Disperse, my lads!"

Having for many years exercised an unlimited dominion over the affections of the rabble, "Bowed Joseph" met his death at last, in a manner most unworthy of his character and great reputation. He fell from the top of a Leith coach in a state of intoxication, and broke his neck, which caused instantaneous death. He had been at the Leith race, and

was on his return to Edinburgh, when the accident took place; and his skeleton has the honour of being preserved in the anatomical class room of the college of Edinburgh. Though fifty years have elapsed since his decease, Bowed Joseph is not yet forgotten in the town where he governed; for many an old man in Pauls Worth and Leith Wynd, will call his grandchildren about him of a king's birth eve, and tell them of the immortal achievement of the Bowed ancestor General Joseph Smith.

An Edinburgh mob, although it may supply excellent subjects for tales, in all its characteristic fierceness and insubordination, is now a matter of mere antiquity. It is confessedly a subject of pleasing reflection, to find that things are now better managed; and such is the perversity of the human imagination, that we cannot help looking back upon the days of Bowed Joseph, as a period of infinitely higher chivalry, and of better, though fiercer feeling than the present. In the same manner we regret the destruction of the ancient Talbooth,* the scene of so many

* The demolition and final removal of the Talbooth, was appropriately contemporaneous with the abolition of the city guard. This building, which makes such a conspicuous figure in the "Heart of Mid Lothian," was originally erected in 1561, for the accommodation of the Scottish parliament and courts of justice, and for the confinement of debtors and malefactors, a strangely incongruous association of purposes, which would appear to have been at all periods characteristic of the magistrates of the metropolis; a police-office and a church being joined under one roof, at no great distance from that great fabric. The Talbooth had been used solely as a jail since 1640. It was not deficient in other interesting re-

astonishing incidents, though it deserved to be removed as a nuisance to the street. Even the good old *rats* must be lamented, in their extinction, as more romantic beings than modern policemen. It would seem indeed, that a sort of horror is entertained for the every day enjoyment of peace and serenity, in comparison with the splendid dangers and the warlike

collections, besides being the scene of the Porteous mob. Here Queen Mary delivered what are termed by John Knox, her *painted orations;* and here her son was pent up in terror and dismay, by the infuriated mob of Edinburgh, for which they afterwards suffered and atoned for so severely. On its dreary summits had also been successively displayed the heads of a Morton, a Gowrie, a Huntly, a Montrose and an Argyle, besides those of many of inferior note. A part of this edifice had been devoted to the use of the city guard, ever since the removal of their former rendezvous in the High street. Many will still recollect a veteran or two leaning over a half-door, on the north side of the jail. Could their eyes have penetrated still further into the gloomy interior, a few more distinct features might have been perceived, smoking round a fire, or reading an old newspaper; while the unintelligible language which they spoke, might assist the idea of their resemblance to a conclave of demons, in some of the under nooks of Pandemonium. In fine weather, a few of the venerable corps might be seen creeping about the south front of the prison, with Lochaber axes over their shoulders, or like the lazzaroni of Naples, lolling lazily on a form with the white-haired Cerberus of the Talbooth door, and basking in the sun, "in all the lubber luxury of mental and corporeal abandonment." A trace of their existence is dispersed over a waste of visioned recollection, and future generations will think of the city guard, as they think of the *forty-five, of the friends of the people, or of the last year's snow!*

troubles of a ruder age. And thus the singular hero, whose talents we have attempted to record, and the many edged weapon which he wielded, may become things of considerable ideal grandeur, when viewed in the representations of futurity; though they might have been considered by their contemporaries, as vulgar, unentertaining, dangerous and disagreeable.

§

EXECUTION OF ROBERT JOHNSON.

A PARALLEL.

Though this extraordinary event has not hitherto been made the theme of either novel or romance, being of too modern a date, and still in the recollection of our youngest readers, it merits nevertheless some brief detail here, as having given rise to a general burst of feeling at the time, which evinces too strongly that the spirit and daring which characterised the old Edinburgh mobs, have lost none of their potency and aptitude, when once the touch-stone of their indignation and wrath is worked upon by objects which militate with their sentiments and the opinions which they entertain between right and wrong. Indeed, all who have read the "Heart of Mid Lothian," will be struck with the similarity of some of the acts related there, respecting the execution of Wilson, to those which occurred at the time to which we allude. The place of execution, indeed was not the same, neither did there seem any premeditated design to rescue the culprit. But the immense number of the multi-

tude, their shouts, and the man jumping on the scaffold, were the same in both cases. It is too, a curious coincidence, that one of the reverend gentlemen who were present, were of the same name as the celebrated Porteous.

The Scottish people in general are better acquainted with books than their neighbours; and it is not unlikely, the very pleasant narratives of Mr. Jeddediah Cleishbotham, were partly the cause of the unanimity of the Edinburgh mob on this occasion, who could not stand in front of the gallows, without being reminded of the resemblance which their situation bore to that of their fiercer ancestors in those memorable times. We shall here subjoin the narrative, communicated, at the occurrence of this affair, by an eye-witness.

"Robert Johnson, aged 23, born of honest and industrious parents, still alive and resident in Edinburgh, was, with many others, thrown out of employment, during the general distress in which the country was lately plunged. He previously associated with some who were disposed to steal rather than starve; and, in the course of a few months, was more than once accused of theft. The want of proof against him was not owing to any ingenuity on his part, for of this he was entirely destitute, but because he was never a principal contriver in any of these depredations. At last, in company of two associates, he robbed a gentleman on the highway, near Edinburgh, of a considerable sum of money, but without inflicting any severe violence. Instead of concealing the money, he delivered it to a person in Leith, who no

sooner heard of the robbery, than he gave information, and Johnson was instantly apprehended and subsequently capitally convicted. From the whole circumstances it is, I think, certain, that Johnson's guilt was more owing to ignorance and apathy, than to any superabundance of depravity. It was thought by many that his life might have been spared; and his parents and relatives being decent people, a considerable interest was felt by the public in his favour. Repeated applications, by some of the most respectable citizens of Edinburgh were made in his behalf; and the Lord Provost was urgently solicited to concur in the application. But this was not the only instance in which that respectable magistrate has seen meet to differ. With equal contempt for the *arbitrium popularis auræ*, the magistrate determined that the place of execution should be in the midst of the most public street, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of a number of the most respectable of its inhabitants, and amongst others, of a deputation from the writers of the signet. To shock them still more, the gibbet rested on the wall of the old cathedral church of St. Giles', the principal place of the city appropriated to the worship of the God of mercy, and where the general assembly of our national church is held.

Under the gibbet was erected a scaffold, in the centre of which was a quadrangular table. On this table Johnson stood, while the executioner attached to his neck a rope, the upper extremity of which was tied to a gibbet. When the criminal gave the fatal signal it was intended that the table on which he stood

should instantly drop down to the level of the flooring of the scaffold, and leave him suspended. But, through the culpable negligence of those concerned in this operation, it really seemed as if the whole had been contrived to produce the shocking consequences which ensued: for, in the first place, the table which seemed to be elevated only by about eighteen inches above the level of the scaffold, was manifestly too low to admit of a sufficient length of rope between the neck and the gibbet, unless it were intended to keep the unhappy man for a long time in torture, by making the rope quite tight before removing the table. In the next place, the table was so clumsily constructed, that it could not be removed until some time after the signal. Accordingly, near a minute of time elapsed after the signal was given, before the table could be forced down; and after it was got down, the perpendicular fall was so short, that the unhappy man's toes were still touching the surface, so that he remained half standing, half suspended, and struggling in the most dreadful manner.

"It is impossible to find words to express the horror which pervaded the immense crowd assembled round this shocking spectacle, while one or two persons were at work with axes, beneath the scaffold, in the vain attempt to hew out a part of it beneath the feet of the criminal. Meanwhile, the cries of horror from the populace, (which the writer, while he lives, can never forget) continued to increase with indescribable vehemence. Still the magistrate and others on the scaffold did nothing effectual; and it is hard to say, how long this horrible scene might have lasted

had not a person near the scaffold, who was struck by a policeman, cried out murder! Those who were not aware of this circumstance, which was known only to a very few, imagined that the cry proceeded from the unhappy Johnson. The feelings of the populace could not bear this further laceration, and a shower of stones, taken from the loose pavement in the street, compelled the magistrates and police to retire in a moment. The writer was beholding the scene from a window of his house in the neighbourhood, and if necessary, is ready to depose that, (as nearly as his feelings would allow him to judge) *minutes of time elapsed, after the criminal gave the signal to the executioner, before a single stone was thrown.* The populace then took possession of the scaffold, cut down the unhappy man, loosed the rope, and after some time succeeded in restoring him to his senses. They then endeavoured to bear him off, and had proceeded some way down the High street, when the officers of the police, (who had in the manner above mentioned, abandoned their duty at the scaffold) proceeded with their bludgeons to assail the individuals who were about the half-dead man, of whom they at length recovered possession.

"A spectacle now presented itself which equalled in horror anything ever witnessed in the streets of Paris during the revolution. The unhappy Johnson, half alive, stript of part of his clothes, and his shirt turned up, so that the whole of his naked back and upper part of his body were exhibited, lay extended on the ground in the middle of the street, in front of the police-office. At last, after a considerable inter-

val, some of the police officers laying hold of the unhappy man, dragged him trailing along the ground, for about twenty paces, into their den, which is also in the old cathedral. The unhappy man remained in the police-office about half an hour, where he was immediately attended by a surgeon, and bled in both arms, and in the temporal artery, by which the half suspended animation was restored; but the unfortunate man did not utter a word. In the meantime, a military force arrived from the castle, under the direction of a magistrate. The soldiers having been ordered *to load with ball*, were drawn up in the street surrounding the police-office and the place of execution.

"It was now within thirteen minutes of four o'clock, when the wretched Johnson was carried out of the police-office to the scaffold. His clothes were thrown about him in such a way that he seemed half naked, and while a number of men were about him, holding him up upon the table, and fastening the rope again about his neck, his clothes fell down in such a manner, that decency would have been shocked, had it even been a spectacle of entertainment, instead of an execution.

"While they were adjusting his clothes, the unhappy man was left vibrating, upheld partly by the rope about his neck, and partly by his feet upon the table. At last, the table was removed from beneath him, when to the indescribable horror of every spectator, he was seen suspended with his face uncovered, and one of his hands broke loose from the cord with which it ought to have been tied, and he was seen with his fingers con-

vulsively twisting in the noose. Dreadful cries were at this period heard from every quarter. A chair was then brought, and the executioner having mounted upon it, disengaged by force, the hand of the dying man from the rope. He then descended, leaving the man's face still uncovered, and exhibiting a spectacle which no human eye should ever be compelled to behold. It was at length judged prudent to throw a napkin over the face of the struggling corpse. The butchery, for it can be called nothing else, continued until twenty-three minutes past four o'clock, long after the street lamps were lighted for the night, and the moon and stars distinctly visible. How far it was consistent with the sentence of the justiciary court, to prolong the execution after four o'clock, is a question which the writer cannot answer; but the fact is certain, that it was continued until nearly half an hour thereafter, by the magistrates at the head of a military force."

There is an idea, though we believe by no means a correct one, that no criminal can be executed after four o'clock, in Edinburgh. In the case of John Young, who was executed for forgery, at Edinburgh, December 20, 1750, it would prove otherwise. This man, on the day, nay, at the very time of his execution, resorted to a very unusual expedient to save his life for a time, seeing that all his hopes of pardon were baffled: the magistrate appointed to witness the ceremony, having assembled about two o'clock at the prison door, accompanied by the proper officers, the guard, and an infinite number of spectators; the former attended by two clergymen, went up to the

prisoner, and having read over to him the sentence, they asked his objections to the executing the same. Young answered that he had none: but observing, that sentence appointed the execution to be performed between two and four in the afternoon, that suggested a thought to him, that if he could preserve his life till past four, the magistrates could not afterwards execute him. Accordingly, he desired leave to retire a short time with the two ministers, for spiritual consolation; which being granted, he returned with them to the iron room, where he had been confined since under sentence, and after talking a little with them, he begged they would allow him to spend a few minutes in private devotion; which seeming reasonable, they withdrew, and he ushered the clergymen to the outer door of his apartment, which shutting behind them, he retired to the inner room, the iron door of which he immediately also bolted. Soon after, the officers of justice, surprised at his delay, endeavoured to open his door, which, to their great surprise, they found bolted: then they knocked, and desired him to come out, "No," said he, "in this place I am resolved to defend my life to the utmost of my power." On this the door was attempted to be forced, but it being of iron, in vain were the most violent endeavours used for that purpose. This extraordinary affair was immediately rumoured about. The Lord Provost was immediately sent for, and accordingly appeared in person. The city clock was stopped, and surprise and expectation appeared in every face. A considerable time being spent to no purpose, in forcing the door; that attempt was given over, and

the only possible method of getting in was found to be by breaking up the floor of the room over head of the prisoner, which at length was in about two hours effected: and a passage being opened, a gun was presented in order to terrify and compel him to open the door: but this did not frighten him in the least; for he said, "as he lived, so he desired to die like a soldier." The fellow, however, who held the gun, being a little remiss, Young made a leap up, laid hold of it by the muzzle, and pulled it down, threatening upon getting possession of the piece, to shoot the first man that dared to enter; but happily, the gun was not loaded, which prevented so fatal a catastrophe. Rewards were then offered to such of the city guard as would go down and seize him; and at length, after several refusing, one fellow had the courage to go down, whom Young welcomed with a violent blow on the breast, from the butt end of his gun, that laid the soldier on the ground. Had Young been armed with a sword or bayonet, it is likely the fate of the first adventurer would have stopped the attempts of a second; but having only an unloaded musket, and the passage being wide, three or four jumped in at once, and at length, after a violent struggle, secured the victim; who still refusing to walk, the door was opened, and he dragged headlong down stairs, in a most deplorable condition. When he was brought out, he asked if it was yet four o'clock, (as indeed it then was) but being answered, that he should be hanged were it past eight, he immediately composed himself, to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Still, however, did he refuse being acces-

sary to his own murder, (as he was pleased to term it) by walking, as usual, to the place of execution. He was therefore, bound up upon a cart, where, the hangman sitting by him, holding the end of the rope, which was immediately put about his neck, he was in this manner dragged to the grass market, amidst thousands of amazed spectators; where, again refusing to ascend the scaffold, he was carried up by the guard, and after about fifteen minutes, being half an hour after four, and almost dark, he was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

The above is a true account by an eye-witness of the execution, and taken down by him in writing, during that same evening, as the writer hopes to see God in mercy.

Some of the Edinburgh papers, at the time, "with their usual leaning to *power*, from the Lord Provost down to the hangman," termed the revolting scene which took place at the execution of Johnson, who suffered the agonies of death for near an hour, "a disgraceful outrage of the mob!" It was indeed a disgraceful outrage, but it was an outrage against every feeling of humanity, in the shocking and brutal manner in which the execution was conducted. What shall be said of the *humanity* of bleeding the unfortunate man, (after he was cut down from the gibbet) for the purpose of restoring life, that he might die a second death? Such an instance of barbarous clemency we believe never before took place in any civilized country, nor will it soon be forgotten. It certainly cannot be the wish of any one, a friend to good order, to attempt to justify any act of outrage

committed on the magistracy, especially when engaged in the performance of a painful duty, and unaided, as in this instance they were, by any military force. It ought, however, to have been remembered, that this execution was the first after the removal of the old jail, and that the public attention had been roused by the petition of the inhabitants of the Lawn Market, and by the paragraphs published in the journal and other papers, justly objecting to the execution taking place near the old cathedral. An unusual crowd of spectators might therefore have been expected; and it would certainly have been prudent to have called out the city constables. The improper construction of the scaffold, or the awkward manner in which the executioner performed his duty, or both, were, however, the real and sole cause of the outrage which occurred. The sufferings witnessed by the multitude, who were allowed to approach much too near the scaffold, were so abhorrent to the feelings of humanity, that the wonder is not that a disturbance ensued, but that it was on the whole, attended with so very little mischief. It is not here insinuated that the populace were not guilty of a breach of the law. They were so unquestionably; but the best feelings of our nature plead strongly in mitigation of the offence.

§

DADDIE RATCLIFFE.*

The personage under this name, who cuts such a conspicuous figure in the "Heart of Midlothian," was

* Tales of my Landlord, 2nd Series.

a real character of the same name, as may be found by examination of the criminal records of Scotland. He happened to be in durance, along with an accomplice, for horse-stealing, at the time when Wilson and Robertson lay under sentence of death in the Talbooth. The room which he occupied with his companion, lay exactly above the apartment of those criminals; with whom he and Stewart had contrived a method of escape, a few days before the time appointed for their execution. Ratcliffe and Stewart procured saws and other instruments from without, by means of pack-thread dropped from the window; rendering every impediment clear for the grand attempt.

On Tuesday morning, the 9th of April, they hauled up Robertson and Wilson through a large hole which they had cut in the floor, and prepared themselves for escape. An accomplice had knocked down the centinel on guard below, and a rope was hung from their window to the ground. Stewart came down the three stories, and immediately escaped, but Wilson, who, contrary to the desire of the rest, next attempted to pass, was not so fortunate. Being a thick round man, he stuck in the grate, and before he could be disentangled, the guard was alarmed. Robertson and Ratcliffe were thus prevented from making their escape, by the obstinacy of Wilson, who had insisted on a first chance, contrary to their will.

This is the true statement of an incident related somewhat differently in the novel. Ratcliffe afterwards made his escape, at the general liberation

which took place at the Porteous mob; in celebration of which occasion, a poet of the name of Alexander Nicol, has written a song entitled, "Ratcliffe's farewell to the Talbooth," to be found in the volume published by that unfortunate bard. Ratcliffe's promotion to a place in the keeping of the prison, happened at a subsequent period of incarceration, namely 1745, when the prisoners of the Talbooth were liberated by the highland army. The veteran criminal, being pretty sure of eventual liberty, pretended to have political principle of such a patriotic nature, that he could not, consistent with his *conscience*, take advantage of the opportunity of escape thus afforded; and on examination, damned the "Jacobite crew" with such good effect, that he got into some favour with the magistrates, and was employed by them in an office under their government, in much the same manner assigned to the incident in the tale. Ratcliffe afterwards held a command in the town guard; and it is surmised, that his name had a *syllable* in the affair of stigmatising that venerable civic army, with the opprobrious name of "rats."

§

REMARKS ON THE TUMULT CALLED THE PORTEOUS MOB;

WITH REFLECTIONS ON THE POLITICAL STATE OF SCOTLAND, IN 1737.

[The following remarks are extracted from a scarce tract, entitled, "Memoirs of the times, in a letter to a friend in the

country, & printed at London, 1737." It consists of cursory observations on several of the most remarkable political and literary topics of the day. We have confined ourselves, however, exclusively, to what relates to Scottish affairs, and more particularly to that very singular occurrence the PORTEOUS MOB,—which excited at the time such extraordinary sensations throughout the nation, and which forms the groundwork of one of the "Tales of my Landlord. It cannot, however, be said, that it throws much new light on the subject, nor does the writer profess to do so, but his remarks are just and intelligent, and the paper may serve as an index to the popular feelings and prejudices that then prevailed.]

"The first head of inquiry in your letter is as to the tumult in Scotland. You are desirous to know what is said *pro* and *con* upon that affair; whence such a proceeding took rise; and what are like to be its consequences. In few words, Sir, the city-guard of Edinburgh, under the command of the late unhappy Captain Porteous, were present at an execution, in the Grass-market; where, being provoked by the mob's throwing stones at the hangman, and at themselves, when he had taken shelter among them; the guard and the captain fired, whereby several people were killed and wounded. For this offence Captain Porteous was imprisoned by the magistrates, put upon his trial, and as the evidence of several persons of rank and character, found guilty by his country, and in consequence thereof adjudged to suffer death. But as it is the custom in Scotland to suffer a considerable space of time to intervene between judgment and execution, so in this case the Captain was allowed from the 20th of July, to the 8th of September to prepare himself for death. In this space Captain

Porteous transmitted hither a petition, which was presented to Her Majesty, wherein he set forth, that though the jury had found that it was proved he had fired a gun, yet there was great discrepancy in the evidence given to support that fact; and that he had produced several witnesses to prove the contrary. That though the jury found that he gave orders to fire, yet, in fact, he commanded the soldiers not to fire, however, his words might be mistaken: and that, admitting all the facts as they stated in the verdict, his offence would be so far extenuated hy the circumstances attending it, that he humbly hoped Her Majesty would grant a warrant for his pardon.

"As the facts alleged in the petition directly contradicted the verdict therein recited, a reprieve for six weeks was sent down, that there might be time to examine strictly into the matter. The populace, however, being extremely exasperated against this unhappy man, without regard to the reprieve, rose in the night, secured the gates of the city, disarmed the guard, and hanged Captain Porteous in the Grass-market, about one o'clock in the morning of that day wherein he was sentenced to die by the Court of Justiciary. A very extraordinary proceeding (says a writer), and a most flagrant contempt of Her Majesty's authority? You observe, Sir, that comparing this with what you have heard concerning the execution of Captain Green's mate for the murder of a man who was alive many years after;* and the insult

* Arnot, in his history of Edinburgh, gave the following account of the affair, which, like that of Porteous, is very characteristic of the fierce and determined temper of an

offered at Glasgow to a party of the Earl of Deloraine's regiment in the late King's reign; you are led to believe that the inhabitants of North Briton are people

Edinburgh mob. "The discontent which the Scots felt at the loss of their sentiments in Darien, which they imputed in a good measure, to the ill offices of the English, produced an event, which, although not important in itself, inflamed their national animosity. A ship belonging to the African company was seized in the Thames. They solicited restitution in vain from the Edinburgh ministry; but upon making application at home, they obtained authority from the government to seize, by way of refusal, a vessel (Captain Green, commander) belonging to the English East India Company, which put into Forth. The unguarded speeches of the crew, in their cups, or their quarrels, made them be suspected, accused, and, after a full and legal trial, convicted of piracy, aggravated by murder, and that committed upon the master and crew of a Scot's vessel in the East Indies. Still, however, the evidence upon which they were condemned was by many thought slight, and instances for royal mercy were used in their behalf; but the populace were enraged that the blood of a statesman should be spilt unrevenged. On the day appointed for the execution, a vast mob surrounded the prison; and the Parliament-square, where the privy-council, assisted by the magistrates of Edinburgh, then sat deliberating whether the sentence should be executed. The furious intentions of the populace were well known; and the magistrates assured them, that three of the convicts were ordered for execution. The Lord Chancellor passing from the privy-council in his coach, some one called aloud, "that the magistrates had cheated them, and reprieved the criminal." Their fury instantly kindled into action. The Chancellor's coach was stopped at the Town Church, the glasses were broken and himself dragged out of it. Happily some friends of his Lordship rescued him; but it became absolutely necessary to appease the enraged multitude by the blood of the criminals."

of a very turbulent disposition. You say farther, that many of your neighbours are apprehensive of the consequences of this business, and that those people are in general disaffected, or that at least there is a strong party of malcontents amongst them. You will, Sir, I hope, forgive me for differing in opinion from you, and your acquaintance. I have taken some pains to be informed of the genius of this people, and of the situation of things amongst them at present; and am convinced from the accounts I have received, that they are neither mutinous in their nature, nor disaffected to the present government; but, on the contrary, perfectly sensible of the great blessings they enjoy under it, and the advantages they reap from the condition they are in. We will, if you please, consider the state of these our neighbours a little more closely, that we may not be affrighted with idle tales, or conceive wrong ideas of an honest and generous people.

"The Scots have ever been remarkable for their love of liberty, though they have been always governed by kings: they have always had high ideas of the law, and have looked upon it as a rule to sovereigns as well as subjects. To be convinced of this, we need only to look into the Scotch History, or if that requires too much time, into Buchanan's famous dialogues concerning the Jus Regni of Scottish Princes. As there is no country in the world where there are men of better understanding than these, so there is in Scotland as well as in other places, people of mean understandings and low education. These, however, love liberty as well as their betters, and are as warmly affected to the laws, though they have not the abili-

ties of judging how far this zeal ought to be carried, and were it should stop. Here is the true cause of those disorders you so much wonder at. Disturbances in the streets, and mobs on trivial occasions, are far less frequent in Scotland than elsewhere; but if the common people once conceive that their liberty or the religion is in danger, they rise like a swarm of bees. I will give you an instance of it, which I have had from very good hands.

"When the revolution happened here, King James had a garrison at each end of the city of Edinburgh; the castle, which commands the town, was in the hands of the Duke of Gordon, and there was a body of regular troops in the Abbey of Holyrood House, which was stocked, as all that unhappy Prince's palaces were, with a surprising number of Popish priests. The people of Edinburgh took it into their heads to make themselves masters of the Abbey; and they effected it by open force, notwithstanding the officer who commanded there made a vigorous resistance. The people proceeded with violence; 'tis true, they broke open the priests' lodgings, and the royal chapel, but they plundered neither. They brought what they called the relics of idolatry into the open streets, and there they burnt them; after which they departed quietly, and no further mobbing followed upon that occasion. All the instances you mention have followed from the same turn of temper, though in those they happen to be wrong, as here they are right. In the main, they seldom intend evil, though they have frequently committed it, while they have imagined they were doing good. If they are warm, they are

not stubborn; and if they commit errors, they are ready to confess them, nay, and to suffer for them, rather than persist in them. At Glasgow, when their magistrates were punished for the insult you mentioned, the people looked on with shame and sorrow, but they did not pretend to take arms. As to the business of Captain Green, the whole nation was at that time discontented, and not altogether without cause: the ruin of their colony at Darien, and of a trade from whence they justly hoped much benefit, had raised a spirit of discord amongst them, which unhappily vented itself upon these poor people, who were falsely accused by some of their own ship's crew of having murdered a person employed by the Scotch India Company: I say, that their discontents at that time were not altogether without reason; and I think I am warranted in so saying, by their having an equivalent given them for the losses they then sustained at the time of making the Union. If therefore the populace have been very blamable in this affair, those who were chiefly concerned in it, will, in all probability, be punished, which will make the people more careful for the future; and I question not but this will be done in such manner as will implant in the minds of the nation a reverence, not an aversion, of the present Government.

"This much, Sir, as to the tumult at Edinburgh, and the spirit of the Scots. Turn we now to the present state of that nation, and the advantages she enjoys. In order to have a right idea of these matters, we must cast our eyes back on the state of Scotland before its kings became monarchs of the whole island,

and its state since, to the Union of the two kingdoms. The ancient kings of Scotland were not absolute, 'tis true, but the major part of the subjects were far from being free. The lairds of Scotland resembled in those days the noblesse of Poland; that is, they had too much liberty, and their vassals scarce any. These, with the nobility, awed their sovereigns, and oppressed the people: citizens and tradesmen grew by degrees considerable, but it was by slow degrees; for trade for a long time was thought dishonourable here, as it still is in Poland. Their wars with England kept them almost in continual ferment, and their leagues with France did them, as a nation, little service, whatever use they might be of to their kings and to some of the prime nobility. These distractions, together with the troubles about religion, lasted as long as the Scots had a sovereign among them, occasioned Queen Mary's flying for shelter into England, and made King James uneasy till he was called to the succession of this crown. During the reign of this monarch there were continual jars at court between the Scotch and English favourites; and in Scotland there being neither court nor army to awe them, cabals were formed against the government, and of consequence the people were diverted from pursuing their true interest, and made the tools of a few artful and wicked men.

"Whoever would have a just idea of those times, must read the Scotch and English historians of all persuasions; and if he would penetrate still farther, he must peruse the original letters and private memoirs of persons who lived under that reign, particu-

larly those of the Viscount St. Alban's, Sir William Drummond of Harthornden, and the political tracts of the famous Osborne.

"The life of King Charles the First was spent in beholding the miseries of his native country; an enthusiastic passion for liberty distracted the major part of the nation, and a romantic loyalty turned the heads of the rest. Never were civil wars more cruel than those in Scotland; never was a country more effectually ruined by its inhabitants than it. Cromwell's conquest, which the Scots looked on as the last stroke of their destruction, proved an advantage to them. Monk's administration did them much more good than they knew how to do themselves. He is generally characterised as a man of slow parts; but it is certain, that while he governed Scotland, he shewed himself to be a person of strict justice, and of the greatest humanity. On the restoration, things quickly went wrong in this kingdom; the Episcopal party were elate, and the Presbyterians were discontented; the Cameronians were distracted, and began to commit the greatest outrages, under colour of godly zeal. The truth of this will appear from Bishop Burnet's Dialogues; which, though the least common, are far from being the least valuable of his writings. The Duke of Lauderdale and his brother's admiration increased the dissensions in that kingdom, which, instead of being appeased by the presence of the Duke of York, were thereby carried to the utmost height. The scandalous proceedings against the Earl of Argyle, for barely expressing the sense in which he took an obscure oath, amazed the nation in general.

The executions which followed on the Duke of York's becoming king, had no better effect; and as to the spirit which reigned at the revolution, I have given you an instance of it already.

"In the reign of King William, the Scotch finding themselves a little at ease, began to think of trade. In consequence of which, they set up an India Company, and settled a colony at Darien, both under the sanction of Parliament; and yet the king was prevailed upon to send such orders to the West Indies, as defeated the designs of the former, and miserably ruined the latter. There was scarce a family in that part of this island, which did not loose some of its substance, and some of its members, in the unfortunate business; which, however produced this good, that it made way for an equivalent in this reign, as that did for the Union.

"From this sketch of the Scottish history, it is clear, that, as a nation, they were never in thriving circumstances till the year 1707; because they never enjoyed till then an uninterrupted peace, or settled form of government. Besides the advantages derived to them from the act of Union, they have reaped high emoluments from various laws made by the Parliament of Great Britain, in the late reigns. Glasgow is become the third trading city of this island; and there are several ports in North Britain which have more trading vessels belonging to them at this day (1737), than belonging to the whole kingdom at the demise of Queen Elizabeth. The estates of gentlemen in the south and west of Scotland, are so much changed within these thirty years, that one

would think there was an alteration in the soil and climate; in a word, it is only those who are unacquainted with Scotland, that look upon it now as a poor and barbarous country, its native commodities are as valuable as those of its neighbours; and its highlanders are, perhaps, the most civilized peasants upon earth. I have dwelt the much longer on this subject (observes the writer) because, by an unaccountable fatality, we know less at London of the state of Scotland, than of Iceland or Japan."

§

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

It is as representations of Scottish scenery and manners, that the descriptions of the Waverley novels are primarily intended; and it is under this aspect, we apprehend, that they ought chiefly to be considered by the judicious critic. The religious character of the Scottish peasantry is not, we believe, very generally understood, even at the present day. Scotland has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most religious country perhaps in Europe: and we are ready to admit, that in many very obvious respects, this character is well merited. Yet, we are much mistaken, if the *feeling* of devotion be more generally diffused among the mass of Scottish peasantry, than among those of many other countries, which have never attained the same climax of character. In short, we believe that the tendency of the Scottish national character is rather to reflection and foresight, than to veneration, or

any of those powerful emotions on which devotion is founded; and that while there is, no doubt, much external decency of conduct, and much sincere regard for religious privileges among our people, they have yet a decided inclination to consider every religious topic rather as a subject of speculation and debate, than as a holy revelation, which should awaken their gratitude and love.

There is indeed, no person who appears to us to have formed a more just estimate of this peculiarity of the national character of the Scots, than the author of "Rob Roy;" and we beg leave to refer such of our readers as may wish to see how he thinks upon this subject, to the admirable account given in that novel, of the different countenances and feelings of the spectators who were assembled to hear the sermon, which is there stated to have been delivered by a popular preacher of the period referred to, in the cathedral of Glasgow. Every one conversant with the habits of the Scottish population, must have remarked, indeed, that public worship is much less viewed by them as an union of individuals to express their gratitude to their Maker, or to learn the dictates of His will, than as an opportunity for the exercise of their critical talents on those theological points, upon which even the lowest of the peasantry consider themselves to be competent judges; and as all days of peculiar sanctity are banished from our calendar, the disputative character of their public assemblies is not compensated by any sacred moments which might have mingled their influence with their more ordinary occupations.

It is not necessary to say how different all this is even in those European countries which have been longest under the influence of superstition; and while we profess, therefore, to hold high the moral character of the Scottish people, we apprehend that that author has done a good service to religion, who, by the force of his ridicule, has in some measure made us sensible of propensities which we had formerly regarded with too much veneration. At all events, that man, we think, must have considered the character of Scottish peasantry with very little discrimination, who can doubt of the correctness of the leading portrait in the great picture which the same accomplished artist has now submitted to the judgment of the public.

The portrait to which we allude is that of "Douce David Deans,"—a man who is supposed to have had some share, while yet a boy, in the great struggle for religious independence in which his countrymen had engaged during the latter years of the preceding century;—who had outlived, however, all that period of dissention and persecution;—and who now, from the repose of a green old age, still cherishes, in more quiet times, a deep-rooted veneration for the feelings of his youth, and an unyielding horror of those backslidings and failings,—those right-hand excesses, and left-hand defections, which now deformed the beauty of the national tabernacle. Yet, amidst all the doggedness of his religious zeal, and all the self-importance with which he viewed his superior gifts and graces, there is so much true devotion in the character of this man,—such firm adherence, to what, in

his conscience and understanding, he believes to be the truth,—such a fearless devotion to the will of God, and so much genuine affection, under a shew of austerity, for the friends that had been given him, that no man, we think, can look upon his character, as it is here drawn, without feeling something of that veneration with which we regard the patriarchs of a holier age. We think, in short, that no man could have painted such a character, without having both formed to himself a most correct idea of the religious feelings of the more respectable of the Scottish peasantry, and without entertaining a true reverence for the excellencies which he described; and, as we consider the character of David Deans to have been intended by the author as in some degree a relief to the darker shades in which he had delineated the great body of the Covenanted leaders in his former work, we appeal for the truth of the present portrait, to those numerous living originals of it, who may still be seen in every village and neighbourhood within the limits of that country.

THE FAMILY OF THE DEANS.

It would seem to us, that there is not one of our author's former productions which is more perfectly in this spirit than the one now before us. The whole family of the Deans's, who constitute the leading group in the picture, are Scottish, and characteristic in the very highest degree. Of the character of "Auld David," we have already spoken; and for Jeanie, the quiet, firm, undaunted, affectionate Jeanie,

where should we seek for her prototype, but among the well-educated and well-principled peasantry of "dear Caledonia?" We do not know whether some well-known incidents in the lives of the celebrated Flora Macdonald,* and the no less heroic Lady Grizzle Hume,† have suggested to the author the conception of such a character; but it is with a truer pride than ever patriot felt from contemplating the most splendid trophies of a victorious country, that we are able to say, that in our own experience we have frequently witnessed the most essential ingredients of this character, not indeed in circumstances in which they could be so strikingly manifested, but yet in such vigour of existence that we have not a doubt, that similar circumstances alone were wanting for their being as gloriously manifested. "Effie, that puir blinded, misguided thing," the child of many prayers, and the cause of so many sorrows, is unfortunately a character of more frequent occurrence. But though the same obstinacy and irritability of temper, the same self-conceited disregard of restraint, and the same readiness, as she herself confessed, to risk "baith soul and body for them she loved," may be found among the young and inexperienced, and affectionate of every land, what country but Scotland could furnish the *tout ensemble* of the following portrait.

"Effie Deans, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had now shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laugh-

* See page 339. † See page 145.

ing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown russet short-gown set off a shape, which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper, with that graceful and easy sweep of outline, which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts.

"These growing charms, in all their juvenile profusion, had no power to shake the stedfast mind, or divert the fixed gaze of the constant Laird of Dumbiedikes. But there was scarce another eye that could behold this living picture of health and beauty, without pausing on it with pleasure. The traveller stopped his weary horse on the eve of entering the city, which was the end of his journey, to gaze at the sylph-like form that tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burthen, that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance. The lads of the neighbouring suburbs, who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls, and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deans, and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid Presbyterians of her father's persuasion, who held each indulgence of the eye and sense to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprised into a moment's delight while gazing on a creature so exquisite—instantly checked by a sigh, reproaching at once their own weakness, and mourning that a creature so fair should share in the common and hereditary guilt and im-

perfection of our nature. She was currently entitled the Lily of Saint Leonard's, a name which she deserves as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action, as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person.

"Yet there were points in Effie's character, which gave rise not only to strange doubt and anxiety on the part of Douce David Deans, whose ideas were rigid as may easily be supposed, upon the subject of youthful amusements, but even of serious apprehension to her more indulgent sister. The children of the Scotch of the inferior classes are usually spoiled by the early indulgence of their parents; how, wherefore, and to what degree, the lively and instructive narrative of the amiable and accomplished authoress of 'Glenburnie' has saved me and all future scribblers the trouble of recording. Effie had had a double share of this inconsiderate and misjudged kindness. Even the strictness of her father's principles could not condemn the sports of infancy and childhood: and to the good old man, his younger daughter, the child of his old age, seemed a child for some years after she attained the years of womanhood, was still called the 'bit lassie' and 'little Effie,' and was permitted to run up and down uncontrolled, unless upon the Sabbath, or at the time of family worship. Her sister, with all the love and care of a mother, could not be supposed to possess the same authoritative influence, and that which she had hitherto exercised became gradually limited and diminished as Effie's advancing years entitled her, in her own conceit at least, to the right of independence and free agency. With all the innocence and goodness of dis-

position, therefore, which we have described, the Lily of Saint Leonard's possessed a little fund of self-conceit and obstinacy, and some warmth and irritability of temper, partly natural perhaps, but certainly much increased by the unrestrained freedom of her childhood. Her character will be best illustrated by a cottage evening scene.

"The careful father was absent in his well-stocked byre, foddering those useful and patient animals on whose produce his living depended, the summer evening was beginning to close in, when Jeanie Deans began to be very anxious for the appearance of her sister, and to fear that she would not reach home before their father returned from the labour of the evening, when it was his custom to have 'family exercise,' and when she knew that Effie's absence would give him the most serious displeasure. These apprehensions hung heavier upon her mind, because, for several preceding evenings, Effie had disappeared about the same time, and her stay, at first so brief as scarce to be noticed, had been gradually protracted to half an hour, and an hour, and on the present occasion had considerably exceeded even this last limit. And now Jeanie stood at the door, with her hand before her eyes to avoid the rays of the level sun, and looked alternately along the various tracks which led towards their dwelling, to see if she could descry the nymph-like form of her sister. There was a wall and a stile which separated the royal domain, or King's Park, as it is called, from the public road; to this pass she frequently directed her attention, when she saw two persons appear there somewhat suddenly, as

if they had walked close by the side of the wall to screen themselves from observation. One of them, a man, drew back hastily; the other, a female, crossed the stile, and advanced towards her—it was Effie. She met her sister with that affected liveliness of manner, which in her rank, and sometimes in those above it, females occasionally assume to hide surprise or confusion; and she carolled as she came—

"The elfin knight sat on the brae,
The broom grows bonnie, the broom grows fair
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,
And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair."

The characters of the different members of the family of David Deans are not, however, the only ones contained in this volume, which we at once recognize to be peculiarly national. The picture given of the fashionable style of manners and accomplishments among the Scottish lawyers of the present day, is executed with a fidelity which no one who has witnessed the originals will for one moment dispute. The different members of those inferior groups who maintained the memorable conversations which took place in the West Bow, when retiring from the expected execution, and also when the sentence had been promulgated which condemned Effie Deans to an ignominious death,—the characters we mean of Plumdamas, of Mr. and Mrs. Saddletree, Mrs. Howden, and Miss Damahoy, are also given with the most scrupulous adherence to truth and effect. While the interesting memorials of our "Auld friends the town guard, with Shon Dhu their valiant corporal,"—of

the holiday squabbles with these venerable ancients, to which we still look back with so vivid a recollection,—and of the fearful tumult of a more serious mob, as given in the powerfully wrought scene of the gathering and progress of the rioters by whom the prison was broken,—all these are so perfectly descriptive of scenes and characters with which we are either familiar, or of which we have frequently heard, that no native of the city can either fail to acknowledge the resemblance, or to receive from tracing it the most lively satisfaction.

It is astonishing, indeed, what a variety of personages the author has introduced into these tales, and yet how perfectly one seems to remember, not merely the place and action, but the very look and tone of every one of them. They are all, therefore, distinct and individual in a high degree; but they are all at the same time natural, for they uniformly act under the influence of such a combination of passions as Nature herself would have associated in such individuals. Thus, David Deans is not merely a devoted enthusiast, but a tender father and a prudent man of the world. Jeanie—our favourite Jeanie—is, indeed, affectionate, and firm, and undaunted, but she is also quiet, and shrewd, and industrious. Effie, with all her youthful disregard of decorum, is at the same time generous, and enthusiastically attached to those whom she prefers. Butler is sensible, and well principled, and inflexibly honourable, but he is also simple and pedantic. Mrs. Saddletree is bustling and worldly, with a dash also of motherly affection. And Captain Knockdunder himself, with all his despotism

and officious servility to his superiors, is yet brave as a lion, and constitutionally gallant to the softer sex.

The characters of this novel, are introduced in the course of a tale which is intended to awaken the passions of the heart; and truly we do not know when a tale of more heartfelt interest was presented to us. Those who are even in the slightest degree acquainted with the former productions of the author, are well aware that he possesses the power of awakening the feelings in a degree equal at least to that in which he is distinguished as a painter of scenery or a delineator of character. But his pathos is always managed in a manner peculiar to himself. There is no apparent preparation for the effect to be produced. The author throws himself at once into the situation which he paints, and expressions are uttered which awaken all our sympathies, while the writer appears almost unconscious of the power he is exciting, and while the story seems not to suffer the slightest interruption from the burst of passion which had been unexpectedly drawn forth. As an instance of this part of our author's talents, and as one of the most interesting passages also which occur in the work, we venture to remind our readers of the interview between Jeanie Deans and her sister on the evening preceding the day of her trial.

"Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy

in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, 'My dear Jeanie!—my dear Jeanie!—it's lang since I hae seen ye.' Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sunbeam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed, and sate down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

"Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"'Ye are ill, Effie,' were the first words Jeanie could utter, 'ye are very ill.'

"'O what wad I gi'e to be ten times waur,

Jeanie,' was the reply—'what wad I gi'e to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I amna his bairn langer now—O I hae nae friend left in the warld!—O that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle Kirkyard!'

"'Hout, lassie,' said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt, 'dinna be sae dooms down hearted as a' that; there's mony a tod hunted that's no killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichel Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff his sic an agent and counsel; ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass too, and ye wad busk up your cockernonie a bit; and a bonny lass will find favour wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them.'

"To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows, as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence. 'Oh Effie,' said her elder sister, 'how could you conceal your situation from me! O, woman, had I deserved this at your hand?—had ye spoke but ae word—sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us.'

"'And what gude wad that hae dune?' answered the prisoner. 'Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See,' she said, producing the sacred vo-

lume, 'the book opens aye at the place o' itself. O see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' scripture?'

"'Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this expressive text in the book of Job: 'He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree.'

"'Isna that ower true a doctrine?' said the prisoner—'Isna my crown, my honour, removed? And what am I but a poor wasted wan-thriving tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysel.'

"'O, if ye had spoken a word,' again sobbed Jeanie,—'if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day.'

"'Could they na?' said Effie, with something like awakened interest—for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burthen—'Wha tald ye that, Jeanie?'

"'It was ane that kenned what he was saying weel aneugh,' replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"'Wha was it?—I conjure ye to tell me,' said Effie, seating herself upright.—'Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-bye as I am now?—Was it—was it *him?*'

"'Hout,' said Ratcliffe, 'What signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither?—I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn.'

"'Was it him,' said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—'was it him, Jeanie, indeed?—O, I see it was him—poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane—and him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!'

"Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming,—'O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate o' sic a man as that?'

"'We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken,' said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience teld her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"'And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?' said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"'Love him,' answered Effie—'If I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye, that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na—ye may hew down the tree, but you cannot change its bend.—And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell

me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no.'

"'What needs I tell ye ony thing about it?' said Jeanie. 'Ye may be sure that he had ower muckle to do to save himself, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside.'

"'That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it,' replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. 'But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine.' And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"'I fancy,' said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, 'the lassie thinks that naebody has een but herself—Dinna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forbye Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny—better sit and rue, than flit and rue—Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that maybe.'

"'O my God! my God!' said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him—'D'ye ken whare they hae putten my bairn!—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!—O, man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in Heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me whare they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has ta'en't away, or what they hae dune wi't!'

"'Hout, hout,' said the turnkey, endeavouring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she

held him; 'that's taking me at my word wi' a witness—Bairn, quo she? How the deil suld I ken ony thing of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that at auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell.'

"As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit."

The same strain is continued in the remainder of the chapter from which this extract is taken; and the reader may find other instances of the same simple and unpretending pathos in the interview between Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyle, and also between the same heroine and her father, when they meet unexpectedly on the beach at Roseneath. Few situations, indeed, can be conceived more trying to an author's powers than that to which the foregoing extract relates. A beautiful and virtuously educated girl, not yet eighteen years of age, is confined under a charge of having murdered her child, and the interview to be described is between this girl and her sister, who is all that is good and heroic, and yet mild, in woman. An author of inferior talent would, probably, have wrought up this scene with all the profusion of labour and care which language admits; and, if he had succeeded in throwing out some strokes of passion amidst pages of eloquent insipidity, he would, probably, have congratulated himself on having done all that human genius could do on so difficult an occasion. It is not thus, however, with our

author: he advanced to the most hazardous parts of his subject apparently with the same fearless step as to its most manageable, and, placing himself at once in the situation of the speakers, he pours forth those accents of natural and unaffected anguish which alone were suited to the real pathos of the scene he is describing.

The leading defect of this story,—for it is in the story itself, as usual, and not in the execution of individual parts, that any want of perfection is discovered, has been arraigned as follows:—namely—that the narrative is conducted by the help of by far too many surprising and unexpected incidents, and that this constitutes the peculiar defect of the tale, viewed as an attempt to move the affections by a simple and natural recital of events. We were, (says one) in the first place, a good deal scandalized to find "Geordie Robertson," whom we had just regarded as a fortunate felon, to be the father of the child which poor Effie had born; but this circumstance, unexpected as it was, was quite overborn by many others which occur in the progress of the story. Who, for instance, could have imagined that Jeanie Deans, in her pilgrimage of duty, was to be stopped at Gunnersbury hill by the accomplices of Meg Murdockson and her daughter, whom we had regarded as stationary inmates of some of the low houses of Edinburgh? Still more surprising, however, is the discovery of Robertson lying wounded in bed, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Staunton, rector of Willingham. The meeting of Jeanie Deans with her father at Roseneath, after her return from London, is also

an incident of the same forced character. The sudden appearance of Effie Deans and her husband at the same place, after they were supposed finally to have eloped from Scotland, has plainly not a little of the same character of quackery. And the whole history of the son whose birth had been the occasion of so much sorrow,—the accomplice of the outlaw Donacha Dhu, and, finally, a wandering savage among the wilds of America—is one of those fictions in which it seems to us that a writer of powerful genius ought not to deal. We know well that unexpected incidents must occur in every novel; but we likewise know that these ought always to be so managed as never to convert the natural emotion connected with the situation into one of wonder merely. And our author himself, indeed, has furnished some very remarkable instances, in the same work, of the legitimate use of this artifice. For instance, the resolution suddenly taken by Jeanie Deans, to repair on foot to London, in order to beg the life of her sister, is, no doubt, a surprising incident, and the various means by which her ultimate success is effected are also such as we could not possibly have anticipated; yet, when they do occur, it all appears to be natural enough, and her journey, romantic as it seemed at first to be, is yet perfectly consistent with all our ideas of the character, and with the providential guidance under which we feel that so much virtuous resolution must be placed. But the other incidents we have noticed, though not so wonderful, in reality, as the success of her journey, are yet felt, we apprehend, by every reader, to be altogether extravagant and forced.

But, on the other hand, were we called upon to express our opinion of the performance we have been considering, we should not hesitate to say that it contains scenes as remarkable for fine pathos, and simple interest as any which might be selected from amidst the multitude of publications with which the world is now so familiar—that as a delineation of manners and events which have just passed from our view, it will for ever form an invaluable addition to the literature of this country; and that, in the execution of its parts, it discovers all the vigour and unstudied readiness of its hitherto unrivalled author. There is little question also that it will be read with all the enthusiasm which his former works have awakened; but whether it may continue to be regarded as one of his first rate performances is a question which does not come within our province to decide.

HELEN WALKER.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that the celebrated tale of "the Heart of Mid-Lothian" is founded on fact, and that its heroines resided for the greater part of their lives in the immediate neighbourhood of Dumfries. Of these facts, however, our readers will entertain no doubt, when they shall have perused the following narrative, which is extracted from a memorandum made by a lady long before the second series of the "Tales of my Landlord" had been announced, and we distinctly pledge ourselves to the public for the authority of its contents.

"As my kitchen and my parlour were not very far

from each other, I one day went in to purchase chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. This was a little stout-looking woman, who seemed between seventy and eighty years of age. She was almost covered with a tartan plaid; and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin—a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women in that rank of life in Scotland. Her eyes were dark and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking her how she maintained herself; she said that in winter she *fitted* stockings, that is, knitted feet to country peoples' stockings, an employment that bears about as much the same relation to stocking-making, that cobbling does to shoe-making, and is, of course, both less profitable and less *dignified*. She added that she taught a few children to read, and in summer, "whiles reared a wheen chickens." After some more conversation, during which I was more pleased with the good sense and naïveté of the old woman's remarks, she rose to go away. I then asked her name. Her countenance was suddenly clouded; her colour highly rose; and she said gravely, or rather solemnly, "My name is Helen Walker—your husband kens weel about me." In the evening I mentioned to Mr. ———, the new acquaintance I had made, and how much I been pleased; and I inquired what was remarkable in the history of the poor woman. Mr. ———, said, there were few more extraordinary persons than Helen Walker. She had been left an early orphan with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, whom she educated and main-

tained by her exertions. It will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she heard that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for *child murder*, and herself called upon as the principal witness against her. The council for the prisoner told Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparation, however slight, or had given her any intimation whatever, such a statement would save her sister's life. Helen said, 'it is impossible for me, Sir, to give my oath to a falsehood, and whatever be the consequence, I will give my evidence according to my conscience.' The trial came on. The sister was found guilty and condemned. In removing the prisoner from the bar, she was heard to say to her sister, 'O, Nelly, ye have been the cause of my death.' Helen replied, 'ye ken I bade speak the truth.'

"In Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and its execution; and Helen availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case; and that same night she set out on foot from Dumfries to London, without introduction or recommendation. She presented herself in her tartan plaid and country attire before John Duke of Argyll, (after having watched three days at his door) just as he was stepping into his carriage, and delivered her petition. Herself and her story interested him so much, that he immediately procured the pardon she solicited, which was forwarded to Dumfries, and Helen returned, having performed her meritorious journey on foot, in the course of a few weeks.

"I was so strongly interested in the narrative, that I earnestly wished to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker, but as I was to leave the country next day I was obliged to postpone it till my return in spring, when the first walk was to Helen's cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme: and I endeavoured to obtain some account of her, from a woman who inhabited the other end of the house. I inquired if Helen had ever spoken of her past history, her journey to London, &c.; 'na,' said the old woman, 'Helen was a lovely body, and whenever any o' the neighbours spread any thing about it, she aye changed the discourse.' In short, every answer I received only served to raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroism and virtue.

"Helen Walker lived on the romantic banks of the Clouden, a little way above the bridge, by which the road from Dumfries to Sanquhar crosses that beautiful stream. The name of her sister is said to have been Sibby (Isabella) and it is known that, after her liberation from Dumfries goal, she was united in marriage to the father of the little innocent, whose primitive death had brought her life into jeopardy, and that she lived with him in the north of England, where Helen used occasionally to visit her. The interview betwixt Helen and Mrs. ——— above described, took place in October 1786, and the remains of the old woman were interred in the church-yard of Irongrey, in the spring of 1787, without a stone to mark the spot where they are deposited.

PATRICK WALKER.

The reproof which David Deans delivers to his daughters on suddenly hearing the word "dance" pronounced in their conversation will be ever remembered by our readers. He there "blesses God (with that singular worthy, Patrick Walker, the Packman at Brest's Port) that ordered his lot in his dancing days, so that fear of his head and throat, cold and hunger, sweetness and weakness, stopped the lightness of his head and the wantonness of his feet." Almost the whole of David's speech is to be found at the thirty-ninth page of Patrick Walker's Life of Cameron, with much more curious matter.

This said Patrick Walker was a person who had suffered for the good cause in his youth, along with many others of the "singular worthies" of the times.* After the revolution it appears that he ex-

* "On the 22d (1684) one Patrick Walker, a boy of about eighteen years of age, was before the council, and confessed that he was present at the murder of one of the Earl of Airly's troops, and refused to discover his accomplices; and was ordered to be examined by torture the next day, when he was appointed to be banished. But Patrick Walker's own account which he published at the end of some remarkable passages of Masters Semple, Wellwood, and Cameron, seems to be more distinct, for he observes, "that it was seldom the clerks wrote as the prisoners spoke." In Patrick Walker's own account, he says he was taken out of bed with four others on the 29th of June, and brought out of Linlithgow thieves-hole on the 1st of July, and next day examined before the council; and that night, he, James Edward, and John Gardener received their indictment, for owning the covenants,

ercised the calling of a pedlar. He probably dealed much in those pamphlets concerning the sufferings

defensive arms, &c. On the 3d they received sentence of transportation, which was pronounced by the Archbishop of St. Andrew, who, says he, within a month after, got his sentence elsewhere. He was again examined on the 22d; and on the 23d there was a strong debate among the counsellors, whether they should prosecute him for his life, or examine him by torture; but none then took place; for some urged, that since nothing new was either confessed or proved, and as he was under sentence, they could proceed further. However, they renewed their aforesaid sentence. He lay in irons from that to the 1st of August, when he was put on board a vessel; but with thirteen other prisoners he was brought back on the 6th, with a design on his life; but that was prevented. He continued, however, in prison till the 18th of May, 1685, when, with many others, he was sent to Dunotter, and brought back to Leith, on the 8th of August, and made his escape out of prison. During twelve months that Patrick was in limbo, he says he was eighteen times examined, and only three times about Garden's death.—*Hist. Church of Scotland, p.* 279. Vol. i.

Garden or Gordon's death, according to Patrick Walker happened as follows:—In March, 1682, Francis Gordon, for so he calls him, happened to pursue and overtake James Wilson, Thomas Young, and Patrick Walker, about four miles from Lanerk. Thomas Young asked him, why he pursued them. Gordon replied he was come to send them to Hell. James Wilson told him, they would defend themselves. Upon which Gordon run his sword through Wilson's coat, who immediately fired upon him, but missed him; then another of them shot him with a pocket pistol. By this time William Cargon and Robert Muir, two of the wanderers came up with them. They searched him for papers, and found a scroll of names which were designed either to be killed or taken. Patrick Walker tore it in pieces. Every thing else they put

and the doctrines of the "MARTYRS," which were so widely spread over Scotland at the time, that is, in the years subsequent to their toleration. In the process of time he set up his staff afresh in a small shop at the top of Brests-street, opposite to the entrance of a court, now called "Society." Here Patrick flourished about a century ago, and published several works now very scarce and curious, of "remarkable passages in the lives and deaths of those famous worthies, signal for piety and zeal—namely, Mr. John Semple, Mr. Wellwood, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Peden, and others; who were all shining lights in the land, and gave a light to many, in which they rejoiced for a season." For this sort of biography Patrick seems to have been excellently adapted; for he had not only been witness to many of the incidents which he describes, from the intimate personal friendship with the subjects of his narratives, he was also a complete adept in all the intricate polemics, and narrow superstitions. These he accordingly gives in such a style of length, strength, and volubility, as leaves us weltering in astonishment at the extensive range of expression of which each was susceptible. Take the following for instance, from the

into his pockets and left him, so that what they acted was in their own defence, and none of them was even questioned for this, but Patrick Walker. Thomas Young afterwards suffered at Mauchline, but not on this account. Robert Muir was banished. James Wilson survived the prosecution. William Cargon died in the Cannongate prison in the beginning of 1685; to that says Patrick Walker, Mr. Wodrow was misinformed in saying that he suffered death.

rhapsodies of Peden: "A bloody sword, a bloody sword—a bloody sword for thee, O Scotland, a bloody sword for thee, O Scotland, O Scotland! Many miles shall ye travel, and shall see nothing but desolate and ruinous wastes in thee, O Scotland! The fertile places shall be desart as the mountains in thee, O Scotland! Oh the Mongies, the Mongies, see how they run, how long they will run? Lord cut their boughs and stay their running: the women with child shall be ript up and dashed in pieces: many a preaching cad *waired* (spent) on thee, O Scotland! But now he will come forth with the fiery brand of his wrath, and then he will preach to thee by conflagration, since words winna do! O Lord thou hast been both good and kind to Old Sandy, through a long tract of line, and driven him many years in thy service which have been but like as many months; but now he is tired of the warld, and sae let him away with the honesty he has, for he will gather no more!"

We shall also extract the following account of an incident related upon his authority in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, at the fifty-fourth page of the second volume. It is a good specimen of his style.

"One time among many, he (Mr. John Semple of Carpsheam) designed to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and before the time came, he assured the people that the Devil would be envious of the good work they were to go about, that he was afraid he would be permitted to raise a storm in the air with a speat of rain, to raise the water, designed to drown some of them; but it will not be within

the compass of his power to drown any of you, no not so much as a dog; accordingly it came to pass, on *Monday*, when they were dismissing, they saw a man all in black, entering the water to wade, a little above them; they were afraid, the water being big; immediately he lost his feet (as they apprehended) and came down lying on his back, and waving his hand: the people ran and got a rope, and threw it to him; and though there were ten or twelve men upon the rope, they were in danger of being drowned into the water: Mr. Semple looked on, cried, 'quit the rope and let him go, (he saw who it was) 'tis the devil, 'tis the devil; he will burn but not drown; and, by drowning you, would have God dishonoured, because he has gotten some glory to his free grace, in being kind to many of your souls at the time. Oh! he is a subtile wily devil, that lies at the catch, watching his opportunity, that now, when ye have heard all you will get at this occasion, his design is to raise a confession among you, to get all out of your minds that you have heard, and off your spirits that you have felt. He earnestly exhorted them all to keep in mind what they had heard and seen, and to retain what they had attained, and go home blessing God for all, and that the devil was disappointed of his hellish design. All search was made in the country, to find out if any man was lost, but none could be heard of—from whence all concluded it was the devil."

This same remark Mr. Semple, according to Patrick, was remarkable for much discernment and capacity, besides, that which was necessary for the

detection of devils. From the following "passage" the reader will observe, that he was equally skilled in the discovery of witches. "While a neighbouring minister was distributing tokens before the Sacrament, Mr. Semple standing by, and seeing him reaching a token to a woman said, 'Hold your hand; that woman hath got too many tokens already, for she is a witch;' of which none suspected her then, yet afterwards she confessed herself to be a witch, and was put to death for the same."

John Semple is also introduced into that well-known irreverent work, "Scot's Presbyterian Eloquence," where his style is humourously burlesqued in the following words;—"In the day of judgment the Lord will say, 'Who's that there?' John will answer, 'It's een puir auld John Semple, Lord.'—'Who are these with you, John?'—'It's a few puir honest bonnetted men.'—'Strange, John! where's all your great folks with their hats and silk hoods?'—'I invited them, Lord; but they would not come.'—'It's not your fault, John; come forward, ye are very welcome, and these few with you!'"

Of the extent of Patrick Walker's publications we are not able to speak. There are, however, a considerable number of passages alluded to in the "Tales of my Landlord"—more indeed than it would be interesting to refer to. The author makes the best use of the information he derives from them, though in one instance (vol. iv. p. 134) it must be allowed he is rather disposed to be jocular upon Patrick, besides corrupting the truth of the text. This instance relates to the murder of a trooper named Francis Gor-

don, said to have been committed by the Cameronians. Patrick denies the charge of murder, and calls it only killing in self-defence. His account of this transaction is as follows :—"It was then commonly said, that Mr. Francis Gordon was a volunteer out of wickedness of principles, and could not stay with the troop; but must always be raging and ranging to catch hiding suffering people. Meldrums and Airly's troops, lying at Lanark upon the 1st day of March, 1682, Mr. Gordon, and another comrade, with two servants and four horses, came to Kilcaigow, two miles from Lanark, searching for William Caigow and others under hiding. Mr. Gordon rambling through the town, offered to abuse the women. At night they came a mile farther to the eastern seat, to Robert Muir's, he being also under hiding. Gordon's comrade and the two servants went to bed, but he could sleep none, roaring all the night for women. When day came he took his sword in his hand, and came to Mass-Platt; and some men, who had been in the fields all night, seeing him, they fled, and he pursued. James Wilson, Thomas Young and myself, having been in a meeting all night, were lying down in the morning: we were alarmed, thinking there were many more than one. He pursued hard and overtook us. Thomas Young said, 'Sir, what do you pursue us for?' He said,—'He was come to send us to Hell,' James Wilson said,—'That shall not be, for we will defend ourselves.' He answered, 'that either he or we should go to it now,' and then ran his sword furiously through James Wilson's coat; James fired upon him, but missed him. All the time

he cried, "Damn his soul!" He got a shot in his head out of a pocket pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy, than for killing such a furious, mad, brisk man; which, notwithstanding killed him dead."

It is not mentioned by Patrick who it was that fired the fatal shot; and from his silence on this point, it is suspected to have been no other than himself; for had it been Thomas Young, it is probable he would have mentioned it. In the tale, David Deans is mentioned as being among them, and half confesses to the merit of having despatched Gordon; but our venerable biographer is also made to prefer a sort of half claim to the honour, while neither of them dared utterly to avow it. "There being some wild cousins of the deceased about Edinburgh, who might have been even yet addicted to revenge."

The "worthy John Livingston, a sailor in Borrowstowness," who is quoted for a saying at the 37th page of the fourth volume, will be found at the 107th page of Patrick's life of Cameron, with the words ascribed to him, at full length. Borrowstowness seems to have been a kind of holyday place in its day; for besides this worthy, the same authority informs us that, it also produced "Skipper William Horn, that singular, solid, serious, old exercised, self-denied, experienced, confirmed, established, tender christian," another tar of the name of Alexander Stuart, who "suffered at the cross," for a cause in which few of his profession have ever since thought of suffering; together with two other worthies named Cuthel, one of whom had the honour of being beheaded in company with Mr. Cargill.

At the fortieth page of the same volume (fourth), David Deans confesses himself to have been the individual "of whom there was some sport at the revolution, when he nocted thegether the heads of the twa false prophets, their ungracious graces, the prelates, as they stood on the High street, after being expelled from the convention parliament." The origin of this story is also to be met with in the works of Patrick Walker, who relates the circumstance in a manner rather too facetious to be altogether consistent with his habitual gravity. "Fourteen bishops," says he, "were expelled at once, and stood in a cloud with pale faces, in the parliament close. James Wilson, Robert Neilson, Francis Hislop and myself, were standing close by them. Francis Hislop with force thrust Robert Neilson upon them, and their heads went hard upon each other. Their graceless graces went quickly off; and in a short time, neither bishop nor curate were to be seen in the streets. This was a sudden and surprising change, not to be forgotten. But some of us would have rejoiced still more, to have seen the whole cabalzie sent locally down the Bow, that they might have found the weight of their tails in a tow, to dry their stocking soles, and let them know what hanging was."

§

THE "AULD BRIG O' DUMFRIES."

We shall here introduce a notice of the "auld brig o' Dumfries," to which the vignette to the title of the present volume is a faithful representation; and, as

connected with some singular historical facts, it may, in some measure, relieve the interest excited by the preceding, though more recent, circumstances, which date their origin from the same spot. The bridge over the Nith, at Dumfries, to which we allude, consists of nine arches, connecting the counties of Nidesdale and Galloway, and was built originally by Devorgilla, who gave the tolls of it to the convent of Franciscan friars, which he founded here. In this convent, Robert Bruce, of Carrick, having an interview with John Comyn, and reproaching him with betraying his confidence to King Edward I, which the other denied, he stabbed him, and hastening out of the sanctuary called to horse. His attendants, Lindsay and Kirkpatrick, perceiving him pale and agitated, anxiously inquired how it was with him : "Ill," replied Bruce, "I doubt I have slain Comyn!"—"You doubt!" cried Kirkpatrick, and rushing into the church, fixed his dagger in Comyn's heart. Sir Robert Comyn generously attempted to defend his kinsman, and shared the same fate. The church, thus defiled with blood, was pulled down, and another built in a different place, and dedicated to St. Michael. Bruce also, when possessed of the crown, built a chapel, where mass was said for the soul of Sir Christopher Seton, who had married a sister of Bruce assisted at the death of Comyn, and was afterwards, 1306, executed by order of Edward I. The town of Dumfries, a royal burgh, is neat, well-built, with wide streets, two neat churches, a castle, an exchange, and harbour, the tide flowing up to the town. Its commerce is considerably improved within the last thirty years;

and the great weekly markets, for black cattle, are of great use to it. Dumfrieshire is celebrated for many legendary tales and antiquities; and has been the nursery of many individuals who have alike distinguished themselves by their deeds in arms, and their literary attainments. Nor is the spot less remarkable for its popular superstitions.

ST. LEONARD'S CRAGS.

Where David Deans' cottage is represented to have been, are an irregular ridge with a slight vegetation, situated in the south-west boundary of the king's park. Adjacent to them and bearing their name, there exists a sort of village, now almost enclosed by the approaching limits of the city. The neighbouring extremity of the Pleasance, with this little place, seemed to have formed at one period the summer residences or villas of the inhabitants of Edinburgh; some of the houses even yet bearing traces of little garden-plots before the door and other peculiarities of what is still the prevailing taste in the creation of boxes. None of these may, however, have existed in the age of David Deans. Mr. James Gray, a gentleman not unknown to fame, inhabits one which may safely be supposed to stand upon the very site of "Douce David's,"—if it be possible at all to point out the "local habitation" of an idea. In former times St. Leonard's crags and the adjoining valley used to be much resorted to by duellists. This part of their history is, however, to be found at full length in the Heart of Mid Lothian. There is a case of duel on record, in which a barber challenged a chimney sweep,

and fought him with swords, near this spot, about the end of the sixteenth century. The affair proved bloodless. But the king afterwards ordered the unfortunate barber to be executed, for having presumed to take the revenge of a gentleman.

Muschat's Cairn, so conspicuously introduced into this tale, was a heap of stones placed upon the spot where a barbarous murder was committed, in the year 1720. The murderer was descended of a respectable family in the county of Angus; and had been educated to the profession of a surgeon. When in Edinburgh in the course of his education, it appears that he made an imprudent match with a woman in humble life, named Margaret Hall. He shortly repented of what he had done, and endeavoured by every means to shake himself free of his wife. The attempts which he made to divorce, to forsake, and to poison her, proved all unsuccessful; till at length he resolved, in the distraction caused by his frequent disappointments, to rid himself of his incumbrance by the surest method, that of cutting her throat. The day before the perpetration of the deed, he pretended a return of affection to the unfortunate woman; and in the evening took her to walk with him, in the direction of Duddingston. The unhappy creature was averse to the expedition and entreated her husband to remain in Edinburgh; but he persisted in spite of her tears in his desire of taking her with him to that village. When they had got nearly to the extremity of the path which is called the Duke's Walk, (having been the favourite promenade of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II,) Muschat threw

her upon the ground and immediately proceeded to his purpose. During her resistance he wounded her hand and chin, which she held down, thus intercepting the knife; and he declared in his confession afterwards taken, that but for her long hair, with which he pinned her to the earth he could not have succeeded in his purpose, her struggles being so great. Immediately after the murder, he went and informed some of his accomplices, and took no pains to escape apprehension. He was tried and found guilty upon his own confession, and after being executed in the Grassmarket, was hung in chains upon the Gallowlee.*

* The Gallowlee was not the usual place of execution; but the most flagrant criminals were generally hung there in chains. Many of the martyrs were exhibited on its summit, which Patrick Walker records with due horror. It ceased to be employed for any purpose of this kind, about the middle of the last century, since which period no criminals have been hung in chains in Scotland. Its site was a rising ground immediately below the Botanic Garden, in Leith Walk. When the new town was in the progress of building, the sand used for the composition of the mortar, was procured from this spot; on which account the miracle of a hill turning into a valley has taken place, and it is at the present day that low beautiful esplanade of which Eagle and Henderson's nursery is formed. The Gallowlee turned out a source of great emolument to the possessor, sixpence being allowed for every cart-full of sand that was taken away. But the proprietor was never truly benefitted by the circumstance. Being addicted to drinking, he was in the habit of spending every sixpence as he received it. A tavern was commenced near the spot, which was formerly unaccommodated with such a convenience, for the sole purpose of selling whiskey

A cairn of stones was erected upon the spot where the murder took place, in token of the people's abhorrence and reprobation of the deed. It was removed several years since when the Duke's walk was widened and levelled by Lord Adam Gordon.

St. Anthony's Chapel, among the ruins of which Robertson found means to elude the pursuit of Sharpitlaw, is an interesting relic of antiquity, situated on a level space about half way up the north west side of the mountain called Arthur's Seat. It lies in a westerly direction from Muschat's Cairn, at about the distance of a furlong; and the Hunter's bog, also mentioned in this tale, occupies a valley which surrounds all that side of the hill. The chapel was originally a place of worship, annexed to a hermitage at the distance of a few yards: and both were subservient to a monastery of the same name, which anciently flourished on the site of St. Andrew's-street, in Leith. In the times of Maitland and Arnot, the ruin was almost entire; but now there only remains a broken wall and a few fragments of what has once been building, but which are now scarcely to be distinguished from the surrounding grey rocks—so entirely has *art* in this case relapsed into its primitive

to Mathew Richmond, and he was its only customer. A fortune was soon acquired of the profits of the drink alone, and when the source of the affluence ceased, poor Mathew was left poorer than he had originally been, after having flung away the proffered chance of immense wealth. Never did gamester more completely sink the last acre of his estate, than did auld Mathew Richmond drink down the last grain of the sand hill of the Gallowlee.

nature and lost all the characteristics of human handiwork. The slightest possible traces of a hermitage are also to be observed, plaistered against the side of hollow rock; and further down the hill, there springs from the foot of a precipice, the celebrated St. Anthony's well. Queen Mary is said to have visited all these scenes: and somehow or other, her name is always associated with them, by those who are accustomed to visit, on a Sunday afternoon, their hallowed precincts. They are also rendered sacred in Song, by their introduction into one of the most beautiful, most plaintive and most poetical of all Scotland's ancient melodies:

"I leant my back unto an aik,
"I thought it was a trusty tree;
"But first it bowed and syne it brak,
"Sae my true love's forsaken me.

"Oh! Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
"The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
"St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
"Sin, my true love's forsaken me." &c.

The situation is remarkably well adapted for a hermitage, though in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous capital. The scene around is as wild as a highland desart, and gives an air of seclusion and peacefulness as complete. If the distant din of the city at all could reach the eremite's ear, it would appear as insignificant as the murmur of the waves around the base of the isolated rock, and would be as unheeded.

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, AND LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

A solitary trait of the inimitable character of Caleb Balderstone has been discovered in a deceased innkeeper who kept a house of entertainment at Ancrum Bridge. We do not by any means present him as the *original* of that most faithful of "serving men;" but only remark, that it is possible, the author of Waverley may have first conceived the idea of Caleb's magnificent fabrications "for the honour of the family," from witnessing the similar rodomontades of Mr. Andrew Davidson.

A literary gentleman, who supplies the information respecting him, relates that he was once possessed of a considerable estate,—that of Green-house in the county of Roxburgh. But being a man of great wit and humour, his society was courted by young men of idle and dissipated habits, who led him into such expenses as shortly proved prejudicial to his fortune. He was soon obliged to sell off his estate and betake himself to a humbler line of life. Keeping a small grocery and spirit shop always presents itself to men in such circumstances, as a means of subsistence requiring least instruction and most easily set afloat;—for keeping a grocery and spirit shop, like genius, comes by nature. He accordingly commenced that line of business in Jedburgh; but being considered as an intruder in the burgh, and opposing certain ancient residenters, who were supposed to be more lawfully, justly, and canonically entitled to retail ruin to mankind than any new upstart, he did not meet with that success which he expected. In conse-

quence of this illiberal treatment he conceived the most rancorous hatred for the inhabitants of Jedburgh, and ever after spoke of them in the most violent terms of contempt. His common language was, —"that not an individual in the town would be judged at the last day,—Jedburgh would be at once damned *by the slump!*" He again resolved to commence the profession of agriculture, and took the farm of Habton, in the neighbouring parish of Crailing. This speculation, however, succeeded no better than the shop. By associating himself with the opulent farmers and gentlemen of the vicinity, by whom his company, as a man of wit and jollity, was always much sought after, his ancient habits of extravagance returned; and, though in poorer circumstances, being obliged to spend in equal style with these ruinous friends, the surviving wrecks of his fortune were soon dissipated, and he was obliged to become a bankrupt.

When a man, who has freely lavished his fortune and his humour in the entertainment of friends above his own rank, becomes incapable of further sacrifice, it is most natural for such friends to forsake and neglect him. He is considered as no more entitled to their gratitude, than the superannuated player, after he has ceased to be supported by the immediate exhibition of his powers. There is no Chelsea provided for the cripples in the cause of the gay. Mr. Davidson was, however, more fortunate in his companions. After his misfortune, they induced him to open a house of entertainment at Ancrum Bridge; laid in for him a stock of wines, spirits &c.: made parties at

his house; and set him fairly a-going. This was a line in which he was calculated both to shine and to realise profit. His company was still as attractive as ever; and it was no longer disgraceful to receive a solid reward for the entertainment which his facetiousness could afford. Having also learned a little wisdom from former miscarriages, he proceeded with more caution, kept up the respectability of his house, was polite and amusing to his guest, and, above all, paid infinite attention to his business. The peculiarity of character, for which his name was placed against that of Caleb Balderstone, here occurs. Whenever there alighted any stranger of a more splendid appearance than ordinary, he would be seized with a truly *Balderstonish* idea of the dignity and honour of his house—would call *Hostler, No.* 10 down from *Hay loft, No.* 15, to conduct the gentleman's "beast" to one of the best stalls in *Stable, No.* 20! He would then, with a superabundance of ceremony, show the stranger into a chamber which he would declare with the greatest assurance to be the *fortieth* in the house; and on his guest asking perhaps for a glass of rum, would order a waiter, whom he baptized *(nolens volens,) No.* 15 for the occasion, to draw it from the cask in the bar, marked 95. Then was the *twelfth* hen-roost to be ransacked, and a glorious fowl, the best that could be selected from a stock of about *one thousand or so,* to be consigned to the hands of the *Head Cook* herself, (God knows his house boasted only one, who was *Skullion* and *Boots* besides.) All this rhodomontade was enacted in a style of such serious effrontery, and was accompanied by such a

volubility of talk, and flights of humour, and bustling activity, that any one not previously acquainted with his devices, would have given him and his house credit for ten times the size and respectability they could actually boast of.

Mr. Davidson, we are informed, afterwards removed to the Inn at Middleton, where he died in good circumstances, about sixteen years ago. He was a man of very brilliant talents, distinguished much by that faculty entitled, by the country people, *ready wit*. He had a strong memory, a lively and fertile imagination, and possessed powers of discourse truly astonishing. The prevailing tone of his mind was disposed to ridicule. He had a singular knack of giving any thing improper in his own conduct or appearance, a bias in his favour; and could at all times, as we have seen, set off his own circumstances in such a light, as made them splendid and respectable, though in reality they were vulgar and undignified.

§

LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

Scott of Scotstarvet's "Staggering State of Scots Statesmen" is a curious memoir, written shortly after the Restoration, but not printed till early in the last century, after the death of the persons whose characters and actions are mentioned with so little respect in the course of its satirical details. It is adverted to, as in a condition of manuscripts, at the 25th page of the 2d volume of the Bride of Lammermoor; and the author appears to have made some use of its infor-

mations, in the construction of the subsequent Tale, the "Legend of Montrose." The Earl of Menteith, who takes a conspicuous part in the enterprises of Montrose, we have little doubt, is the same person mentioned in the following extract from the 158th page of the Staggering State of Scot's Statesmen. Speaking of William Earl of Menteith, who was Chief Justice of Scotland in the reign of Charles the First, and who was disgraced and imprisoned by that Sovereign, for presuming to serve himself heir to the eldest son of Robert II, and pretending, in consequence, the nearest right to the Crown,—the following passage occurs:—"His eldest son and apparent heir, the Lord Kilpunt, being with James Graham in the time of the late troubles, was stabbed with a dirk by one Alexander Stewart; and his lady, daughter of the Earl of Marshall, was distracted in her wits four years after."

THE WHITE LADY OF COMLONGON.*

The popular superstition upon which this romantic fragment is founded is as follows:—"A young chief of the Maxwell clan had fallen deeply in love with 'Murray's bonnie daughter;' but as there existed some misunderstanding betwixt the families at that time, he forbore to press his suit till matters could be accommodated. In the interim, young Maxwell was cruelly assassinated at *Merklandburn*, near *Graetney* in the environs of Douglas, and Albany, where a

* From the Antiquarian History of Dumfrieshire (embellished) by the late W. S. Irvine.

beautiful funeral cross is erected over his remains. The lady in a momentary fit of anguish for the untimely fate of her lover, threw herself into the draw-well of the castle, where she perished the victim of impolitic rage, and feudal barbarity. A more romantic turn has been given to the tale, for the sake of the unhappy denouement.

THE TALE.

By Solway's stones, how widely ring
The gull's loud shriek at opening morn;
When high their ranks on storm took wing,
Across the Locher's wastes are borne!

But wilder still along the deep,
I heard at solemn shut of day,
What time the western breezes sleep,
The grim white lady's ghastly lay.

On high the purple pennons wave,
Comlongan, on thy battled towers,
To hail those border warriors brave,
Far forraying on England's shore.

The ladie sate in all her pride,
Upon the rampart's lonely keep;
While roll'd her blue eyes, far and wide,
Across the Solway's distant deep.

She touch'd at times the trembling lute,
That stole along the calm of even;
Then gaz'd in love's delirium mute,
More beautiful than saints in heaven.

"Oh guard," she sigh'd, "my life, my love!
"Ye powers propitious, o'er him smile!
"That we in future bliss may rove
"Enraptur'd round yon lonely isle!"

Now lightly flash'd on Solway's tide,
The sparkles of unnumber'd oars,
And hurrying on in moonlight pride,
The reaver's keel approach'd her shores.

The moonbeams kyst the circling surge,
That gently heav'd and fell between;
While onward still the boatmen urge
Their course beneath her forests green.

Fair Margaret's form was lovely light,
And whiter than the ocean spray;
And round her budding bosom bright,
Her golden glittering ringlets play.

Soft as that lute's entrancing swell,
Is sometimes heard in hunted grove,
Where beauty's lingering visions dwell,
Bewailing scenes of hapless love.

So melting soft these accents fell
Beneath Comlongan's forests spray:
"Fair ladie, cease thy sighs to swell,
"It is thy true love, come away!"

She heard the voice, it seem'd more sweet
Than ever sooth'd a lady's ear;
She flew her gallant lord to meet,
For Maxwell to her soul was dear.

She past the gate, the moonbeam slept
Serenely on the pearly dew;
And tears of balm the birches wept,
That o'er her head their branches threw.

She flew to clasp her much lov'd lord,
That stood beneath th' embow'ring spray;
She met the fell assassin's sword,
And there a bleeding victim lay.

That breast, more white than April snows,
Was stain'd a livid crimson hue;
And never, never more unclose
Those eyes of bright etherial blue.

And there, beneath the silver moon,
Comlongan's lovely woods among,
Wan'd beauty's sweet seraphic noon,
Wail'd by the merlet's plaintive song.

Her's is the spectral form still seen
At twilight's holy haunted hours,
Slow stealing down the castle green,
Where bloom the opening birken bowers.

FUNERAL CROSS AT MERKLAND.

On the banks of the Kirtle, about two miles below Kirkconnel, stands the beautiful funeral cross of Merkland. Its shaft is not less than ten or twelve feet in height, of a conoidical form; the base or pedestal is nearly two feet in height. The top consists of four *fleurs-de-lis*, cut out of the solid stone, so as to form a square; each side measures nearly two feet. The account of the origin of this structure is as follows: In 1483, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas, who had for some time been exiles in England, wishing to learn the dispositions of their countrymen towards them, made an incursion into their native country, and plundered the market of *Lockmaben*. In the meantime, Sir John Maxwell, son of Baron Maxwell, of Caerlaverock, Lord Warden of the west marches, having received intelligence of this incursion, assembled his friends and retainers, in order to repel and chastise the insolence of these

depredators. Having pursued them closely, he came up with them at Burnswark-hill, where the action commenced, and was fought on to Kirkconnel, where Douglas was taken prisoner, but the Duke made his escape. (Douglas was long confined in the Bell's Castle, a border fortalice a few miles from Kirkconnel.) Having now recovered the booty, and obtained a complete victory, Maxwell was pursuing the remains of the rebel army, and being wearied with the fatigues of the engagement, and the wounds he had received in battle, was supporting himself upon a spear, its handle resting upon the crutch of his saddle, when one *Gass*, from *Commertrees*, who had fought with him in the engagement, coming up, thrust him through the body with his sword, on account of a sentence which he, as master warden of the marches, had passed upon a cousin of Gass's. The cross is said to have been erected upon the spot where Maxwell fell, by his father, the Baron de Caerlaverock, to perpetuate the remembrance of that execrable deed to posterity.

FUNERAL PILLAR AT KIRKCONNEL.

In the church-yard of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, is still to be seen the tomb-stone placed over the remains of "*Fair Helen*," and her favourite lover, Fleming de Kirkpatricke. As her story is strikingly romantic, no apology is made for inserting it in this place. *Helen Irving* a young lady of the most exquisite beauty and accomplishment, daughter of *Mr. Irving*, Laird of Kirkconnel, was beloved by two gentlemen, chiefs of their respective clans,

Fleming of *Redhill*, and *Bell* of *Blacketthouse*. Fleming, on account of his virtues and valour, became at once the favourite of the lady; while Bell, for his bloody and ferocious deeds, was universally detested. Jealous of this preference, and the marked disdain of his rival, *Bell* became the inveterate foe of *Fleming*, vowing upon him and *Helen* the most implacable revenge.—For this purpose, having traced the lovers in one of their nocturnal rambles along the sweet sequestered banks of the Kirtle, as they listened with emotions of delight to the "vesper chant of nature from its embowering spray," and formed ideal visions of never-to-be-realized felicity, just as the moon, emerging from behind a dark cloud, shone full upon the vestal robes of *Fair Helen*, he sprang on a sudden from behind a bush, and levelled his deadly tube at *Fleming's* breast. Helen hearing his well-known voice, as he exclaimed, with a hellish tone, "Die, traitor, die," threw herself into his arms, received the contents in her bosom, and bled to death upon the spot. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which Bell was literally cut to pieces. A large *cairne* of stones was reared over the spot where the villain fell, as a token of abhorrence for the relics of him who was mouldering below. The inconsolable lover, sinking under the poignant pangs of despair, left a country in which he had now no pleasure, enlisted under the banners of Spain, and fought for a season against the "*Heathen hound Mahoun*," "the *Infidels and Moors of Barbary*." The impression, however, in that age of romance and chevalrie, when

it was accounted honorable permanently to indulge the tender passions, was not obliterated. He returned to Scotland, stretched himself upon the grave, where the treasure of his soul was reposed, and expired upon its breast, calling upon her name to the last of his breath. One grave contains them both, and over their ashes is laid a beautiful tomb-stone, on which is engraved a cross and sword, with the following inscription :—"*Hic Jacet Adamus Fleming.*"

The above catastrophe took place during the reign of that beautiful, but unfortunate Princess, Mary Stewart, Queen of Scotland.

A cross was erected upon the spot where *Fair Helen* fell; it is nearly nine feet in height, and fourteen inches in the side of the square; its arms project nearly eighteen inches, but some modern Goth has broken off a part of the eastern one, and rendered it incomplete. It is of the white siliceous gnit from the Cove quarries, but rude and unpolished.

We shall conclude these volumes with the following letters, which it is believed have not appeared in any other shape since they were first published, fourteen years ago, in the Scot's Magazine.

§

PAUL JONES.

Few of our readers who have not heard of that daring naval adventurer, Paul Jones, and it is not yet too late for many of them to recollect the alarm and terror which his name spread along our coasts

during the war at that time with America. He was the son of a small farmer a few miles from Dumfries, and impelled by that love of enterprize which is so frequently to be met with among the peasantry of Scotland, seems to have eagerly embarked in the cause of the colonies against the mother country. Whether he was actuated in any degree by a sense of the injustice of Briton towards America, at the outset of his career, or merely availed himself of the opportunities in which revolutionary warfare so greatly abounds to rise from his original obscurity, it is now perhaps impossible to determine, and unnecessary to inquire. But it will be seen by the letters we are about to lay before our readers, that in the progress of his adventurous life, he well knew how to employ the language of men inspired with the love of liberty, and that he was honoured by some of its warmest friends in both hemispheres.

PLUNDER OF LADY SELKIRK'S HOUSE.

It is far from our intention to offer any thing in justification of the very capricious parts Paul Jones acted against this his native country; yet it is impossible not to admire the gentle and kindly feelings which directed his conduct towards Lady Selkirk, so opposite to the character of a pirate as he was represented to be, and the very handsome manner in which he repaired the injury which policy perhaps compelled him to inflict.

There are probably very few instances, especially among adventurers, that have arisen from the condition in which Paul Jones was originally placed, of

more enlarged views, more generous feelings, and a more disinterested conduct, than the following letters exhibit, combined as these are with sentiments of relentless hostility, towards the claims of his native country. Such a picture, of which the view is at all times refreshing, ought to be held up to the eyes of those who are now engaged in similar struggles in another quarter of the world. Good policy in the absence of higher motives, may induce those who direct and regulate the movement of revolutionary warfare, as well as those who are impelled by the storm, to atone, in some measure, by acts of forbearance and generosity, for the injuries to which the helpless and the innocent are peculiarly exposed in the unfortunate contest between a people and their rulers.

In the progress of the revolutionary war, Paul Jones obtained the command of a squadron, with which, in 1778, he undertook to annoy the coasts of Great Britain. On the 2d of December, 1777, he arrived at Nantes, and in January repaired to Paris. In February he conveyed some American vessels to the Bay of Quiberon; and on his return to Brest, communicated his plan to Admiral d'Aruilliers, who afforded him every means of bringing it to maturity. He accordingly left Brest, and sailed through the Bristol channel, without giving any alarm. Early in the morning of the 23d of April he made an attack on the harbour of Whitehaven, in which there were about four hundred sail. He succeeded in setting fire to several vessels, but was not able to effect

any thing decisive before day-light, when he was obliged to retire.

The next exploit, which took place on the same day, was the plunder of Lord Selkirk's house, in St. Mary's isle, near the town of Kircudbright. The particulars of this event, and of the action which succeeded, as well as the motives upon which Jones acted, are well given in the following letter,* which he addressed to Lady Selkirk.

RANGER, BREST, 8TH MAY, 1778.

"MADAM,—It cannot be too much lamented, that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling, and of real sensibility, should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe, when he found himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such action by his authority.

"This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming, *as I do*, his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war. It was, perhaps, Madam, fortunate for you, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board the Ranger, and to have detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

* This, and perhaps the following letter, have been printed, but not in any durable or accessible repository; none of the other letters, as far as we know, have ever been printed. The original letter of Franklin and Kosciuszko we have seen, written, as well as addressed with their own hands.—*Edin. Lit. Miscellany.*

" When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing, that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me could not forbear expressing their discontent, observing, that, in America, no delicacy was shewn by the English, who took away all sorts of moveable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the houses of the rich without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milch cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an unlenient monster. That party had been with me as volunteers the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your Ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hint any thing about it; to treat you, Madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate that was offered; and to come away without making a search, or demanding any thing else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and, when the plate is sold, I shall become the purchaser, and will *gratify my own feelings*, by restoring it to you, by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

" Had the Earl been on board the Ranger the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back at such scenes of horror, and cannot but execrate the vile promoters of this detested war,

" For *they*, 'twas *they*, unsheathed the ruthless blade,
And heaven shall ask the havock it has made.

" The British ship of war, Drake, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, be-

with great composure and presence of mind. She soon directed her plate to be delivered; with which, without doing any other damage, or asking for watches, jewels, or any thing else, (which is singular) the gentlemen made off. There is reason to think that there were some people among them acquainted with persons and places, and, in particular, one fellow, supposed to have been once a waiter at an inn in Kirkcudbright. The leader of the party, who was not the captain of the vessel, told, that their intention was to seize Lord Selkirk, who is now in London."—It appears, accordingly, that Paul Jones actually purchased the plate, and embraced the first opportunity, after peace, to transmit it to Lord Selkirk, accompanied by the letter which follows.

"PARIS, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1784.

"MY LORD,—I have just received a letter from Mr. Nesbitt, dated at L'Orient, the 4th instant, mentioning a letter to him to your son, Lord Daer, on the subject of the plate that was taken from your house by some of my people, when I commanded the Ranger, and which has been a long time in Mr. Nesbitt's care. A short time before I left France to return to America, Mr. W. Alexander wrote me from Paris to L'Orient, that he had at my request seen and conversed with your Lordship in England respecting the plate. He said you had agreed that I should restore it, and that it might be forwarded to the care of your sister-in-law, the Countess of Moreton, in London. In consequence I now send orders to Mr. Nesbitt to forward the plate immediately to her care. When I received Mr. Alexander's letter, there was no cartel or other vessels, at L'Orient that I could trust with a charge of so delicate a nature as your plate; and I had great reason to expect I should have returned to France within six months after I embarked for America. But circumstances in America prevented my returning to Europe during the war, though I had constant expectation of it.

"The long delay that has happened to the restoration of your plate has given me much concern, and I now feel a proportionate pleasure in fulfilling what was my first intention.

My motive for landing at your estate in Scotland, was to take *you* as an hostage for the lives and liberty of a number of the citizens of America, who had been taken in war on the ocean, and committed to British powers under an act of parliament, as 'traitors, pirates, and felons.' You observed to Mr. Alexander, that my idea was a mistaken one, because you were not (as I had supposed) in favour with the British ministry, who knew that you favoured the cause of liberty. On that account, I am glad you were absent from your estate when I landed there, as I bore no personal enmity, but the contrary, towards you. I always had the happiness to redeem my fellow-citizens from Britain, by means far more glorious than through the medium of one single hostage.

"As I have endeavoured to serve the cause of liberty through every stage of the American revolution, and sacrificed to it my private ease, a part of my fortune, and some of my blood, I could have no selfish motive in permitting my people to demand and carry off your plate. My sole inducement was to turn their attention and stop their rage for breaking out, and retaliating on your house and effects the too wanton burnings and desolations that had been committed against their relations and fellow-citizens in America by the British; of which I assure you, you would have felt the severe consequence, had I not fallen on an expedient to prevent it, and hurried my people away before they had time for further reflection. As you were so obliging as to say to Mr. Alexander, that my people behaved with great decency at your house, I ask the favour of you to announce that circumstance to the public. I am, My Lord, wishing you always perfect freedom and happiness, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

"(Signed) PAUL JONES

To the Right Honourable
the Earl of Selkirk, in Scotland.

After his engagement with the Drake, Paul Jones sailed round the north of Scotland, and, on the 5th

of September, was seen off Lerwick. He did no damage, however, except carrying off a boat and four men from the Island of Moussa. He then proceeded along the east coast of Scotland. In the middle of September he sailed up the Firth of Forth, and on the 17th was seen nearly opposite to Leith, below the Island of Inch Keith. A violent south west wind, however, having arisen, drove his squadron so rapidly down the Forth, as to be soon out of sight. He had taken and plundered a few prizes. He sailed next to the Texel, into which he carried as prizes, two British vessels of war, the Serapis, and the Countess of Scarborough, which, after an obstinate engagement, he had captured near Flamborough head. On this occasion the British minister made urgent demands that the prizes as well as Paul Jones himself, and his squadron, should be delivered up to his government. The Dutch, however, on the 25th of October, came to this resolution: "That they could not pretend to judge of the legality or illegality of the actions of those who had taken, on the open sea, vessels not belonging to themselves; that they had merely given them shelter from storms, and would oblige them to put to sea, so that the British themselves might have an opportunity of taking them." To this resolution they adhered, notwithstanding the warmest remonstrances of the British Minister.

During the course of Paul Jones's stay at the Texel, he addressed the following

Letters to the Dutch Admiral Baron, Vander Capellen.

ON BOARD THE SERAPIS AT THE TEXEL,
OCT. 19, 1779.

"MY LORD,—Human nature, and America, are under very singular obligations to you for your patriotism and friendship; and I feel every grateful sentiment for your generous and polite letter.

"Agreeable to your request, I have the honour to enclose a copy of my letter to his Excellency Dr. Franklin containing a particular account of my late expedition on the coast of Britain and Ireland; by which you will see that I have already been praised more than I have deserved. But I must, at the same time, beg leave to observe, that, by the other papers which I take the liberty to enclose, (particularly my letter to the Countess of Selkirk, dated the day of my arrival at Brest from the Irish Sea) I hope you will be convinced that in the British prints I have been censured unjustly. I was indeed born in Britain, but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. It is far beneath me to reply to their hireling invectives; they are strangers to the inward approbation that greatly animates and rewards the man who draws his sword only in support of the dignity of freedom.

"America has been the country of my fond selection from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honor to hoist with my own hands, the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the Delaware; and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean. I see it respected even here in spite of the pitiful Sir Joseph (Yorke) and I ardently wish and hope very soon to exchange a salute with the flag of this republic. Let but the two republics join hands and they will give peace to the world.

"Highly ambitious to render myself worthy of your friendship, I have the honor to be, my Lord, your very obliged and most humble servant.

ON BOARD THE ALLIANCE AT THE TEXEL,
NOV. 29, 1779.

"MY LORD,—Since I had the honor to receive your

second esteemed letter, I have unexpectedly had occasion to revisit Amsterdam; and having changed ships since my return to the Texel, I have, by some accident or neglect, lost or mislaid your letter. I remember, however, the questions it contained, viz., 1st. Whether I ever had any obligation to Lord Selkirk? 2nd. Whether he accepted my offer? 3rd. Whether I have a French commission? I answer, I never had any obligation to Lord Selkirk, except for his good opinion; nor does he know me or mine, except by character. Lord Selkirk wrote me an answer to my letter to the countess, but the ministry detained it in the general post-office in London for a long time, and then returned it to the author, who afterwards wrote to a friend of his, (Mr. Alexander) an acquaintance of Dr. Franklin's, then at Paris, giving him an account of the fate of his letters to me, and desiring him to acquaint his Excellency and myself, that, "if the plate was restored by Congress or any public body, he would accept it, but that he could not think of accepting it from my private generosity." The plate has, however, been bought, agreeable to my letter to the countess, and now lays in France at her disposal. As to the third article, I never bore, nor acted under any other commission than what I have received from the Congress of the United States of America.

"I am much obliged to you, my Lord, for the honor you do me by proposing to publish the papers I sent you in my last; but it is an honor which I must decline, because I cannot publish my letter to that lady without asking and obtaining the lady's consent, and because I have a very modest opinion of my writings, being conscious that they are not of sufficient value to claim the notice of the public. I assure you, my Lord, it has given me much concern to see an extract of my rough journal in print, and that too under the disadvantage of a translation. That mistaken kindness of a friend will make me cautious how I communicate my papers. I have the honor to be, my Lord, with great esteem and respect, &c. &c. (Signed,) PAUL JONES.

Paul Jones continued in the American service

during the remainder of the war, and, on the 14th of April, 1781, the congress voted to him an address of thanks, and presented him with a gold medal. At the peace of 1783 it was agreed that Jones should return some of the prizes taken during the war, but should receive a pecuniary indemnification. To arrange this transaction he sailed for France, and arrived at Paris, where he was received with great cordiality. In the course of his residence there, he received the following letter from Dr. Franklin:

HAVRE, JULY 21, 1785.

DEAR SIR,—The offer, of which you desire I would give you the particulars, was made to me by M. le Baron de Wallerstorf, in behalf of his Majesty the King of Denmark, by whose ministers he said he was authorized to make it. It was to give us the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, as a compensation for having delivered up the prizes to the English. I did not accept it, conceiving it much too small a sum, they having been valued to me at fifty thousand pounds. I wrote to Mr. Hodgson, an insurer in London, requesting he would procure information of the sums insured on those Canada ships. His answer was, that he could find no traces of such insurance; and he believed none was made; for that the government, on whose account they were said to be loaded with military stores, were insured; but, by the best judgment he could make, he thought they might be worth about sixteen or eighteen thousand pounds each. With great esteem. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

To the Honorable Paul Jones, Esq.

We have also seen an original card of invitation to dinner from La Fayette, which shews the esteem in

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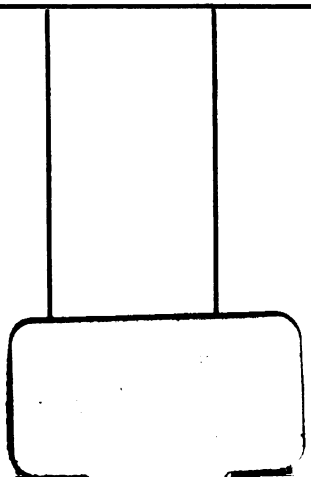

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